

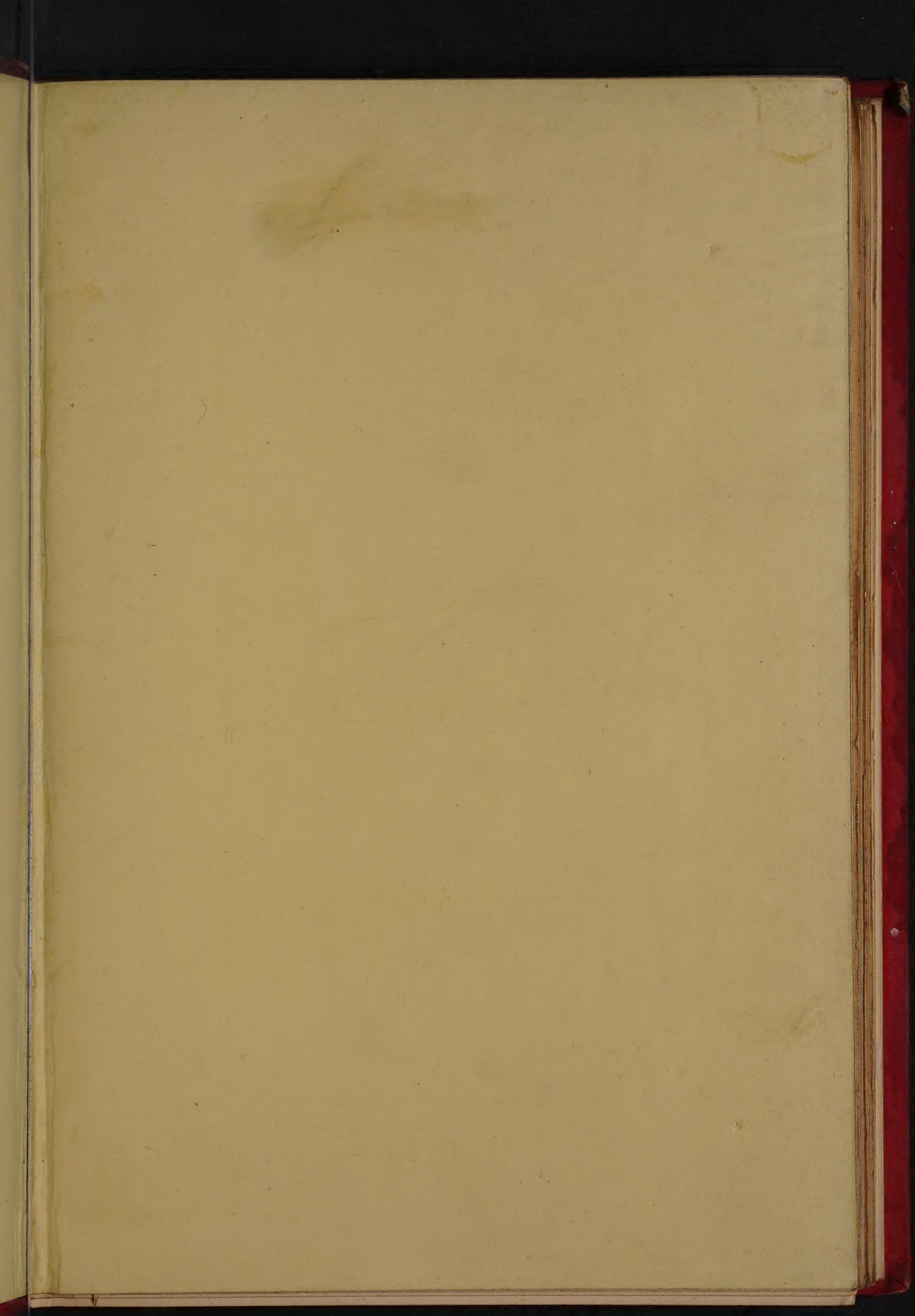






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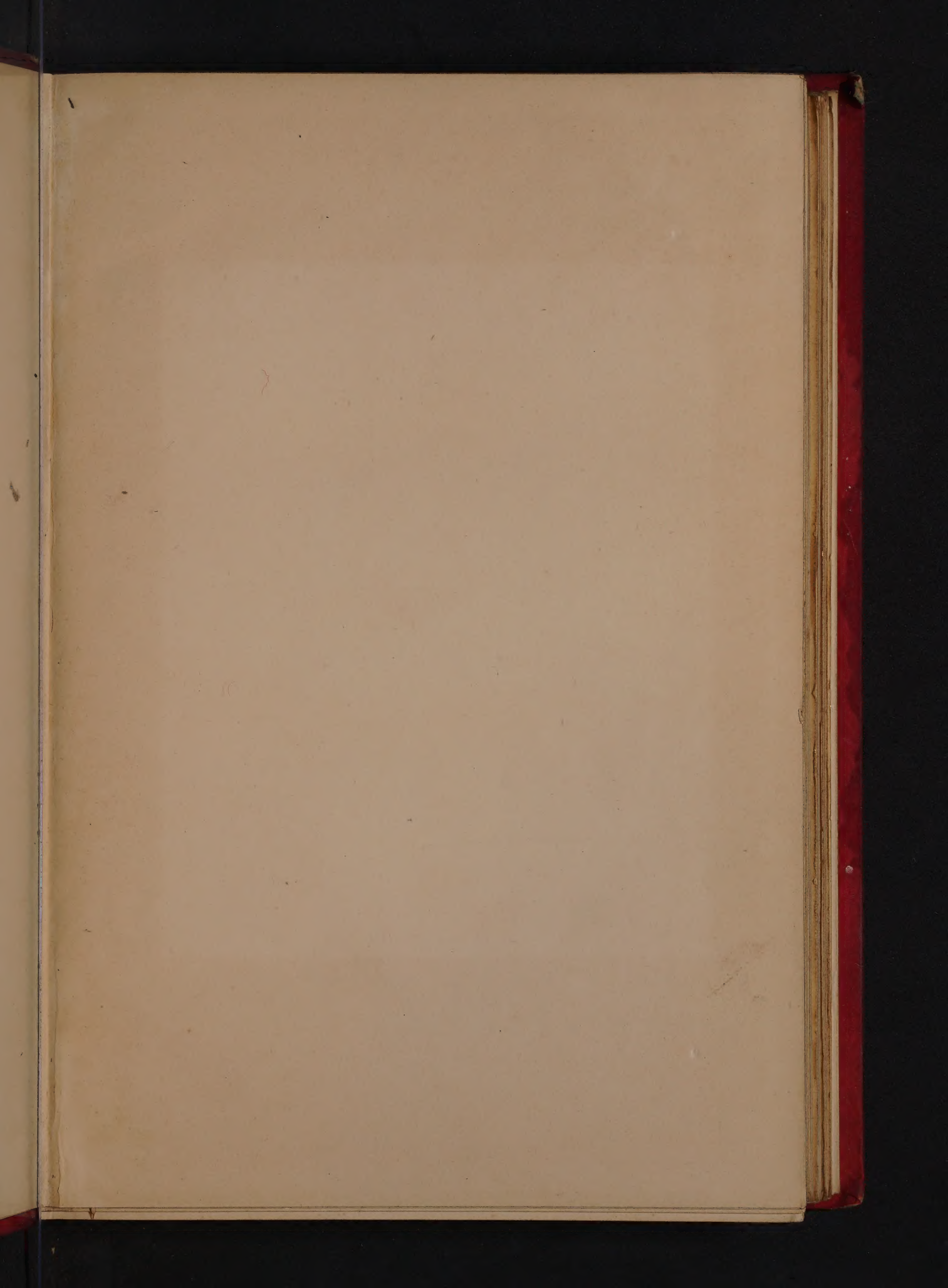






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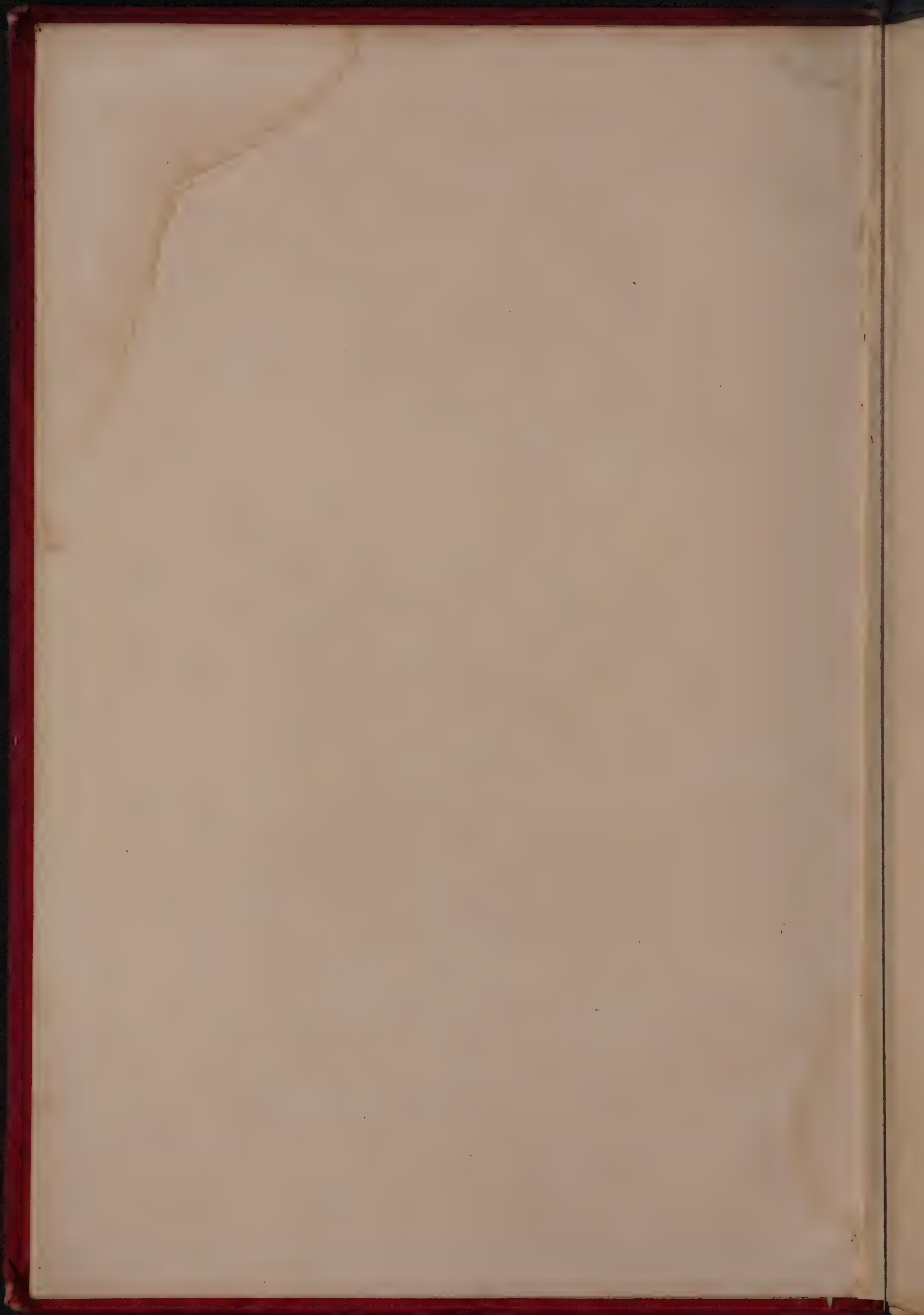


THE  
 CHURCH OF ST. GEORGE  
 IN THE CASTLE OF ST. GEORGE



THE CHURCH OF ST. GEORGE  
 IN THE CASTLE OF ST. GEORGE  
 AS IT APPEARED IN THE  
 SEVENTEENTH CENTURY







THE  
KEEPSAKE

1847.

WITH BEAUTIFULLY FINISHED ENGRAVINGS,

FROM

DRAWINGS BY THE FIRST ARTISTS,

ENGRAVED UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF

MR. CHARLES HEATH.

EDITED BY

THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

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LONDON:

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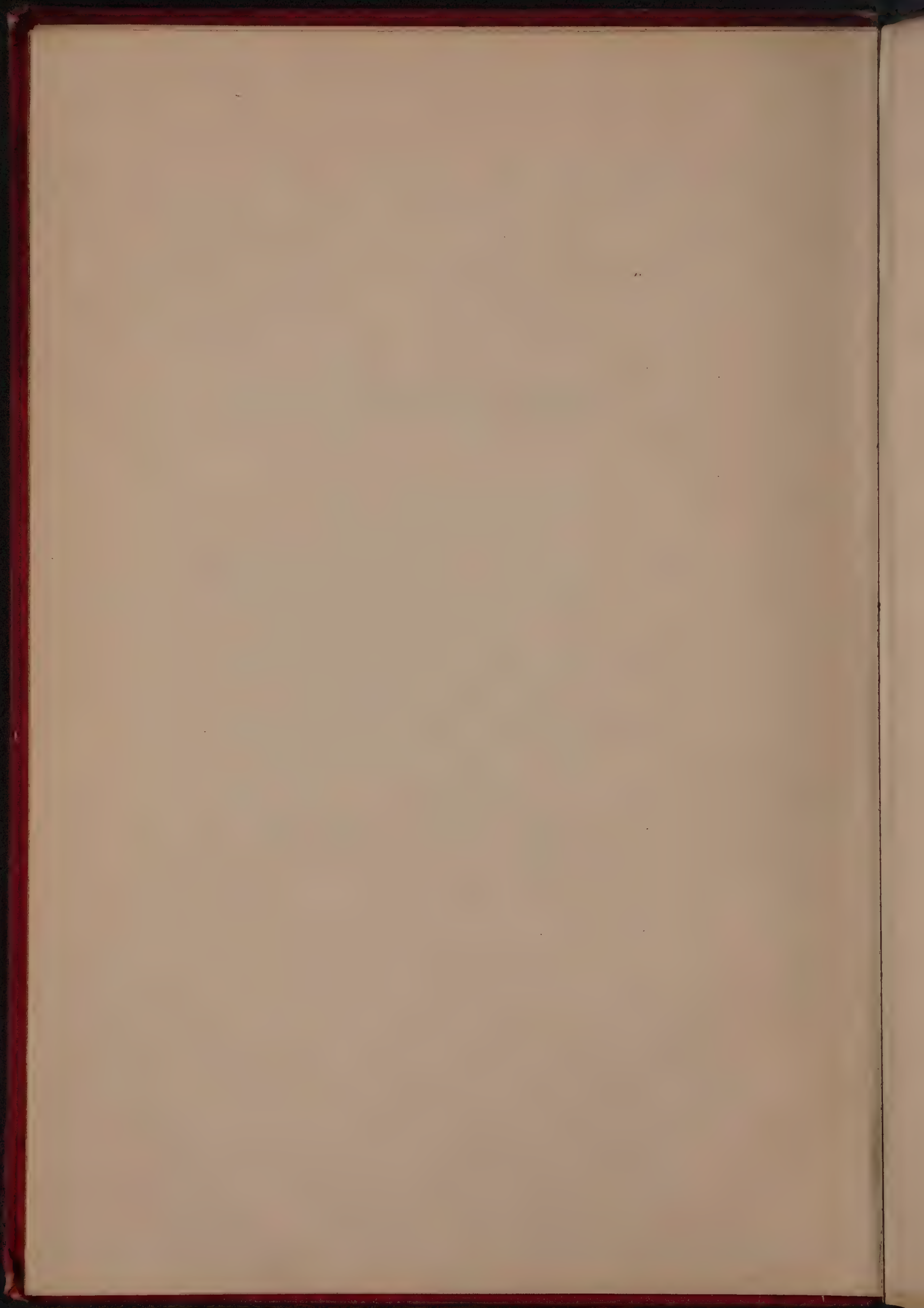


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5



## THE PAINTER'S REVEALING.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

"I AM angry and out of patience," I exclaimed—verifying my words, I am afraid, by voice and manner—"at hearing such idle stories, without a word of truth from beginning to end."

"Then," replied one of the chatterers whose inventive faculty or industry in repeating gossip had vexed me so much, "then if it were not his bad temper or unkindness, or her having formed another attachment while he was in India, what was it that two months after their marriage drove her ——"

"Yes," interrupted another, "you were at the wedding, and were so intimate with them you must know all about it. Do tell."

And I resolved I would tell, so far as it is possible to describe a tragedy, the elements of which rest in emotions, rather than in action.

It is true that I was at the marriage of Adelaide Bromley, and, in fact, spent the week preceding that event with her; but, if I were to speak of the shadow which seemed fitfully—from time to time—to fall around us during that period, I should be laughed at for superstition. All was sunshine to the understanding; but, though we only felt the shadow as something subtle and indefinite, incomprehensible and vexa-



tious, there was a reality which cast it. For my own part I look with awe and reverence, not with scorn, upon those mysterious forebodings of coming events which seem to bring us into communion with some Invisible Presence. The grandest truths of humanity are those we feel intuitively, and which reason is too weak to teach or to follow.

Adelaide was not strictly beautiful; yet those who had known her the longest admired her the most. Her face had the power of most varied expression, with a permanent mingling of goodness and a touch of thoughtful sadness that went to the heart. Where suffering has once impressed its signet, the seal remains even through long years of joy and gladness. She was the only child of a wealthy merchant; a man whose mind had been narrowed down to one thought, the mere accumulation of gold. A task, which, if an *end* and not a *means* for nobler endeavour, cannot be a whit more dignified than that of the rag and bone gatherer of the streets. He had been "a brute of a husband" to the meekest and gentlest of wives, a harsh master in his household, and a tyrant to his child, who, after all, was the only creature in the world that he really regarded with any thing approaching human affection. Not that it was other than a selfish feeling; he liked to have her about him, and he made her perform pretty nearly the double duties of valet and private secretary. And she was so amiable she *would* learn to tie his cravat just in the particular bow he desired; and she stiffened and cramped her legible and ladylike handwriting because he complained that her "g" and "y" were alike, and her "u" and "n" indistinguishable.

In a dull monotonous life, with her warm susceptible heart and brilliant imagination feeding upon themselves, passed those few early years of womanhood which are commonly looked upon as the brightest, and are so often the saddest, of



existence. Sad they surely must be when character and circumstance are at war, and the spirit is bowed by the shackles it has not power or even the will to rend. Adelaide was two and twenty before the epoch of her life arrived—before she met Laurence Dorton. Admirably suited to each other in mind and disposition, in age and in station, a warm attachment sprung up between them, which, though born of that mysterious affinity which marked them for each other, was love at first sight, was yet a love that took some months fully to ripen. There was no rational or prudential objection to the marriage; but the tyrant father, unwilling to part with one so necessary to his comfort as Adelaide had become, insisted, as the condition of his consent, that Laurence should spend five years in Calcutta, there to conduct the mercantile affairs of the house in which he was a partner. Of course, the plea was, that such a sacrifice could alone swell his fortune to the amount Mr. Bromley considered it necessary for him to possess; but Laurence Dorton had already wealth, and more than wealth enough to supply every want of himself and his chosen one, without relying on a guinea from her avaricious father. In reality, the heartless old man as deliberately inflicted the misery of exile and separation on Laurence and Adelaide for his own gratification and convenience, as ever the rack or the horrors of the torture chamber were, in the olden time, called into requisition at the bidding of unscrupulous power.

Strong in the energies and hopes of youth—stronger yet in their perfect faith in each other, they parted; and, if it were a virtue for them so to submit, well was it they knew not the full bitterness of the ordeal to which they had condemned themselves; else might the temptation to a different path have proved too strong for them. Keenly as Laurence felt the separation, his regrets, after the first agony of parting was



over, were naturally less intense than those of Adelaide; not that I would cite an example that should throw a feather's weight into the scale of that orthodox opinion which novel writers and romancists have gone far to create. Laurence Dorton loved as deeply and devotedly as the gentle girl to whom he was betrothed; and his cravings for domestic happiness were as strong as loving woman ever felt. But he went forth to new scenes, and to the active duties of a busy life;—her trial was the harder and more womanly one of endurance. Not only did she realize the Poet's truthful lines:—

“'Tis not the loss of love's assurance,  
'Tis not the doubting what thou art;  
But 'tis the long—too long—endurance  
Of absence, which afflicts the heart!”

but she was denied all the solace which a happy home and parental affection might have afforded her. Within the first year after Laurence Dorton's departure she lost her mother—a loss which was the first great grief of her life; and now she was thrown almost entirely on the companionship of her morose and tyrannical father, who seemed, as years passed over him, to grow more stern and harsher still. Indeed, some people said that the tyranny he exercised, and the strange caprices in which he indulged, could only be excused on the plea of insanity; and many there are who *now* positively affirm that he was mad. It is a charitable conclusion at any rate; yet, if it were so, how many maniacs there must be who walk through the world free as he was to deal misery around them!

However, the daily, hourly, trials of Adelaide, whatever they might be, were ended a few months before the expiration of the five years' absence of Laurence Dorton. Mr. Bromley was found dead in his bed one morning from the rupture of a blood-vessel in the head, it was said. He died without a will,

and his only child, Adelaide, found herself the mistress of above fifty thousand pounds. With all his harshness she mourned his death sincerely; for hers was that clinging affectionate nature that she must have loved him in some sort, if not with the dear tenderness which the holy tie of parent and child demands.

One of her first steps was to send for a distant relation to reside with her—a lively old lady, who seemed to infuse a new life through that sombre household. Then, as if Adelaide's loving heart had only just discovered its wide capacity for affection, she gathered round her the children of her friends, attaching them to her by a thousand kindnesses and indulgences. Even pets, creatures four-footed and feathered, who would certainly have been strangled or shot in her father's life-time, had crept into the house one by one, and found most comfortable quarters.

Directly Laurence Dorton heard of Mr. Bromley's death he made arrangements to return home; and these were so speedily completed that, travelling by the overland route, he was in England before any tidings of his intention could possibly reach his friends. Adelaide's heart had doubtless told her thus would he do; though when she heard that he was in the house, she put her hands upon her side as if to still the pulse that beat so wildly there. It was not surprise which thus affected her, but that mingling of emotions which though they centre in happiness, amount in their intensity almost to agony.

A meeting like theirs is a thing too sacred for description. What though both bore the traces of care and anxiety, and one of the ravages of a tropical climate, their mutual sufferings but drew them more near to each other. Youth and beauty had nothing to do with their heart affection. And yet it was surprising how in a few weeks Adelaide seemed to recover her



youthful freshness, and Dorton to regain a tinge of health in his sallow cheeks. The bracing air of our dear much-abused climate no doubt promoted the latter change, but both basked in a sun of happiness which was not without its visible effect. There was no reason the marriage should be delayed, and accordingly preparations were made for its celebration. That important feminine affair, the *trousseau*, was selected with infinite taste, it being arranged that Adelaide should not throw off her mourning until the wedding. And the settlements were drawn out, Dorton insisting that the whole of her property should be secured to herself. I was to be her bridesmaid, and as I have said before, I spent the preceding week at her house. Again I must fail in describing the shadow to which I have already alluded. I can but relate one or two occasions on which we felt it upon us.

One day Dorton had been describing a scene of mournful interest which took place just before he left Calcutta, in which his life had been jeopardized by a lunatic, and I remember he said, "I shall never forget his eye; there is a look, an expression, which belongs to insanity, that once recognized is never afterwards to be mistaken."

Adelaide burst into tears, a fretful childish flood of tears, at this recital, and though he and all who were present could understand that she might be affected at hearing of so narrow an escape from a madman's knife as he had had, her emotion seemed in some sort out of character, disproportioned to the cause. There was another day at dinner-time—but of this presently.

Dorton had persuaded Adelaide to sit for her portrait to a rising and now very eminent young artist, and the picture came home the day before that appointed for the wedding. Adelaide was changing her riding-dress, and Laurence and I chanced to be in the drawing-room alone, when the artist was announced,

for he had brought home the portrait himself, to superintend the hanging in a proper light. There was the due amount of trials and consideration common on such occasions, and there were the slight differences of opinion which generally prevail; but finally the spot was chosen, and mutually agreed upon as the best.

It was—is, for I am sure it exists, though I know not where—a beautiful picture. The expressive mouth and the rich chestnut hair, and the graceful figure, were all depicted with life-like fidelity; and the artist had judiciously chosen the most simple style of dress, thus avoiding the possibility of his work ever appearing what vulgar portraits do become—the “fashion figure” of some bygone mode.

“A beautiful picture—an excellent likeness,” I exclaimed in all sincerity.

“Yes, very like,” said Laurence Dorton, but his voice had so strange a tone that I could not help turning my eyes from the portrait to him. “But is there not something,” he continued, addressing the painter, “something—a little different—rather strange—about the upper part of the face an expression not belonging to the original?” and as he spoke his lips quivered with suppressed emotion.

“It is there, sir,” said the Painter, in a tone of evident mortification, “that I thought I had been the most successful. I flattered myself I had caught the precise expression; a fleeting one I know, but still sufficiently frequent to be true and characteristic.”

I could not but remark that Dorton grew unusually grave and thoughtful, and when Adelaide entered the room there was a rigid scrutiny instituted of herself and the picture. After this he regained his cheerfulness, but seemed less satisfied with the picture than any one else. At dinner, by a strange freak—and caprice was not common with Adelaide—she insisted upon seating herself between two little girls who



were still her guests, instead of taking her customary place next Dorton. Again we felt the shadow of something strange upon us, though Laurence took her playful desertion in excellent part, and seated himself opposite to her. The beginning of the meal went off cheerfully enough, though Adelaide devoted her chief attention to her juvenile friends; but when Laurence raised his glass to take wine with her, their eyes met, though I for a second caught the glance. It was a look I had sometimes, but not often, observed before—the look of the picture! The glass fell from the hand of poor Laurence Dorton, and was shivered on the floor: and the strong man leaned back in his chair with a countenance of ashy paleness.

What an evening that was of dim indiscribable forebodings! No one could tell what ailed Dorton, least of all dear Adelaide, who, now completely her serious, gentle, affectionate self, ministered to him with all the deep tenderness of her nature. Two or three times he nearly fainted, and was relieved at last by a passionate flood of tears. Man's tears! surely they are the very lava streams of the burning heart, dreadful to witness! When he was a little composed, I remember he drew her towards him, and, as he kissed her forehead, murmured, "My poor girl, there is time yet—I know there is; and I will make you so happy."

It was altogether a dreadful evening, with a heavy and yet incomprehensible grief hanging about all our hearts; and long after midnight, when the house was otherwise silent, the listener might detect the measured step of Laurence Dorton, as he paced his chamber. The morning came, a bright spring morning, and it seemed as if the night had really dispelled the shadows of the day before. Adelaide looked almost beautiful in her bridal dress, and Dorton proud and happy, as he gazed upon her.

"I think I was oppressed with a horrible dream yesterday," he exclaimed, in answer to the numerous enquiries which

were made after his health : "a few hours of sleep have made me well again. But, darling," he continued, whispering to Adelaide, as I afterwards learned, "there is one alteration I have had made in the marriage settlements this morning. I have provided for my death, you know, and it is right, dearest, to provide against yours. Should you die without children, and without a will, your property will revert to your father's family."

"Then I ought to make my will to-day, Laurence," she replied, with gravity, "and leave it all to you, except a few legacies. My relations are rich, and want it not. Why cannot I make the will at once?"

"Nonsense, nonsense! no will making at present," he exclaimed; and continued, with a smile, "perhaps you may change your mind, by and bye, as to the disposal of your money."

The wedding proceeded much as weddings generally do. There were the "old friends" present, and the dainty presents to those who wanted nothing; the usual amount of feathers and lace, wedding-cake and white favours; the *dejeûner* and the travelling carriage.

Six weeks afterwards, long before the pleasant tour which they had planned was completed, they returned unexpectedly to London. No company was received; scarcely any one saw Mrs. Dorton; but the carriages of two or three physicians were frequently at the door; and when by any chance her husband was visible, he appeared the most sorrow-stricken of men. By and bye the servants began to talk in sorrow rather than from idle gossip, for Adelaide was beloved by all who knew her; and then dear friends were sent for, and the dreadful truth was confessed. Poor Adelaide was insane! incurably so, the most experienced physicians declared.

What an affection that was of Laurence Dorton! Well, it was something to have been so loved, even for one short



hour of unclouded reason, much less for long years, as she had been. He would not listen to any suggestion for her removal, but every arrangement of their splendid home was made subservient to the comfort of the sufferer. A physician took up his residence in the house, and when travelling was recommended, travelled with them. Amid such deep woe, it was some comfort that poor Adelaide herself did not appear unhappy. Her hallucinations were all of a cheerful kind; projects of wide-extended philanthropy, which her fortune was permitted to gratify; or, at the worst, harmless fancies. But the restless insanity wore out the frail body, and in a few months it was evident that she was sinking. She died in the arms of her doting husband, who clung with a sort of delirious fondness to the soulless wreck of her he had loved so well.

Oh, how subtle beyond all human tracing, is the approach of the Dark Terror—Insanity! which comes to humble the pride of intellect, and not unfrequently to limit human happiness. Surely there is something wrong, some balance lost, that this dreadful vampire should find so many victims. But oh! beyond all lessons should its frequent presence teach us to be gentle and kind to gentle and loving spirits, for theirs are of that fine quality whose chords may jar the soonest. It is a dreadful thought, but I believe there are thousands who walk through the world but little regarded, too good to have a thought of mischief which would draw attention to them, but whose minds have been permanently broken by keen affliction—"hope deferred, which maketh the heart sick," or long and wearying anxiety.

Laurence Dorton is travelling in the south of Europe, endeavouring to take an interest in scenes of classic antiquity, and wisely wrestling with his grief instead of yielding to it. He has been a generous friend to the artist, whose painting, associated though it be with agonising recollections, was surely one of the *Revealings of Genius*!

## THE LONE SEA BEACH.

BY MRS. ABDY.

You say the flowers are springing  
In your bowers of summer-bloom,  
And the tuneful birds are singing  
In the trees around your home ;—  
Those scenes once gave me gladness,  
But leave me, I beseech,—  
I would rather roam in sadness  
On the lone sea beach.

When, in mournful recollection,  
I behold past happy hours,  
I can only feel dejection  
At the sight of birds and flowers ;  
But the waves, wild music making,  
To my heart submission teach,  
As I watch them slowly breaking  
On the lone sea beach.

They tell me that the ocean  
Of a guardian is possessed,  
Who wakes it to commotion,  
But to lull it into rest :  
Then in patient faith I ponder  
On the wisdom of their speech,  
And it soothes my grief to wander  
On the lone sea beach.



## A TALE OF THE BAPTISTRY OF ST. MARKS.\*

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

AND there he sate, that stern and haughty man,  
Within the baptistry of St. Marks,  
As was his wont, when conscience would be heard,  
And drove him from the garish world without  
Into the sacred temple of his God.  
Nor choral hymn resounding through the dome,  
Nor golden censors wafting incense high,  
Nor grave processions form'd of saintly men,  
With lighted tapers, and with banners rich,  
Bearing aloft the holy crucifix  
Of *him*, the Saviour, who redeem'd the World,  
Could win him from abstraction for whole days ;  
As there he sate, his thoughts all with the dead.

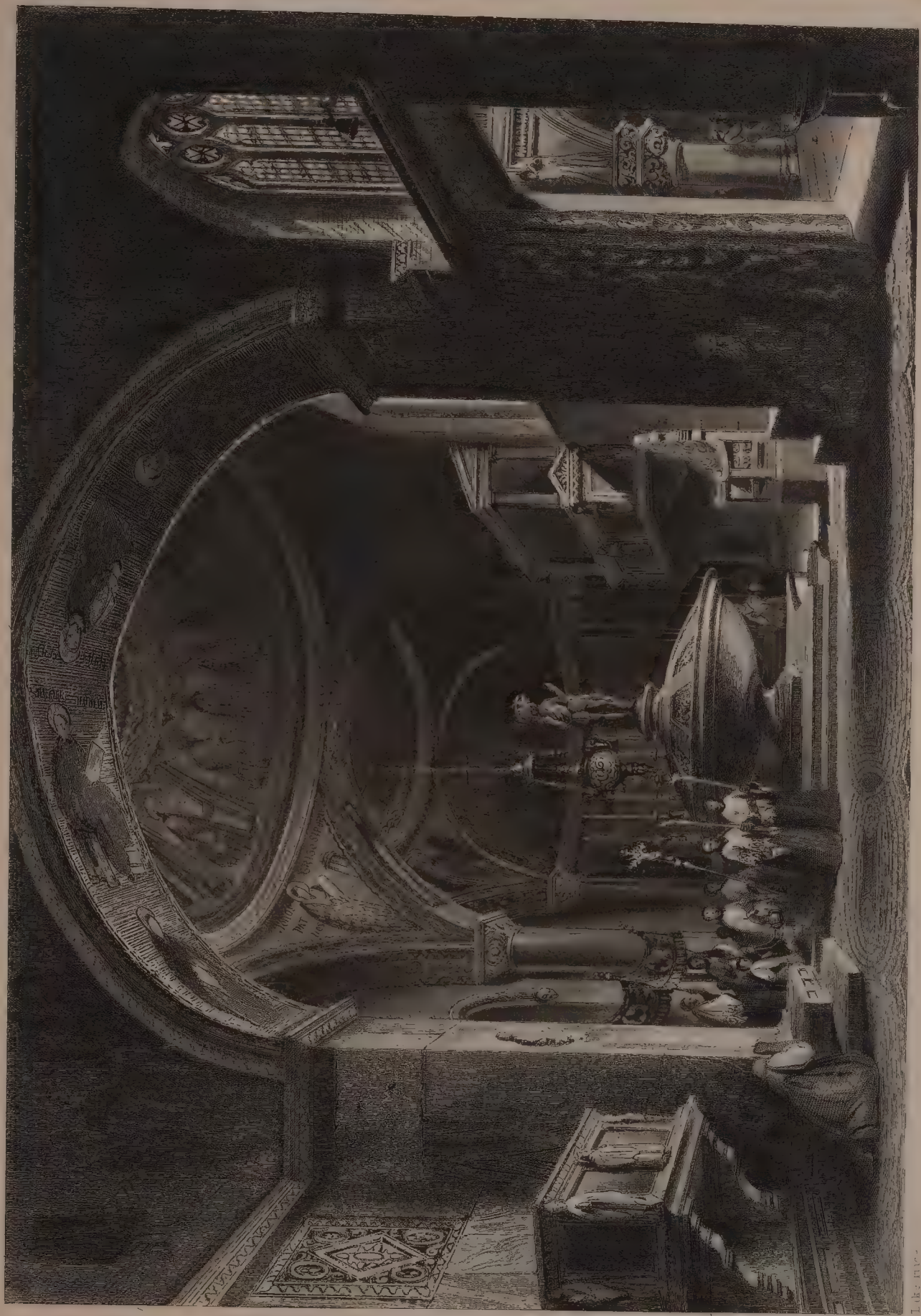
\* \* \* \* \*

Time was when he was like to other men,  
When pleasure beckon'd, and with Syren voice

\* \* \* \* \*

\* None of the numerous picturesque nooks round the church of St. Marks is more striking than the baptistry, and, accordingly, it is rare to enter it and not to find some votary of the gentle art transferring its beauties to paper or canvass. The mosaics on the arches of this chapel are amongst the most antique and interesting in the whole building ; that of the baptism of Christ is of the twelfth century, the remainder of the thirteenth and fourteenth. The baptismal basin or font, in the centre, is of porphyry, with a highly enriched bronze cover, surmounted by a figure of St. John the Baptist, by Sansovino. In the bracket tomb, on the right of the altar, are deposited the remains of the brother of the great Dandolo, and under the window is an archiepiscopal throne, of great antiquity. Through the curtains of the entrance door may be discovered the first arch of the Broglio.

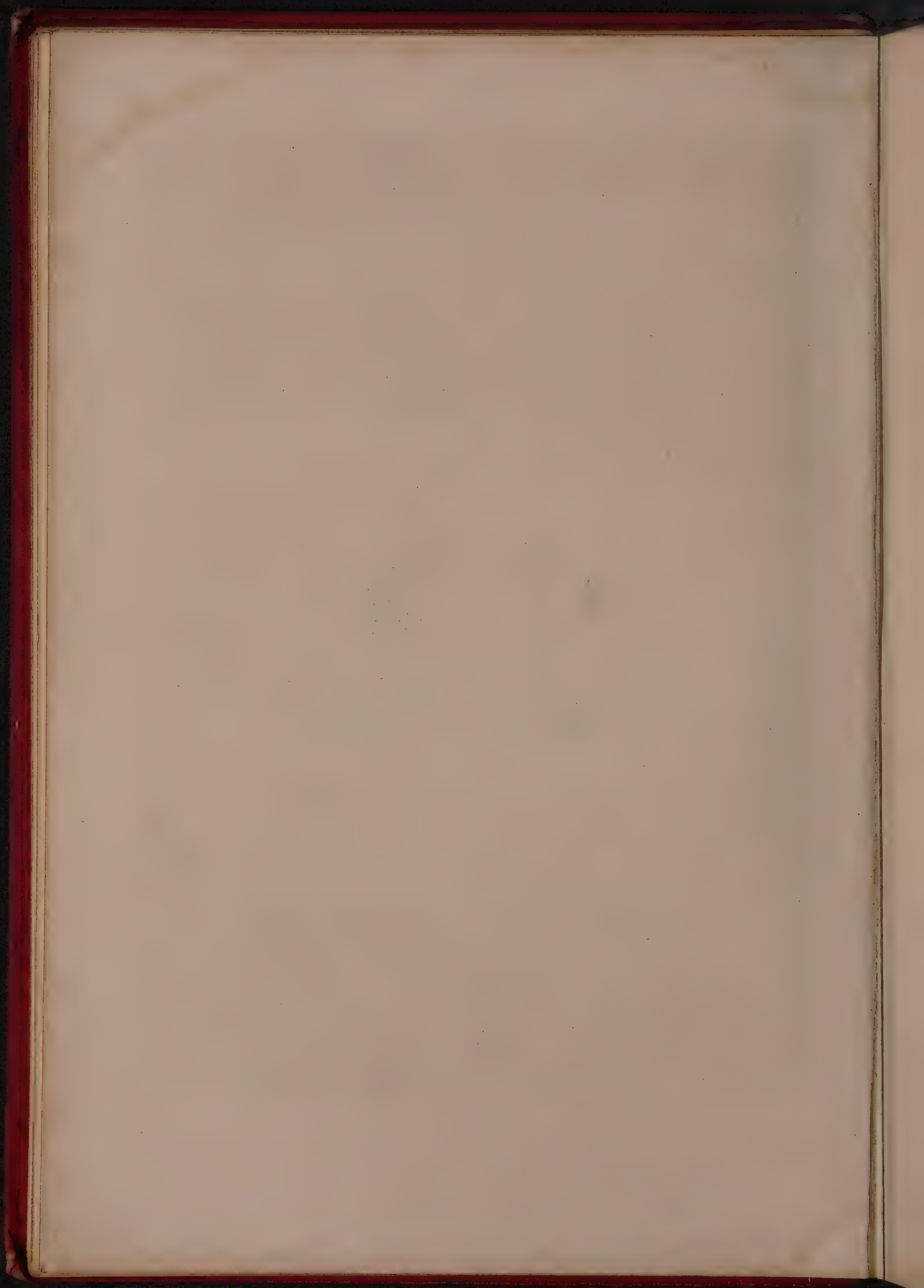




L. de. me.

St. George's, London. 1844.





Won him to woo her, careless at what cost,  
Though honour's self might be the mighty price.  
Noble and rich, he deem'd the world was made  
To minister to his voluptuousness,  
Nor heeded whether ruin fell on those  
O'er whom he triumph'd in his guilty love.  
One day, long years gone by, he enter'd here,  
Lured by the beauty of a youthful maid,  
Whose arm supported the weak tottering steps  
Of a veil'd woman bent by care and pain,  
Who seem'd to hover on the verge of death.  
Sunk on her knees the trembling woman pray'd  
With holy fervour, and her veil was steep'd  
With tears, that token'd penitence or grief,  
And fill'd with pity the fair maiden near.  
How exquisite the beauty of her face,  
The rich profusion of her golden hair  
That waved around it, and the azure eyes,  
That look'd as if the skies had tinted them,  
So blue, so bright, so heavenly calm were they;  
And those red lips, which falsehood ne'er profaned,  
With pray'r familiar, and with tender words  
Oft whisper'd in her drooping mother's ear.  
Manfredo gazed with wonder on her charms,  
Yet thought he must have seen the face before.  
Where could it be? perhaps 'twas in a dream,  
Or on Giorgioni's canvass, such the tints  
That artist loved to give his female heads.  
So young, so pure, such loveliness, I ween,  
Might well have won e'en libertines from sin;  
But he who gazed was steep'd too deep in vice  
To know the charm that virtue can bestow,  
And mark'd her for his prey, by fraud or force,



Should soft persuasion fail to make her his.  
He traced her to her home, close to the sea,  
Beset her door, and, when a few days pass'd,  
He saw a corse borne forth, he rightly judged  
She was alone, and enter'd stealthily  
The house of woe, intent on deeds of guilt.  
He spoke of love, he offer'd jewels, gold,  
A palace, and all gauds that win the vain ;  
But the poor orphan turn'd away in grief,  
With indignation mix'd, that he should dare  
Insult her ears with vows of lawless love.  
Madden'd he clasp'd her, but from his embrace  
She broke, and wildly rush'd forth from the house,  
Pursued by him, and finding he drew near  
She, desperate grown, into the water plunged,  
The waves closed o'er her, and she rose no more.

\* \* \* \* \*

Her fell destroyer vainly tried to save ;  
But when at peril of his life he bore  
His precious burthen to the shore, he found  
She breath'd no more, the vital spark was fled,  
And death had stamp'd its seal upon a brow  
As pure as ever Grecian sculptor form'd.

\* \* \* \* \*

The drapery that veil'd her fair young breast,  
Torn by Manfredo's grasp to rescue her,  
Reveal'd a portrait fasten'd round her neck ;  
At which no sooner had he cast a glance  
Than uttering one loud cry he fell to earth,  
Bereft of consciousness, in a long swoon.

\* \* \* \* \*

When he revived, he gazed upon her face,  
Still beautiful, and there too surely found

The lineaments of one he once had loved,  
And lured to ruin, and then left to shame.  
Poor Beatrice! how he groan'd aloud  
When his eyes bent upon thy lifeless child;  
*His* child too, doom'd by him to early death,  
As thou had'st been unto a lingering one.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Tied to the portrait (which was of himself),  
A gift of love, ere he had proved untrue,  
Was a small case, containing a few lines  
By Beatrice writ ere her last hour,  
Imploring him to guard his helpless child,  
As he expected pardon from his God.

\* \* \* \* \*  
From that sad hour he grew an alter'd man;  
Sin he forsook, gave alms unto the poor;  
And never does a day pass o'er his head  
That finds him not within the baptistery,  
Where first he had beheld his injured child,  
Praying, for hours, forgiveness of his sins.



## VELASQUEZ AND HIS SLAVE.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, D. C. L.

IN the Escorial, two centuries ago, one suite of apartments was doubly honoured. Genius there had its "local habitation." There its works were executed under the personal surveillance of one who, amid the weight of royal duties, delighted to hold familiar converse with a follower of Art. The monarch was that same Philip IV. whose acquaintance we have made in the pages of *Gil Blas*. The painter (distinguished in his own time, and for all time, as rivalling the skill, in portraiture, which Titian and Vandyke have elevated to historical importance,) was Don Diego Velasquez de Silva, of whom Spain has ample cause to be proud, while, to this day, Seville boasts herself as his birth-place.

Many years before the date of this anecdote, Velasquez had been appointed King's Painter. Every year after, some favour had distinctly marked the regard which the sovereign entertained for the Man, as well as his high appreciation of the Artist's genius and skill. The grant of a handsome residence, with a liberal allowance for its support; high prices for his paintings; an appointment about the royal person as Usher of the Chamber; repeated missions to Italy to purchase works of art for the Escorial; the patent of the office of Gold Key, heretofore bestowed upon none but the higher nobility; and finally, the more distinguished office of Aposentador Major of the Palace, successively marked Philip's high estimation of Velasquez. Nay, long before the latter and greater proof of his favour, the king had given him a painting-room in the Escorial, of which—even as the Emperor Charles had done

when Titian was his guest at Madrid—he retained a private key, and ever delighted to spend his leisure hours with the Painter, watching the progress of his works, and often asking and taking his advice in state affairs of importance and delicacy.

In that studio two persons might be seen—the King and the Painter. There was a third (if one so humble be indeed worth notice)—a Slave named Juan. The son of a Spanish cavalier and Indian mother, Juan was dark as night. Neither unobservant nor lacking intelligence was the Mulatto; but who would heed *him*? Too insignificant in the eyes of Prince and Painter for a single thought, they always conversed as freely as if he were not in the room.

Velasquez was employed upon that well-known portrait of himself, which represents him at his easel, pallet and pencil in hand, executing the portrait of the Infanta of Spain, an Austrian princess, who subsequently became Empress of Germany.

“The work advances rapidly,” said the King. “It will certainly be a *chef d’œuvre*. Turn where I may, the eyes follow me. I doubt, my Velasquez, whether the likeness be not even more striking than that of the Admiral Paresa. You remember that?”

“Your majesty has resolved I shall not forget it.”

“Could I forget the first and only deceit you ever used towards me? I had sent the admiral to his command in New Spain. He had taken leave—I thought him far away. I came into this room, where you have shut out all light, save that which falls upon the canvass. It did so fall upon the Admiral’s portrait, then upon the easel, and, mistaking the portrait for the original, I angrily rated the Admiral for having delayed his departure. Such a fact as this shows the power of Art a thousand times better than Zeuxis deceiving the



birds with his grapes, or Parrhasius painting a curtain which deceived even Zeuxis himself!"

Thus familiar was the Monarch's conversation. Presently Velasquez laid aside the pencil, and announced that he had finished the portrait, which he prayed Philip to accept. He then requested Philip to excuse his attendance, as the duties of his office called him away for a few hours.

"We shall extend the time," said the King. "Be an exile from this studio until to-morrow."

So saying, with a gentle familiarity which could not have offended even an equal, Philip pushed Velasquez out of the room, and took up the pallet and pencil which the painter had laid down.

The Mulatto, meanwhile, had been pursuing his usual employment,—the grinding of colours for his master. Some fifteen years before, Velasquez had purchased him, and had taught him to act as the Servitor of Art. To him had long been confided the preparation of the pallet, the arrangement of draperies, the care of pictures, the custody of books and manuscripts. Except while thus employed, Velasquez seldom required his services. Much leisure, therefore, the Mulatto had enjoyed, and well had he availed himself of the boon. He had learned to read and write, and was familiar with the contents of every book his master possessed. During the long years in which he had seen that master's almost daily practice in the Art, the poor Mulatto had keenly observed him. Perhaps, too, he sometimes might have presumed to think that what he had seen he could do.

The King, who was himself an excellent judge of Art—for more than a quarter of a century he had enjoyed almost daily converse with Velasquez—placed him opposite the portrait on the easel, took up the pallet and pencil which Velasquez had laid down, and rapidly put in with his own hand the distin-

guishing badge and cross of the Order of Santiago. He did not lack the requisite skill to execute this with tolerable ability, and concluded with a complacent glance at the effect given to the portrait of Velasquez by this addition.

Half an hour remained before supper, which, at that time, was served ere the sun had set, and, as frequently was his custom, the King ordered that the pictures which were ranged with their faces to the wall should be turned, that he might see them.

Picture after picture was thus exhibited. He had seen them all before. At last the Mulatto shewed a portrait of the King, which, although it much resembled the colouring and style of Velasquez, evidently was not from that master's pencil. "Know you," said Philip, "who has painted this? Assuredly I never sate for this portrait; yet it displays much merit, and, if I may judge of my own features, is an excellent likeness." His keen eye fell upon Juan, and maintained the enquiry which his lips had made.

The Mulatto threw himself at the King's feet,—confessed that the portrait had been stealthily painted by himself,—that, with much labour and difficulty, he had learned to imitate Velasquez,—and that, fearing punishment for his presumption, yet anxious to propitiate the King in his favour, he had ventured on this expedient, in his master's absence, of shewing what he had painted.

At that time, in any part of Christendom, the idea of a Slave attempting to become a Painter, would have been received with incredulity or indignation. But especially in Spain, where the distinctions of society were jealously maintained, and where Art, chiefly cultivated by men of noble blood—Velasquez himself was of an ancient but reduced family—often brought the highest reward and honours.



But Philip was of a kind and gentle disposition, and, having satisfied himself of the real merit of the object, determined that the lowliness of its station should present no obstacle to its recognition and reward. He condescended to praise what Juan had done, and promised to use his best endeavours to obtain from Velasquez permission for him, henceforth, to pursue the Art in which, untaught except by genius, he had already accomplished so much.

The morrow came. The studio of Velasquez was crowded, by the king's invitation, with courtiers, and others of the highest rank. Presently came the king, leaning on the painter—a familiarity which he loved to exhibit. There was a pause, and then Philip spoke as follows:—

“Three and twenty years ago we first sate for our portrait to Velasquez. It was in the house of our minister, Olivarez, nor ever, until then, had Painter traced, to our satisfaction, these features, and this form. I think, my Velasquez, I am right as to the time?”

“The portrait,” responded the Painter, “bears on it the date of August 30, 1623, for I was proud to record the very day on which I completed a work which had the good fortune to please my sovereign.”

“We intimated to Velasquez, then,” continued the king, “that from that day none other than himself should be employed as our painter. He has laboured long and worthily for us, not only to enrich our palaces with his works, but to elevate the Spanish name, by the execution of what may challenge competition with the best Italian painters. A few appointments about our person have gratified ourself even more than Velasquez, for they gave us, to share our secret hours of retirement, one who was qualified by education, intellect, and thought, to be companion of Princes. Yesterday, we received from Velasquez, the gift of a portrait of himself;

to-day, we return it to him, with additions which our own unskilled hand has ventured to make."

At a signal from the King, the curtain which concealed the portrait was here withdrawn, and when Velasquez saw what the King had done, he bent his knee to earth, and gratefully kissed the hand which had thus executed this compliment, as graceful as ever Royalty conferred on Genius.

"No thanks," exclaimed the King. "You will perceive," added he, addressing the Marquis da Tabara, President of the Order, "that Don Diego Velasquez de Silva has already been invested, on this canvas, with the Cross of Santiago. No need to report on his qualifications. For them, and for his noble blood, and nobler merit, the King himself will vouch. Let the investiture take place on the feast of San Prospero, the birth-day of our son, the Prince of Asturias. De Malpica, as Coméndador of the Order, will officiate as sponsor; Don Gaspar de Guzman, and our cousin, the Duque de Medina Sidonia, will place the insignia on the person of the new knight."

Once more, the King and the Painter are alone, save the humble presence of Juan, the Mulatto.

"And you think, my Velasquez," said the King, "that the portrait is not damaged by the addition I made? We can show something worthier than that. Let your slave turn the picture opposite."

Velasquez examined the painting narrowly, and then remarked, "If it were the work of any rival artist, methinks I should have cause to dread the rivalry. Not because your Majesty has painted this, but because of its intrinsic worth, do I give this painting the fullest approval."

"No matter who is the artist. Suppose it had been painted by one of my servitors?"

"Your Majesty compels me to speak the truth. Whoever



did this work, were he lowest servitor in the smallest ville in Spain, were worthy to stand before princes. If my own slave there, who mixes my colours, had done this, I would say the same."

"Then," said the King, "learn that your slave is the artist. Velasquez, you must pardon, for the success, the presumption which has made him follow in the path which you have so worthily pursued. Nay, more, talents such as his should emancipate the possessor."

On the instant, Velasquez called the Mulatto to him. He knelt down a slave,—a few words of manumission, and he rose in the dignity of freedom.

In the history of Art, the name of Juan de Paresa is honourably recorded. The pencil of Velasquez has preserved his features. His services did not terminate when he obtained his freedom: he solicited, as a boon, the privilege of continuing his voluntary services to Velasquez, and (lightly tasked, however), did so continue them until the death of that great Painter. He obtained high eminence in portraiture, and his works have been mistaken for those of Velasquez.

Memorable was the day of the double adventure which tradition has preserved, undoubted in its incidents, even to these later and less romantic times.

## THE UNRETURNING BRAVE.

BY MISS ANNA SAVAGE.

Oh! speak the word of Victory in measured tones and low,  
Think of the sad and silent homes, where o'er its records flow  
The bitter tears, or blank, may be, lies Memory's rifled store;  
Weep for the broken-hearted, weep for the brave who return no more.

Hark! 'tis the cannon's voice, that seeks old England's pride to tell;  
It comes o'er each deserted hearth like Hope's funereal knell;  
Young manhood in his strength lies low, drenched in the foeman's  
gore;  
Weep for the vacant place is theirs—the brave who return no more.

Oh! if you smile with them who tell exultingly that Fame  
Hath twined her poison wreath around some fond familiar name,  
Pause ye to weep with them who weep, whose thoughts seek yon far  
shore,  
And murmur "Mournful Victory, our loved return no more."

Bid them not seek sweet Nature yet, she hath a voice of mirth,  
The whisper of the opening flowers steals softly o'er the earth,  
The breeze sweeps by, the sunshine mocks with light thy loved of  
yore,  
The burden of the wild bird's song is "The brave return no more."

Poor stricken ones, we mourn with ye, and would 't were ours to  
speak  
Of peace, of hope—yet oh! not now, to hearts so near to break,  
The Human asks for tears, most blest if Grief's full fount flow o'er:  
Brave hearts ye still must wrestle on, though the loved return no more.



## AMÊTE AND YAFÊH.\*

AN ALLEGORY.

BY GRACE AGUILAR.

FAR in the illimitable space, seeming to earth as one of those bright yet tiny stars, which even the most powerful telescope will not increase in size, so immeasurable is the distance between them and us, two Spirits sate enthroned, each entrusted with an attribute of the Creator, with which to renew His image in man, and vivify the earth. Their work was one, each so aiding each, that though in outward form distinct, their inward being was the same. The one, known in the language of Heaven as Amête,—and who, were there measurement of Time in the children of Eternity, might seem the elder,—was in aspect grave, almost stern, but those who could steadily gaze upon him, and receive his image within their hearts (and man did so a thousand and a thousand times though the spirit's visible form was unrevealed), loved him, with such deep, earnest love, as to forget the seeming sternness in the deep calm, and still security, his recognition ever brought. A coronet of light circled his brow—his wings were of living sapphire—and in his hand he held a transparent spear. Wherever he moved, darkness and mist fled from before him; and error sunk annihilated, before one touch of that crystal lance. Change and mutability touched him not;—coeval with Creation, he endured to Everlasting—ever presenting the same exquisite aspect—producing on earth the same effect—and through every age, aiding to mould man for Immortality. Distinct from his companion, yet the same;

\* Two Hebrew words whose translation will be found in the concluding paragraph.

reflecting his every changeful hue of loveliness, yet retaining undisturbed his own.

Not such was the outward appearance of Yafèh. Less majestic, less grave, Earth and Heaven ever hailed him with rejoicing. The latter, indeed, knew him not apart from Amète; and the former, in her darkness, sometimes greeted his semblance, not himself. Robed in light, drawn not from the ethereal fount which circled Amète, but from those dazzling iris-coloured rays, the reflection of which we sometimes catch when the sun shines upon a prism; the various changes, of his exquisite loveliness, were impossible to be defined. But it was only when in close unity with Amète he was seen to full perfection, and his glittering garb endowed with vitality and glory; apart those iris rays shone forth resplendant and most dazzling, but without the light glistening on the brow of his companion, were too soon merged in gloom.

But this Yafèh himself knew not; and in his young ambition besought permission to work alone. His revealed form was more visible on earth than that of Amète. As he looked down, and around, and above him, the attribute of which he was the guardian, seemed so powerfully and palpably impressed, that he could not trace the invisible workings of his companion, and in his presumption he deemed it all his own, and chafed and spurned the bond, which, since their creation, had entwined and marked them one. Mournfully and earnestly Amète conjured him to check the impious prayer—that which the All-Wise had assigned them was surely best and safest. But Yafèh would not heed, and ceased not his murmuring supplication till it was granted. With the work already done, the work of Creation, he might not interfere; but the archangelic minister bade him “Go down to earth, and in the workshop of man, be his creation of hand or brain, display thy power; thou art free to work alone.” And with



a glad burst of triumphant song, and the brilliant velocity of a falling star, the spirit darted down to earth.

"Follow him not!" commanded the archangel, answering Amète's imploring gaze; "once convinced of his nothingness alone, he will never leave thee more. That lesson learned, thou mayest rejoin him; meanwhile look down upon his course." And sorrowingly Amète obeyed.

He beheld him, arrayed in even more than his wonted loveliness, enter the several habitations of man; his invisible but felt presence greeted with wild joy, and his inspirings followed in the new creative genius of all whom he touched. In the lowly homes of the mechanic, and the artizan he lingered, and their work grew beneath their hand; and at first it seemed most lovely, but still something was wanting, and they toiled and toiled to find it, but in vain; and despair and ruin, usurped the place of glad rejoicing.

"They are of too low a grade—too dull a mind," murmured the spirit; and he flew to the easel of the Painter—the workshop of the Sculptor, and new conceptions of loveliness floated so vividly in their minds, that day and night unceasingly they toiled to give them embodied form; and sweet dreams of fame mingled with their creation, till life itself seemed brighter than before; and Yafèh rejoiced, for surely now he was triumphant; here at least perfection would vitalize his presence, and prove how little needed he Amète. He mingled invisibly with the judges of the works, and he beheld them scorned—contemned as dreams of madmen; and the artists fled, disgraced and miserable, to their homes, with difficulty restrained, from shivering their work to atoms.

Terrified, yet still not humbled, Yafèh winged his flight to the studio of the musician, and harmonies of Heaven floated in his ear, entrancing him with their exquisite perfection, and hour after hour, he laboured to bring them from their impal-

pable essence, to the bondage of note and phrase, but in vain—in vain ! The sounds he did produce were wild, discordant, unconnected ; and, in passionate agony, he refused to listen more.

The Poet, the Philosopher, the Historian—wherever genius lay—Yafèh touched with his quivering breath, and to all came the same dream of marvellous loveliness—the same ideal perfection. On all burst the torrent of inspiration, compelling toil and work, to give words to the pressing thought ; and all for awhile believed it perfect ; and their burning souls throbbed high in the fond hope that each glorious lay, each novel discovery, each startling hypothesis—clothed in such glowing imagery and thrilling words—must last for ever ; and Yafèh triumphed, for surely here he was secure, and in these, prove that he could work alone, and needed the aid of none.

A brief, brief while, and the burning lays of the poet were forgotten and unread. The theory of the philosopher, lovely as it had seemed, quivered into darkness before the test of usefulness and reason. The new discoveries, new thoughts, of the historian, met with scorn and laughter in the vain search for their foundation. And, in their deep despair, Yafèh heard the names by which he was known to earth, accursed and scorned ; his presence banished ; his inspirations rudely checked, as bringing not loveliness and joy, but misery and ruin ; and the Spirit fled in his wild agony, far, far from the homes of earth, and the hearts of men ; and, shrinking from his starry home and light clad brother, sought to pierce through and through, the vast realms of unfathomable space, and lose himself in darkness. His iris rays seemed fading from his lovely form, lost in denser and denser gloom. Above, below, and around him, thunder rolled, and the glittering Hosts of Heaven trembled, lest his proud wish were to be chastised still further. But soon the majestic form of the



spirit Amête stood beside his brother, and before the touch of his glittering spear, Error and Despair, about to claim Yafêh, fled howling.

"Yafêh, beloved ! we will descend together," he said, in tones, clear, distinct, and liquid, impossible to be withstood. "Thy work shall yet live, and be immortal."

"Nay, 'twill be thine," murmured the repentant Spirit, his darkened loveliness resuming light and glory, from the effulgent brow so pityingly bent down on his. "What need hast thou for me ? Go forth and work alone ; I have no part on Earth."

"Thou hast ; for without thee I have no power. Man trembles at my form, when, at the Eternal's mandate, I must go forth alone ; but with thee, perchance because my sterner self is hidden, he loves and hails me, and permits my work ascendancy. Without thee, I could but bind to Earth ; with thee, I lead to Heaven. Brother, we are ONE, though earth may deem us twain. We cannot work for Immortality apart."

Side by side, so closely twined that even their brother spirits could with difficulty distinguish their individuality, Amête and Yafêh stood within the dwellings of man. The mechanic and the artizan started from their desponding trance ; the neglected work was resumed. The form, the inspiration was the same ; but as if a flash of light had touched it, it gave back that perfect image of the mind, for which before they had so toiled and toiled in vain. On to the artist, the sculptor, the musician, and one touch from that crystal spear, and the misty cloud dispersed, and the senseless canvass gave back the perfected thought ; the cold marble sprung into the warmth of actual being ; the impalpable but exquisite harmonies, the ethereal essence of sound, at the word of Amête, resolved itself into the necessary bondage of note and form, and breathed forth to admiring thousands the music

lent to one. Hovering over the poet, again the thrilling words burst forth, and fraught with such mighty meanings, every heart responded, as to the voice of the Immortal, Folding his azure pinion round the panting soul of the philosopher, the shrouding cloud dispersed, and science, deep, stern, lasting, took the place of the mere lovely dream. And on the page of the historian, light from the brow of Amète so flashed, as to mark him gifted reader of the Future, by the wondrous record, his spirit thought unfolded of the Past. Wherever the spirits lingered, man worked for Immortality; it mattered not under what guise, or in what rank. From the highest to the lowest, each creative impulse, fashioned by Yafèh, received perfection from Amète. The former, indeed, alone was *visible*, but never more he sought to work alone. Within his outward work was the vital essence breathed by Amète, without which the most exquisite form was incomplete—the most lovely thought imperfect—the fairest theory a dream.

And so it is even now. Up, up in yon distant star, gleaming so brightly through the immeasurable space, as may be their throne, still does their glorious and united Presence walk the earth. Their semblance may be found apart, but not themselves. Twain as they are in name and aspect, in essence they are ONE. TRUTH is the vital breath of BEAUTY; BEAUTY the outward form of TRUTH; the REAL the sole foundation of the IDEAL; the IDEAL but the spiritualized essence of the REAL.



## STANZAS

ON VIEWING THE STARS AT MIDNIGHT.

BY FLORENCE WILSON.

My Mother! if from yon blessed sphere,  
Where now the stars so brightly shine,  
Thou canst behold the sorrowing here  
Of hearts that mourn and grieve like mine;  
Oh! if the "Just made perfect" see  
The ills they never more can know,  
Shed down one beam of Hope on me,  
To light me through this vale of woe!

For I have fought and struggled on,  
Through griefs I can no longer bear,  
Till e'en the shade of Hope is gone,  
And nought is left but dark despair.  
Bless'd Spirit! if from yon bright sphere  
It is permitted thee to know  
The griefs of one so cherished here,  
A ray of Hope on me bestow!

The prayer is answered, o'er my soul  
Descends a peaceful holy calm,  
That bids me spurn Despair's controul,  
And, o'er grief's wounds, distils its balm—  
That peace the world can ne'er bestow,  
That bringeth healing on its wings,  
The only cure for ills below—  
The peace religion ever brings!

## THE ROSE GATHERER;

### A ROMANCE OF A RUIN.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF "THE EVENTFUL EPOCH," &c.

ABOUT fifty miles south-east from Naples, and a little beyond the river Silaro, famed by the ancients for its petrifying qualities, the traveller enters upon an ill-cultivated and open plain. Wild mosses, brambles, and almost impenetrable thickets, are before him. A few trees, the birch and poplar, start up occasionally, and relieve the monotony of the scene; while, in the distance, small towns, or rather villages, nestle in the retiring dingles, or hang on the sides of the hills in such a reckless daring manner, that the slightest convulsion of this volcanic country would, one might be led to expect, precipitate them and their inhabitants, without ceremony or warning, into the deep dells below.

As the pedestrian advances, let him climb one of the loftiest mounds, and if he be in the right position, his eye will be able to trace, whitening among the green grass, and towering above the thickets, the foundations of a vast circular wall. In some places this Cyclopean rampart, formed of huge blocks of grey stone, is ten feet high; in others, it is nearly levelled with the soil, and completely overgrown by moss, briars, and other wild plants: anon, it starts up almost, apparently, to its ancient elevation; and thus it sweeps on, enclosing within its boundary a space nearly four miles in circumference.

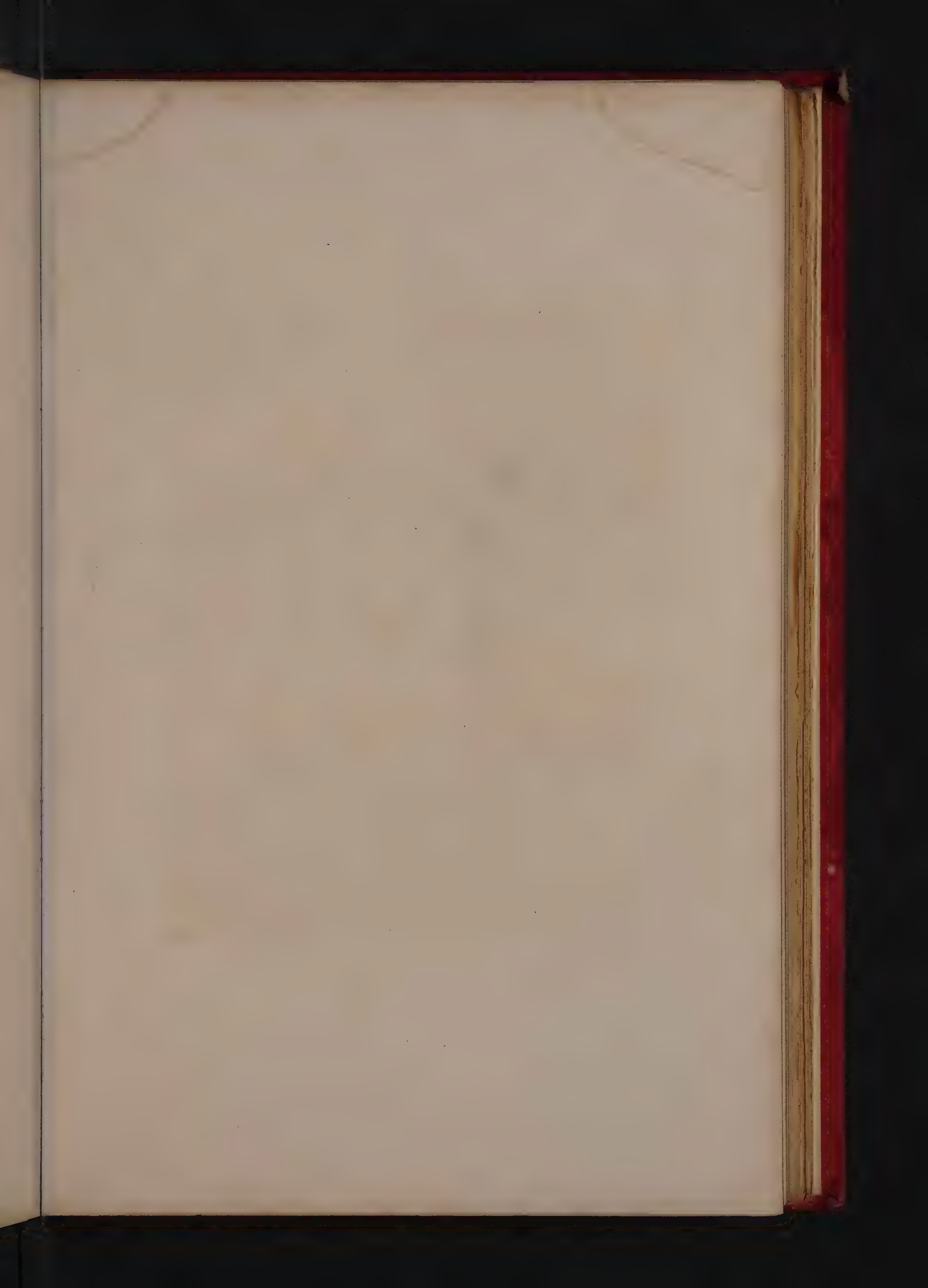
What do you see within? bushes, stagnant pools, snakes, and desolation. Yet here stood a populous city—a city where



the arts flourished centuries before Romulus and his band of robbers laid the foundation of infant Rome. Pæstum, called also in early times, Posidonia, according to the best authorities, owed its origin to those adventurous navigators, the Phœnicians, who, as early as the days of Joshua, visited Spain for its silver, and Britain for its tin. To these succeeded the Dorians; but making a full allowance for fable, the antiquity of the city is undeniably great, since the Sybarites overthrew the early inhabitants, and they, in turn, yielded to the arms of Rome three centuries before the Christian era.

And do no monuments remain of the old Dorians, or Phœnicians, beside the circling walls already mentioned? Yes, three temples of beautiful proportions, yet, at the same time, of almost Egyptian solidity, stand in a line, and with their pale yellow pillars, and low massy pediments, form a singularly striking picture. Of the earliest order of architecture, the Doric, which style the Romans never adopted in their buildings, they are supposed, with the temples of Agrigentum in Sicily, the seven columns at Corinth, and the remains of the shrine of Jupiter in the island of Ægina, to be the oldest monuments of their class now standing in Europe.

Pæstum, like Damascus in the east, was celebrated by the poets for its exquisite roses. The giver of luxurious suppers at Neapolis, and other Campanian cities, obtained his oysters from Brundusium, his kid and wild boar from Epirus and Sicily, his wines from the Falernus and the island of Chios; while the roses, composing the garlands with which the bacchanalians were crowned, were the product of the gardens of Pæstum. These roses were small, very durable from their firmness, and remarkable for their sweet scent. They bloomed twice a-year, in December and May; and a due tribute to their beauty will be found in the pages of Ausonius and Virgil. These once famous roses are not yet extinct. The Saracens









and the Normans were the last despoilers of Pæstum; their cruelty compelled the inhabitants to fly, their barbarism burned and overthrew their dwellings; yet their iron footsteps, while they trampled down man's works, could not exterminate the frail flowers, the children of the soil and the air; and still, amidst the desolation, as jealous of their former fame, a few stunted bushes will be found, owing nothing to human culture, putting forth their crimson buds, and exhaling their sweets over prostrate columns, and creeping up amidst disjointed stones. But high-born Beauty no longer seeks the blossoms; nor does even the nightingale repair there by moonlight, to pour forth his love-notes over their odour and richness.

Our sketch has no connexion with the history of the past; it refers to a little event of modern times. Within the great space bound by the old Cyclopean walls, stood, a few years since, two or three inhabited cottages, one house of respectable size, and a Christian church—sad mockery of the busy and populous scene in other days! The three ruined temples, of which mention has been made, are situated some distance apart from each other, yet in an exact line, and seem to have formed the portion of a straight street that once extended from gate to gate. At the base of one of the columns that support the entablature of the temple of Ceres, might have been seen a recumbent figure; it was that of a girl, and she was fast asleep. The sun was shining warmly on the tangled thickets, and the open uncultivated ground; grateful, therefore, was the shade cast by the tall pillars; and the girl, either wearied by walking or from very idleness, had seated herself there, and fallen into the state of unconsciousness already alluded to.

The flower-girl of a city in ruins, the daughter of one of the humble dwellers of the cottages that had been erected, perhaps, on the site of palaces, or the sepulchres of kings! who knew her? or what cared the world about beauty so obscure?—



hush! approach, gaze on this child of poverty, the untutored daughter of the wilderness. Her lithe form, which fifteen summers have just ripened into womanhood, gracefully reclines at the foot of the pillar; one arm is extended on the marble step, which time has clothed with the softest moss; her head is pillowed on this rounded glowing arm; and the dark cloud of hair thrown back from her forehead, floats down, and conceals her shoulders, except where a small portion of the right one glances through the black mass, polished as marble, yet soft and delicate as satin. The complexion of the girl, exposed to the suns of her southern clime, is more than brown, it approaches the clear rich olive of the Oriental. Her features are exquisitely chiselled, and perfect as those of a Phidian statue; and with the high forehead, straight nose, narrow lip, and little dimpling chin, she might have been a true descendant of the old Dorians, the most classically handsome of the Hellenic families. Her brows exhibit the exact curve of the rainbow; the long black eye-lashes rest wooingly on the soft cheek, where the young blood mantles rich and red as the wine of her native hills. Her throat round, and without the appearance of a single muscle, is encircled by a string of red beads, for the child of nature does not escape her sex's vanity. Her boddice, open in front, is of crimson stuff, fancifully slashed and embroidered; and her blue petticoat reaches but a little below her knees. Her left hand grasps a bunch of the sweet Pæstan roses, and other flowers which she has just gathered lie carelessly at her feet; and those feet, without shoes or stockings, half nestle in the cool moss—little feet, a model of perfection which the sculptor's marble might vainly strive to emulate, shaming with their glow the very roses there!

So, in stillness and in beauty, slept the peasant's child. Over head, among the ruins, a bird was singing; its song was low and plaintive, as if, according to the eastern doctrine of

transmigration of souls, a spirit was incarcerated in that tiny chorister,—a spirit that mourned over the desolation of the once beautiful city, and the fate of its shrines. Nearer and nearer that bird approached the slumbering girl: so infantine, so gentle she looked, what had the timid thing to fear? and so it sung, and fluttered around her, every circle it made lessening the distance between itself and the sleeper, until those soft vermilion cheeks looked more cool from the fanning of its bright winnowing wings.

An hour might have elapsed, when, sauntering along the turf, and threading the thickets, a young man was making his way towards the three ruined temples. The portfolio under his arm seemed to hint that he was a painter. His complexion was fair, his hair brown and curling, and he was dressed in the English fashion. The artist, for such in reality he was, on approaching the ruins which he intended to sketch, discovered the sleeping girl. He started, and gazed on her as if rooted to the spot; but shortly checking his surprise, or his admiration, he quietly adjusted his drawing apparatus, too happy to avail himself of the sweet addition which the flower-girl made to the old classic relic.

Busily the artist plied his task; Doric column, mouldering pediment, moss, and creeping ivy, gradually grew upon the canvass. And there reclined the wild, the beautiful one; but fearing every moment that the bird's song, or a breath of air might disturb the slumberer, he was anxious to complete his hasty sketch. Success seemed to reward his efforts, for the outline was drawn, when she moved, passed her hand, which still held the flowers, above her head, and presently opened her large stag-like eyes.

At first there was a dreaminess, a laughing expression in those black orbs, that seemed dissolving in their own soft brilliancy. But ere a moment had passed, she became aware



of the presence of the stranger. There are certain instincts in woman, whatever her condition may be, never to be destroyed; modesty and delicacy will even at times beam out in the young female savage of Negroland. The flower-girl's cheek, neck, and brow, flushed crimson, as well as that hue could be distinguished, burning beneath the rich tawny skin. She flung back her luxuriant tresses, for they prevented her from seeing distinctly, and then, with a slight scream, sprang upon her feet.

The young Englishman, perceiving her timidity, made a gesture that was intended to reassure her; he also addressed her in her own language, but in vain. She moved away from the pillar, at the base of which she had been sleeping, glided noiselessly through the *cella* of the ruined temple, and the next minute was lost among the tangled shrubs and thickets.

Strange was the impression made upon the mind of the English artist by this girl's singular beauty. He returned to his lodgings in the little town among the hills hard by. Her image haunted him amid his studies; he made inquiries respecting her, and learned that her father occupied one of the cottages within the ruined walls of the ancient Pæstum; and that Sybilla (for such was her name) assisted in gaining the family bread, by gathering the flowers that bloom there spontaneously at different seasons of the year, the marts in which she disposed of her floral wealth being the neighbouring towns and villages.

Again he visited the ruins with a view to finish his picture; but he thought less of the superb buildings, so interesting in their associations, so beautiful in their decay, than of her, the little classic nymph, the haunting fairy of the spot. Not long had he stationed himself at his easel, when Sybilla appeared; yet timid, as on the previous occasion, she kept at a distance, gathering her flowers, and singing carelessly, as if unconscious

—sweet dissembler!—that any one were present. The Englishman watched her motions, yet attempted not to advance, being well aware that if he did so she would fly. She passed in a circle about the temples, paused, and again, as if impelled by some magic influence, walked around them. Once she glanced at the painter—it was a lingering look, half of curiosity, half of fear—and Sybilla was gone.

Day after day was this pantomime repeated, and the artist indulged her humour. At length a favourable opportunity occurred for taming, or drawing to himself the timid wild flower-girl. His picture, the completion of which had been purposely delayed, was now finished; he placed it upon his easel, and retiring a few paces, seated himself in the shade. When Sybilla made her accustomed appearance, he pretended to have fallen asleep; she soon observed him, nor suspected that what in reality had happened to her, was only counterfeited by him. Curiosity, that characteristic of her sex, triumphed over her timidity and reserve. She longed to see what had occupied the stranger during so many days. In short, she would steal a glance at his picture.

Behold her, then, cautiously approaching, her eyes now fixed on the supposed sleeper, and now directed to the easel. She stood on tip-toe, her bare rosy feet glancing among the wild flowers, whose petals scarcely seemed to bend beneath their lightness. And now she paused, her slender form slightly leaning forwards, so that the masses of her hair fell from the sides of her head in front of her bosom: her right heel was elevated, and her forefinger raised to her forehead. The attitude was one that expressed hesitation mingled with fear. Oh! could she have been transmuted to marble, and that attitude of grace fixed for ever, we should hear no more of the unrivalled beauty of the Ceres, or the perfection of the Venus de Medici.



Sybilla took courage, and gazing once more at him who she imagined was totally unconscious of her presence, stole up to the painting. Great, apparently, was her admiration; true, she had seen a few pictures in the villages in the neighbourhood, but none, she thought, that rivalled this. Then she recognized her own portrait; for the figure at the base of the pillars, in gay embroidered boddice, blue petticoat, and with bare feet, could not be mistaken.

It was while her eyes were rivetted on the canvass, and she exhibited the fervour of feelings unknown, perhaps, to more schooled and cultivated bosoms, that the young Englishman rose suddenly, and before she was aware of his approach seized her by the hand.

"Nay, do not fear," he said, in her own soft language, "I painted this for you."

"For me, signor?" exclaimed Sybilla, opening her black eyes to their full width; but the next instant they drooped beneath his, and she added, in a tremulous tone, shaking her head, "no, no, you cannot mean to give me the painting."

"You will do me a great favour by accepting it. Nay, my bright queen of the fairies! you vanish not yet, you escape me not this time; satisfy my curiosity by answering a few questions. You are as secure under my protection, as beneath the guardianship of a brother."

The young flower-girl was reassured; she paused, listened, looked—that hesitation sealed her fate; she felt herself attracted towards the too fascinating stranger; they conversed long together, and when they parted, it was with a mutual promise to meet again.

And again they *did* meet, lingering among the picturesque ruins, and pacing over the velvet turf that covered the site of ancient palaces, and gathering the renowned roses which bloomed amid the clefts of shattered walls and broken cornices.

it was a singular feeling that sprang up between them; he, the man of refinement, the educated in the schools of human knowledge; she, the child of nature, with scarcely an idea but such as was gained immediately through the senses; knowing nothing of her land's history, nothing of the world she inhabited. And yet the feeling, on the part of the young traveller, partook not of pity; Sybilla was too lovely, her intellect was too acute, to awaken such a sentiment. He was swayed by admiration, a strong curiosity to dive into the recesses of a mind so unsophisticated and pure; a longing to watch the flow of thoughts and emotions, when knowledge, for the first time, should open her locked-up fountain. These feelings, gradually but unsuspected by himself, concentrated themselves into one more powerful—and that was love. Yes, the polished gentleman and the scholar found his heart drawn towards this child of beauty but of ignorance, by ties as strong as they were free from everything sinister and impure.

Behold them, then, the master and pupil! for such were the positions they seemed to occupy with regard to each other. They are seated in the shade, within the *cella* of the smaller Doric temple. The girl's marble seat is a little lower than his; her head slightly on one side, her large eyes raised to his face, and her little hands resting on her knees, she is in the attitude of listening. He is narrating to her wondering ear the early history of Greece, and describing the manners of the people from whom she may have sprung. The gorgeous city of Pæstum again spreads around them; instead of a few fragments of stone, wild roses, briars, and thistles, her imagination, by the enchantment of her lover's story, wanders through peopled streets, beholds the temples filled with votaries, the theatres with lovely women, and laurel-crowned heroes; long processions, in celebration of some festival of the gods, pass before her, music melts on her ear, and pomp, prosperity, and



happiness spread their golden wings over the favourite city of Neptune.\*

We wish it were permitted us to dwell longer on this portion of our sketch, but space forbids. Suffice it to say that, in a brief time, Sybilla, under the able tuition of her master, could read her own tongue; and each day served to brighten up some nook in her mind previously dark, and plant in the intellectual soil some germ of knowledge.

It was evening, yet the tops of the ancient temples still caught the light of the setting sun. The quivering mellow rays looked like the crown of glory which is said to circle the brow of age. The fragments of wall and the pillars cast their shadows eastward; the birds, ceasing their song, flew each to the thicket; and the wild roses, as if to make a couch for the fairies, had begun to shut up their delicate leaves. At a short distance from the ruins, a man might have been seen, whose appearance little accorded with the beauty of the hour: his aspect was moody and fierce, his complexion almost swarthy as that of an Arab, and his eye glistened with a savage expression. He was neither in an upright nor a sitting posture, but crawling on his hands and knees. As he proceeded from thicket to thicket, he uttered low words to himself; and now he would pause, taking a pistol from his bosom, and carefully examining the priming. Again, like a reptile, he crept stealthily on: gaining an opening in the brake, the oblique lines of light flashed on his face; it was handsome, in spite of the dark passions stamped there. "He shall not see the light of another sun!" muttered the man, and the next minute he was concealed amid the surrounding bushes.

\* The ancient medals found at Pæstum, the devices on which are oars, sails, anchors, and other nautical implements, prove that the old inhabitants were peculiarly a maritime people. That the city also was under the protection of the ocean deity, seems evident from the largest of the three temples having been dedicated to Neptune.

The Englishman had been reading to Sybilla, Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso," the wild and chivalric spirit of which poem was peculiarly calculated to fascinate a mind like hers. So enrapt had they been with the poet's page, that they had failed to notice the gradual advance of evening; but the increasing dimness, and the utter stillness that prevailed, warned them to rise from the spot where they had lingered so long. They walked a short distance in front of the ruins, and were about to take leave of each other. The heart of Sybilla fluttered like a bird, and there was an unusual sadness in her look and manner. She had a presentiment of coming evil; a shadow from the future seemed to have fallen upon her soul.

"You said that you loved me," faltered the girl, her eyes fixed on the ground, and their long black lashes fringed with tears.

"More than life, Sybilla."

"Impossible—it is a dream. I was once happy in my ignorance; now I know the darkness of my mind, the abjectness of my lot. I feel I was not born for you; I am rather an object of pity, or a thing to excite contempt."

"Speak not so; I love you with a true and an honourable love. To-morrow I will see your father; I would take you from this wild and desolate place. It is very well for artists to draw the ruins of Pæstum, and ramble here at the season when no deadly *malaria* prevails; but to dwell, year after year, in a spot so utterly deserted and savage——"

"I was happy, I tell you."

"And could you not be happy elsewhere with me?"

Sybilla's eyes answered, "Yes;" she extended to him her hand; the tremulously murmured words, "good night!" had just fallen from her lips, when the sharp click of a pistol-lock was instantly followed by a report. The Englishman turned quickly around; he imagined they were beset by robbers;



the smoke rose from an adjoining thicket where the pistol had been discharged; but no one could now be seen there. He was himself unwounded, but glancing at Sybilla, he started in horror at beholding the bright red drops trickling from her bosom, and staining her little yellow scarf. The next moment, without uttering a word, she fell forwards on his shoulder.

The pistol, indeed, had been aimed at the lover, but the ill-judging and wrongly suspicious father had failed in accomplishing his vengeful purpose; he had struck the betrayed instead of the supposed betrayer; and yet he knew it not. The wretched man, without waiting to witness the lamentable result of his rashness, had hurried away.

"You are wounded!" cried the young Englishman, supporting Sybilla to the steps of the nearest temple. "Ha! what barbarous fiend could have done this? I must pursue the assassin."

"Do not leave me!" said the girl, faintly; "I guess who that assassin is; but promise me that you will not follow him with your vengeance. He is deceived. I die happy—for if I had not met this fate, you yourself would have perished."

The broken words were scarcely comprehended by him who bent over the maiden, in an agony that language might vainly attempt to pourtray. He would have hurried to the neighbouring town for medical aid, but how could he leave her there to perish alone? All he could do was to endeavour to staunch the blood, and to soothe her sufferings. Now, however, he raised her in his arms, with the hope of carrying her to the nearest dwelling, but the pain she endured compelled him quickly to place her again on the ground.

"I will hasten to your father's cottage; it is but half-a-mile distant."

"Go not there!" said Sybilla. "Would you bear me to him who has—murdered me?"

The truth at once flashed upon the mind of the lover, and for a moment his energies were paralyzed. *He*, then, had brought upon her this doom! scarcely dared he to conceive it—his brain, he felt, would give way under the agonising reflection. But a shadow fell over the countenance of the beautiful girl; her head, with the long silken tresses flowing backward, rested languidly on the knees of her lover; and as the light gradually departed from the western horizon, so the hue of her late glowing cheeks seemed to fade away. Yet the sparkle of her large dark-fringed eyes remained unaltered; they looked up to his, and, in their soft depths, he read love that triumphed over pain, and even the fear of approaching dissolution.

The ruins were above and around them—the grey-massy ruins, which, for three thousand years, had looked down on change and decay. The image of death to those dark relics of the past was as nothing, all things, except themselves, fluctuating and passing from the scene. The last faint purple rays glanced over their bald summits; the sea, lately gleaming in gold, had assumed a deep sapphire hue; and, as the stars one by one, crept forth, and trembled on its broad mirror, the murmur of its waves was faint but musical, as the voice of the subtle spirit that dwells imprisoned in the pink-lipped shell.

The holy calm of the hour seemed to breathe its spell over the soul of the sufferer. It was sad to leave life and love, but she had received the fatal wound designed for him, and this assurance filled her heart with happiness. Moralists! pronounce not a harsh doom on the untutored child of seclusion and poverty. Ignorant of all things, her maiden modesty was an instinct, and her love the guileless gushing forth of innate affections. She died innocent, therefore virtue may treasure her memory, and drop a bright tear above her simple grave;—that grave is not far from the famous Pæstan temples; and



the bird that at noon still sings above the ruined pillars, flits also, in its airy circles, over the resting place of her who can no longer listen to its lay; and fancy, wrapped in visions of past times, whispers that the undying nymphs who, though viewless, still haunt the classic plain, steal to the mound by moonlight, for there are they sure to find the loveliest and the sweetest roses to weave into their chaplets—roses springing from the earth that covers the dust of all that was beautiful and pure.

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FROM THEOCRITUS.

EPIGRAM V.

BY R. SNOW, ESQ.

By all the nymphs, I charge you, play for one  
Upon your double-flute some melody;  
I care not what, so it be sweet; begin,  
And with my row of reeds I will chime in:  
Our Daphnis too shall with his oaten stop  
Quaint native pipings now and then let drop:  
And we will stand beneath the doddered oak,  
Behind his cave, and all the woods invoke,  
Till the encounter of our echoing numbers  
Rouse the goat-footed Pan from noontide slumbers.

SCENE FROM A PLAY,

JOANNA OF NAPLES.

BY ALEXANDER B. COCHRANE, ESQ.

*Gardens of the Palace at Aversa.*

JOANNA.

If there were language in each bud,  
Sweet thoughts in every stem,  
My palace should be some green bower,  
And wide parterres my realm.

Instead of couch of royal state,  
I'd choose the violets' bed,  
Richer than canopy of blue,  
The blue sky overhead.

Richer than canopy of blue,  
The blue star-spangled sky,  
Sweeter than music's sweetest strain,  
The soft breeze murmuring by.

For counsellors I would select  
Roses without a thorn;  
Garlands should be my coronet,  
Fresh gathered every morn.

Of duties I should only take  
Sweet scents, which each receives;  
The only murmurs round my throne,  
The murmurs of the leaves.



## A SIMPLE TALE OF LOVE.

BY AMALIE WINTER.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY MADAME DE CHATELAIN.)

THE baronial family at the château of Waldenburg, were spending the twilight, each according to their humour. The father and mother were dozing in the ponderous easy chairs of the study; the guests were resting in their several rooms; the children were all gathered together in the nursery, for the sake of the little light it afforded, as the darker rooms seemed "uncanny" to their young fancies, and in the recess of one of the windows sat a pair of lovers, in sweet converse, not unmixed with kisses. Lovers, above all, must prize those twilight hours, where the blush passes unseen though not unperceived, and where the holy feeling of love assumes a warmer and deeper language than that of mere words. Such was the twilight hour at Waldenburg, when, besides tea and candles, the arrival of an aunt was expected.

"What is this aunt like?" inquired young Hugo von Stein, the lover, who felt somewhat put out by her promised visit; for he thought her presence would disturb him in the enjoyment of his privilege of kissing and courting his future bride, as he set it down that the aunt must be a prudish old maid.

Antoinette, his intended, said in answer to his question:—"My aunt is a widow, very friendly and kind, and still rather pretty, though old. She is my father's youngest sister, and must be thirty, if not a few months more."

To a girl of sixteen, thirty seems a great age; but her lover being himself not far from that age, and having seen the

world, smiled at the opinion expressed by the young maiden, and though he might not perhaps have read Balzac's *Femme de trente ans*, he perfectly understood the charm of riper beauty, and of an experienced mind blended with feeling more conscious of its own strength.

"My aunt reads a great deal, and tells a story very pleasantly," continued Antoinette; "she smiles, and laughs, and jokes, and is frolicsome; but she likes to philosophize, too, sometimes, and when she tells stories, she sprinkles them with reflections, as one strews flowers on the table for a birthday, sometimes more and sometimes less, just as it happens. But she only works out a part of a tale, and never completes it, and then she suddenly ends it as if she were tired of relating it, or as if she thought her hearers' patience was at an end. Perhaps she does so from a liking that people should wish to hear more, and reproach her for cutting it so short. 'There is a crisis in every one's life,' she says in reply; 'and, when this is once told, there is little left to say; yet this crisis gives a colour to one's whole existence, and from it characters receive their peculiar stamp.' So says my aunt, and then her story is done."

The intended bridegroom was so much interested by this account, that he forgot to seal his beloved's mouth with a kiss, when she had finished speaking. "I shall like very much to become acquainted with your aunt," said he, with something like a sigh.

"That is a pleasure that you can easily command," said a soft voice at his side, that proceeded from a shadowy looking figure that had approached with so light a step as to be unperceived. "For aunt is come," continued the appearance, at the same time flinging off her fur mantle and withdrawing her veil.

"Aunt! aunt!" exclaimed Antoinette, and jumped up in



high glee; she was running to call together all the inmates of the house, but the whole château was already raised. The word "aunt" rang through the nursery and on the stairs, and in a moment the whole family flocked to the room, together with the tea equipage and lights. Aunt was surrounded, stormed with expressions of joyous welcome; questions and answers followed in rapid succession, and the very servants were sharers in the general joy.

Antoinette's lover alone remained a silent observer; amidst the moving circle he could look on nothing but aunt, and yet she was by no means handsome. Her eyes had the soul-inspired look of intellect and feeling, her smile was sweet and full of self-denial, and her melodious voice was persuasion itself. She was rather pale, yet her cheek was quickly tinged by any emotion. Her hair was soft and silky, and of that blonde shade that seldom or never turns to grey. Altogether aunt had a very interesting appearance.

"I could not kiss her, as I would Antoinette," thought Stein to himself, as he gazed at her from the recess of the window, while she sat in the great easy chair in the full light of the lamp, and had directed her earnest glance towards her brother, who had asked and obtained information on the political events of the town she came from; "No, I could not kiss her, she inspires me with too much respect, but I could kneel before her, and I could love her to very madness."

Antoinette would never have dreamt of such a possibility, because she thought her aunt too old; it was, perhaps, lucky that she did not think it possible.

Aunt now related her travels; she called herself a female Diogenes without a lantern, seeking for men and finding them. Yes, she had found a great many men; but she only recognized as such those who acknowledged it to be their duty to do honour to the dignity of mankind—those, in

short, who struggle, think, do good, and are human beings in the best sense of the word; merely to live and enjoy seemed to her beneath the dignity of our species. She had had occasion to perceive that fate very seldom strews our path with flowers, nor had she ever met with a single being who wandered amongst roses; she, therefore, could never help blaming the saying, "Wander through roses and forget-me-nots," whenever she found it inscribed on cups or saucers. But, for this very reason, she plucked flowers by the way as often as she could, and many were the little joys she experienced, and the pleasing features in her life and her travels that she had to relate, which would have escaped the perception of others.

Aunt had begun by appearing interesting, and she finished by being entertaining. Antoinette's intended became more thoughtful, and, during the twilight hour on the following evening, he more than once was guilty of yawning beside his beloved instead of kissing her, and his fate, which but a few days back appeared under such rosy hues, now seemed itself to resemble the dusky shades of twilight. Aunt received his silent homage as that of a new and happy nephew, joked at the impassioned kiss he impressed on her hand, and at his respectful admiration of her fine eyes, and at the long and lively conversations that he carried on with her, at the conclusion of which generally neither stood out for their opinion. "You deserve to be called a man," would she then say, reaching her hand to him in a friendly manner; and he felt that in saying this she had given him the noblest praise, and even a high place in her esteem.

Antoinette was several times put out at not being able to converse with him like her aunt, and at being half overlooked by her lover on her account; she felt neglected, and secretly began to have misgivings about the inconstancy and ingrati-



tude of the male sex. But in her heart of hearts she blamed her aunt as a coquette: for amiable women are always called so as long as they remain young.

"Aunt has not yet told us a single story." Such was the general cry; and the whole company joined in the request that she would enliven the evening by so doing; the urn had now ceased humming, and there were two hours yet to supper time, and so her story must last till then.

"Shall it be a tale or a ghost story?" said the friendly, obliging creature. "Whatever you like," answered Antoinette, "for you relate every thing so prettily—but I should prefer a love story," and here she threw a tender look at her lover, "because then one knows that it is all true."

"True?" enquired aunt, "what do you call true? Do you mean to designate by such a word only those events that have really happened, the daily comings and goings which are visible to every eye? My good children, you little think how much that is false often happens in real life, how many lies are sometimes mixed up with love, while frequently in ghost stories there is nothing improbable beyond the winding sheet that is always thrown over the world of spirits, and the rattling of chains that announces their approach, while the tale itself perhaps expounds in the most attractive manner the hieroglyphics that the Creator has written in nature and human life. A love story, on the contrary, is like aameleon, and appears under a thousand false colours. It is like a soap bubble that bursts at the touch of cold reason. Who can, in fact, define what love is? To one it is a bugbear, to another a pleasing fable—ambrosia to a third, and homely fare to a fourth; youth looks upon it as champaign froth, while old age considers it as the leaven of existence, which only now and then produces an agreeable fermentation. It requires some courage to tell a love story, because so few listeners take an interest in it. The

men won't pay any attention to it; they extricate themselves so very easily from the labyrinth of love, as their Ariadne's threads are generally made of such very coarse materials! Old women don't like either to hear any thing more on the subject; it all comes to the same in the end, say they, as all cats are grey in the dark; in old age all love seems colourless; it is so far removed from them that the lights and shades escape their mental vision. Women of forty, who wander about like the spirits of the departed, in the kingdom of memory, who have not yet forgotten that which they would give the world to be able to forget, are only pained by love stories; the sighs of their youth seem to rustle through the air and fill them with sadness, each fond word is a dagger to their souls; they feel uneasy and chagrined. They ask themselves—Why was I loved, and why am I no longer loved? What availed the beatings of my heart, and my dreams of happiness? Such questions rise up before them in startling array. No: women of forty cease to read love stories. Youth alone still reads them and listens to them with glowing cheeks and beating hearts, and it is for you, my dear young folks, that I shall tell my tale of love."

Aunt then turned to the lovers; "I would fain compare my love story to those saints' pictures that ingenious nuns paint upon cobwebs. Each thread, delicate as it may be, is important in love, while every important event appears a mere thread, a trifle, a nothing to those standing without the magic circle; therefore, my dear listeners, should the ground-work appear too thin and too poor in your eyes, you can tear the fragile texture by questions and interruptions; yet the saintly image will still remain sacred, and preserve an altar in our hearts.

"The heroine of my tale—allow me to christen her by my own name, and call her Cecilia—the heroine of my tale was—guess what?"



“A princess?”

“Heaven forbid: for then I should be obliged to introduce a mistress of the ceremonies into my love story, for which these excellent ladies are not at all calculated, as they would be then obliged occasionally to hide their heads like the ostrich. I should also have to attend to the niceties of etiquette that in many cases and many places would almost sooner suit a ghost story. Nor is my heroine a countess, or a good match of any kind; such a person is indeed a god-send for little towns, because she attracts suitors, but she is of no use in a tale of love. I should be obliged to say how rich she was, and even to reckon up her fortune—and both moral and physical dirt always sticks to money. No! one must needs possess a pure heart and finger to weave the magic web of love. Neither have I sought a heroine amongst grisettes, although it is now the fashion, and Goëthe himself has immortalized the hand that uses a broom on Saturdays. I have not chosen my heroine amongst the small-footed Chinese, nor the fiery mulattoes, nor the *piquantes* negresses; no, my heroine is much more unromantic, has much less claims to interest, is less known and less valued, and often held much cheaper than all those I have mentioned—she is simply a country girl.

“Her parents’ estate lay in Franconia, and she belonged to that class of Franconian young ladies that are called familiarly thousand florin herbs,\* because their dower only consists of a thousand florins. A girl’s heart has often been compared to a sheet of blank paper; but this is a mistaken notion—the sheet is full and more than full, but the characters are penned with sympathetic ink, and no one can read them, till peculiar circumstances render them intelligible. But on the soul of a young maiden, brought up in the country, many things stand written that are unknown to a town-bred young lady; amongst

\* Tausend Gulden Kraut.

which may be reckoned a serene childhood unshaded by the restraints of school, and a life of harmless joys.

“Cecilia grew up like a wild lily, and nature was her governess. She perfected her dancing at country assemblies, while her taste for dress was formed by an antiquated fashion-book, whose long list of subscribers was closed by her parents’ name. Every thing seemed to afford Cecilia joy, whether it was spring and its first violets, or hay-time and its merry hay-makers, or harvest and the waggon-loads of corn, or sheep-shearing. On all such occasions there was sure to be music and dancing, and numerous guests, and cakes large enough for the race of liliputians to have held a ball upon one of them. In the country, cakes and conversation invariably go together, and all residents in the country need take a lively interest in the latter, and have a good stomach for the former.

“Cecilia lived happy and cheerful at her father’s seat, until she was considered grown up, and of an age to be introduced into society; she was then taken to town one winter, and for several months she took lessons in music and drawing, went to the theatres and danced her fill. She received with gratitude all the pleasures offered her; country and town life had an equal charm in her eyes. Life seemed to her one continued chain of flowers, whose perfume was to be inhaled without stopping to regret the blossoms that faded away. She already began to philosophize a little, yet her views of life were still so rosy-hued, that her cheerful philosophy was as yet unchequered by the dark shades of gravity.

“On a neighbouring estate lived a family on terms of intimate friendship with Cecilia’s parents; and the easy intercourse peculiar to country life was carried on with all the more zest between the two houses, as all the members of each agreed so well together, and the two fathers, the two mothers, and the children were so exactly suited to each other’s taste.



“Cecilia’s favorite playfellow was Robert, who was only a few years older than herself. While he was at school, he used to come home on holidays, and for all family festivities; and when he studied in town, he spent the carnival with Cecilia. The intercourse between these two was of the most hearty, friendly kind; their childlike hearts sailed on life’s ocean side by side in a perpetual calm. There were no shoals, no storms; there was neither advice, reproaches, nor an obstacle of any kind thrown in their way, consequently no passion could exist. If Cecilia had got into any dilemma with her engagements at a ball, her old playfellow would help her out of it; if a disagreeable partner requested her hand, Robert was ready to dance with her. In short, on all occasions where Cecilia wanted a man’s protection, in crowds or in public places, Robert’s arm was always ready, and if she did not acknowledge how necessary and useful he was to her, it was merely because she had never known what it was to be without him.

“It was a journey to Karlsbad that first unfolded to Cecilia a new world of pleasures in which Robert had no share. She was obliged to accompany her father, who was much delighted to find there a friend of former times. This friend had a son who ‘suited Cecilia as if he had been made for her, and she for him,’ at least so said the fathers, and a marriage was accordingly agreed upon between them. Cecilia could not pick a fault with the young man; he was handsome, engaging, friendly, and courted her as much as people court when their parents have resolved upon a match. The young man had become master of the horse in the capital, therefore, by marrying him, Cecilia would not be taken far away from her relations and the scenes of her youth. There was nothing to say against the match, not even the slightest disinclination. On the last day of their residence at the watering-place, Cecilia gave her consent without the least persuasion, of her own

free will, and in the full conviction that she had made no bad choice.

“It is true that she did not feel that full tide of bliss, that firm belief in an eternity of happiness, or that triumphant reliance on the strength of her love that ought to be the case on such an occasion, but she thought of an establishment, of settlements, and of the wedding ball, at which Robert would dance, and she was serenely cheerful. She had several times written to Robert from Karlsbad, without exactly mentioning the master of the horse, or her matrimonial projects, but giving an account of the journey, of Karlsbad, of the promenades, the *Hirschsprung*, the Devil’s whirlpool, and other sights, for she had thought of Robert as often as anything had pleased her. The whirlpool had reminded her of a sketch of his, and in the diary that she wrote on purpose for Robert, she connected every object with himself; she wished, she said, to be the eye-glass through which he should look round upon the world; and, therefore, she introduced all her acquaintances to his notice, showing the peculiar characteristics of each with all the natural quickness of a girl, seasoned by the drollery of a cloudless spirit. Thus, at first, she had mentioned the master of the horse, and heralded him in with the choicest Saxon dialect; later, she ceased to speak of him at all; during the whole time she remained in doubt whether she should say yes or no, she never mentioned his name, as she thought it was not fair, in case she refused him, to boast of it, and afterwards when she had decided upon consenting, a certain fear seemed to restrain her.

“Still she could not but let her old faithful playfellow know of her being affianced, and Cecilia thought it would be easier to do so in writing than in words; notwithstanding which, she was a long time writing the letter, then tore it up, and wrote several others, until at last she succeeded in making it intelli-



gible that she was going to be married. She assured Robert, at the same time, of her warmest, deepest friendship; was convinced that he would approve her choice, and concluded by expressing a wish that he would become the friend of her future husband. In short, she wrote the strangest letter under the circumstances that could be penned, and one in which Robert vainly sought for expressions of love towards her intended, and in which he met with no warmer feelings than the friendship professed for himself. 'No,' thought he, 'not for the world would I marry in that way!' and then he locked his door, drew down the blinds, and throwing himself on the sofa, wept as he scarcely ever remembered to have wept since he was a child. He was aware that he had loved Cecilia from his earliest youth; the beatings of his heart had never been a riddle to him, and both the past and the future had always laid clearly mapped out before his 'mind's eye.' He had studied in the reliance on Cecilia's love; his examination had been gone through successfully, and he was just waiting for her return from Karlsbad to ask for her hand, now that he had a career open to him and could offer her a home. It is true the home would have been but a humble one, but free from care, and such as suited the habits and education of Cecilia. He had never spoken to her of his attachment, because he thought it superfluous to speak of that which his daily and hourly actions could not but prove; besides he thought Cecilia understood him, and knew all about it. He had mistaken the good-will she had shown him, quite undesignedly, for marks of love granted with the full consciousness of what was passing in his mind. Now all was over, and after he had wept his fill, he began to rave, first against Cecilia for having deceived him, then against women for being faithless, one and all, and lastly at his own folly for letting himself be deceived. He accused himself of vanity, and half despised

himself for having mistaken her friendly behaviour, and interpreted it to his own advantage.

“After going through all these conflicting emotions, he wrote a very sensible, hearty letter; he could not, however, promise to become the friend of the master of the horse, because, though he had formerly been a friend of his, he felt considerably cooled towards him. But he would come to the wedding as Cecilia wished it. Cecilia was a long time reading the letter; she had every reason to be satisfied with its contents, yet somehow she was not; she had dreaded receiving it, some secret pang she thought seemed to lurk under the well-known seal—but instead of that, every line seemed to breathe of calmness.

“The wedding-day approached; Cecilia looked like a contented bride. When Robert drove into the court, she hastened to the door to meet him, and stretched forth her hand to welcome him; his own trembled in her grasp. ‘Are you not well?’ enquired she, looking up at him with her blue eyes—but he cast his eyes to the ground, and made no answer.

“Cecilia had thought she had so much to say to her old play-fellow, and so much to tell him, and now she felt as if she had not a word to say. They both went up stairs in silence, and silent did they remain the whole evening. On the following morning, Cecilia, drest in bridal array, had already entered the drawing-room, where the family was assembled, when her bracelet became unfastened, and she hastened back to her room to have it set to rights. In her chamber she found Robert sitting on her seat, with his arm supported on her writing-desk, and his face buried in his hand.

“‘Robert!’ enquired Cecilia, in alarm, ‘what is the matter with you? Are you ill?’ and she anxiously raised up his head, which it required all her strength to do. She was then frightened at beholding his tearful countenance, and exclaimed,



while a pang of surprise shot through her heart, 'Are you weeping?'

"She had never seen Robert weep before.

"'Yes, I am weeping,' answered he, 'and would that I could weep my life away—for I am so wretched!'

"'And wherefore?' asked Cecilia, although her own heart had already whispered the answer.

"'What! can you ask why?' cried Robert; 'did you not know that I love you, and that I looked upon you as my intended wife from a child? and now you are about to be the wife of another, you wonder at my tears!'

"'Cecilia!' called out a voice in the ante-room, and Cecilia was startled.

"'They are calling you,' said Robert, 'go—and be happy, Cecilia; but I cannot be present at your marriage—no, I cannot, and will not, nor do I see why I should; it would do you no good, and it would be death to me.'

"'Cecilia!' cried the voice again.

"Cecilia felt the most poignant grief as she left her afflicted friend, and hastened back to the sitting-room. At this moment she felt all that Robert had been to her, and all that he might have become; she now knew everything, but at such a moment it was too late. The bridesmaids that had been calling her now took the trembling creature by the hand, in order to lead her to church. The bells were ringing, the bridegroom was waiting at the altar, and the priest's blessing was ready to hallow a union which threatened to stand in need of the true sanction—that of love.

"How she pronounced the 'yes' that was to bind her for ever, how the rings were exchanged, and how the ceremony was got through, and wound up with the congratulations of all present, and her parents' tears of joy, Cecilia had not the slightest idea—everything seemed to dance before her as in a

dream; she could think only of Robert, who loved and who had wept over her. When the wedding-party returned to the château, he was gone.

"Cecilia's husband was very rich; he had fitted her up a mansion in town, while Robert could only have offered her a cottage in the country. Her rooms were hung with silk, and she was surrounded by all the new inventions that luxury could devise; all her visitors admired the fittings, and during the first six weeks of her married life, she had nothing to do but to show the house to every body. At first she was highly delighted with all the fine things but she soon got accustomed to them. 'After all,' thought she to herself, 'our thoughts are just the same in these modern *fauteuils* as in the old hard-stuffed chairs, and one's heart does not bound any the lighter beneath an Indian shawl than under the simple handkerchief worn by girls of small income!' Her cheeks used to seem much rosier in the little looking-glass of her chamber than now when she saw her image reflected from head to foot, in the richest dress and the most costly jewels.

"When Cecilia had got accustomed to all the elegancies of her new condition, they ceased to have any value in her eyes, and the young wife's heart became the scene of a tragedy unattended by spectators. Cecilia had a lively imagination, and imagination is confessedly the crucible in which a thousand amiable qualities, as well as a countless number of follies, are brought into existence, and is in particular the source of those artificial misfortunes that nobody pities, yet that have the power to throw so dark a veil of melancholy over one's whole life. She entered into the married state with the conviction that she would be unhappy; consequently all her husband's weaknesses, deficiencies, and qualities were unbearable; she was certain that with Robert she would have been quite happy. Sometimes she would reproach herself for not having seriously



sounded her heart on the subject, at other times she hated the husband that could have consented to a marriage proposed by their parents; his heart must be cold indeed if it could put up with the small amount of love she had shown him.

"She brooded over the past, and spelt out all the hieroglyphics of her love for Robert. She did not, however, hear from him, for he was travelling. She would have liked so to have heard something about him, yet she trembled to learn that he was married. Cecilia did not make her husband a good wife, nor did she conscientiously fulfil the task she had voluntarily undertaken; she did not make her home that sanctuary that it ought to become for a happy pair; she was a poor weak, foolish wife, and forgetful of her duties. She was very much to blame both for her sorrow and her weakness; for even when removed from the reach of temptation, a woman requires all the energy of virtue, in order that sin may not find a ready-made path to her heart.

"Thus Cecilia lived for three years, always anxiously longing for, and always expecting something. She was always in readiness for some surprise; every time she heard the postboy's horn, or a quick step in the next room, she was ready to faint. She had become pale and sickly; her bearing was serious and solemn; her step slow and measured; her view of life was of the most melancholy description; and her voice had grown sad and plaintive as an *Æolian* harp.

"While Cecilia was thus feeding her unhappy passion, Robert had overcome his; after the one moment of weakness that has been recorded, he never had another relapse. He even repented most heartily having given way to his feelings as he had done, and reproached himself for having saddened Cecilia's soul, on her joyful wedding day, with the sorrows of the friend of her youth. He mentally asked her pardon with his whole soul for his selfishness, nor could he help blushing

at the idea of being perhaps thought of by her with pity; it wounded his pride to be pitied by her. He spent three years in travelling, nor did he travel like a lover who seeks forgetfulness, or for mere pleasure, and for the sake of putting away time, but as a man who wishes to improve. He went forth a mere youth, but he returned home an accomplished man; he was a hero, for he had learned to conquer himself. Now he felt that he might visit his old friend again, as business brought him to town; and he determined not to mention the last hour before his departure, and only to allude to their childhood and youth, and the joyous hours they had spent together.

"Cecilia was not at home when he called, and Robert was received in the most cordial manner by the master of the house, and, in fact, invited to stay in the house; and as the latter was summoned to the prince's presence, he took his old friend into his wife's sitting room, that he might wait for her return. Robert was alone, and had leisure to examine the sanctuary. His own portrait was placed on a little table, surrounded by flowers. The album he had once given Cecilia lay before it; and several other objects, such as paperwork, books, and occasional gifts that she had received from him, were strewn around. This table seemed to be an altar dedicated to himself. All the other things in the room told of the various occupations of an intellectual woman; and the newest French novels were to be seen on her table.

"Robert was uneasy and pained to the heart at the sight of this room; a whole tide of recollections rushed over his mind, threatening to overwhelm him by their intensity, and he felt as if he must go: yes, go he would, and fly while it still was time to do so. But it was already too late; he heard a step approaching, and in another moment Cecilia entered, little aware of the surprise that awaited her. A scream escaped her on beholding Robert. 'My Robert!' she exclaimed, and



sunk almost senseless into his arms. On returning to consciousness, she smiled, half ashamed of her childishness, and they sat beside each other, talking of the veriest indifferent matters, he of the last stage, and she of her last walk. They said not a word but what they might have said to any one else, and yet both were happy. They never spoke of the wedding day, but a great deal of their youth and childhood. Cecilia's husband appeared as the disturber of all their pleasant recollections, although nothing was said but what he might have heard. A heavy cloud seemed to have spread its gloomy atmosphere over the family circle, and Robert felt oppressed; his heart kept beating, and all the powers of evil that he had repressed with the whole energy of his character, now awoke anew in his breast. Cecilia, in her state of doubtful happiness and failing health, appeared more beautiful, dearer, more in need of protection, and consequently more loveable, than ever. Besides, she was much more accomplished than formerly; she had not frequented the first circles in town, and lived in the very headquarters of the arts and sciences, without improving her intellect. He felt he loved her still, and that she would grow dearer than ever to him, and that he had need oppose the full strength of his principles to those feelings he thought he had overcome.

“ Robert determined to keep back, and to appear cold; he ventured seldomer into Cecilia's sitting room, sought for her company less often, and was very reserved, while she, rendered happier by their intercourse, became less reserved and more cheerful. She had resolved to enjoy the short time of his stay, to look neither to the past nor the future, and this plan seemed to succeed. But when at length he began to talk of taking leave, she poured her sorrows into her friend's breast, and complained of her broken happiness, of being tired of life, and of the anguish she endured. He had to comfort her, and

to try and raise her courage; but the more he did so, the more inconsolable and weak-minded did Cecilia appear. Then something was dropped about the pang she had endured on her wedding-day, about eyes being opened too late, and about a girl's foolish, thoughtless heart, that was not aware of its own love. He perceived, therefore, that he had been loved—was loved still, and that the wife of his youthful love adored him as he adored her, and that his torments were shared: he acknowledged such to be the case with a mixture of ecstasy and despair.

“‘I will go away,’ thought he; ‘I will fly from her and from myself; I will not disturb her peace, and she shall not be unhappy on my account.’ He considered the matter over during the whole night, and on the following morning he told the master of the horse that he was about to depart. Cecilia was so thrown off her guard by this sudden determination, that she lost her senses: the anguish of the threatened separation quite overpowered her. She burst into his room, in her white dressing gown, and with streaming hair.

“‘Stay, Robert!’ cried she; ‘stay—I shall die if you leave me. Know that I love you—that you alone can render life endurable—that you are the sun that brightens my existence! I love nothing but you in this wide world, and all the anguish you felt on my wedding-day, has filled my breast ever since. Stay with me, unless you would see me die!’ And with these impassioned expressions, she sank senseless into his arms.

“When Cecilia opened her eyes again, Robert spoke kindly to her, and assured her that he would remain, just as one promises a sick child anything it wishes in order that it may not cry. His words brought her back to a sense of shame, and she extricated herself from his arms, and stood covered with confusion before him. She had awoken as if



from a dream. She now perceived how blindly she had hearkened to her passion, and how improperly she had acted. By confessing her love, she felt she had lowered herself in the eyes of him in whose opinion she would fain have stood so high. She was still weeping, but her tears were those of repentance. For the rest of that day she was very reserved, and avoided being alone with Robert, though it was to be expected every moment that her husband would guess her secret from the change in her behaviour.

"When Cecilia awoke the next morning, Robert was gone. The following lines were delivered to her:—'I leave you, dear Cecilia, after due consideration, because I think I fulfil your wishes by so doing. There are moments in human life when grief or joy gets the better of us, but they must only be moments, and then we return to be ourselves again, and you are now yourself again. You will thank me for avoiding your presence, and some day you will bless me for it.'"

Aunt was then silent.

"Well?" said Antoinette.

"Well?" said the lover.

All eyes were directed towards the fair narrator, with looks of eager curiosity. "Surely this is not the end of the story," said one.

"Why not?" answered aunt; "what more is to be told? The lovers are parted, and the love story is over. What care we whether they live, vegetate, weep, or despair? whether he enters the service of the state, or distinguishes himself in any other way, or whether she sickens or is well? They are parted, and so there's an end of the story."

But Antoinette insisted that there must be some more of it, or else one might fancy that Cecilia had died, and Robert had consoled himself.

"As far as relates to Cecilia, you will be mistaken, my

child," answered aunt; "women never die of sorrow; sensible women become consoled; and virtuous women overcome their rebellious hearts. Cecilia lived through many happy days, and then——"

"Then what?" enquired all the listeners. "So there is an end after all."

"Yes," said aunt, "Cecilia became a widow."

The sound of a carriage was just then heard. "Oh! aunt, do go on quick," said Antoinette, "for there is a visitor, and we shall never hear the end of the story if you don't make haste."

Aunt seemed absent; her colour rose as she looked towards the door which had just been opened. A tall, handsome, middle-aged man entered the room; he bowed to the mistress of the house, and then turned to aunt, who came to meet him, and reached out her hand on which he imprinted a kiss.

"That is the end of my story," said she, turning round to the company with a smile; "that is Robert whom I told you about."

"What, the owner of the neighbouring estate?" cried Antoinette, blushing.

"What, Herr von Wallen?" enquired the lady of the house, in surprise.

"I long suspected that you were the Cecilia of your own tale," observed the Baron, "and, as you proceeded, I guessed who the hero was." He reached out his hand to welcome him.

"Yes, dear brother," rejoined Cecilia, and my tale was only intended as an introduction to the request that my second wedding might also be solemnised here. It will be quieter and more serene than the first."

"Done!" cried her brother in a joyful tone; "a fortnight hence, on Antoinette's birthday, we will have a double wedding."



"So soon as a fortnight?" cried Cecilia, blushing.

"What you can mean by *so soon*, is past my comprehension," said the lord of the mansion, with a brother's freedom; "I thought you had not much time to lose."

"But we must have time to renew our acquaintance," observed Cecilia; it is so many years since we have met or spoken to each other. It was only yesterday that my widow's mourning was over; I thought it was improper so soon——"

"I have respected your views on this subject," interrupted Wallen, "but now being so near the goal of my wishes, I cannot refrain from making my observations. When one has passed one's childhood and youth together, it is no difficult matter to renew one's acquaintance—and, indeed, to make this easier, fair lady, I come here to claim the hospitality of my neighbour for a few days."

"That is right," said the Baron, "there is plenty of game, and I think we shall not lack amusement. I know already that you are a capital shot, and my daughter here is ready to confirm it; you have freed her dove-cot of a dangerous enemy."

"Then, you know my Robert already?" whispered Cecilia to her niece.

"Yes," answered Antoinette, blushing, "but I never should have dreamt that your Robert could be Herr von Wallen; from your description, dear aunt, I should have fancied him quite different. I think your own fancy must have endowed him with the qualities you mentioned."

"So the wedding is to take place in a fortnight!" cried the Baron, and every body congratulated Robert and Cecilia, and even Stein approached the latter, though in a somewhat embarrassed manner, and kissed her hand, though less ardently than heretofore.

"No, this man never can become Cecilia's husband!" cried Stein, one morning; "that is clearly impossible! A Nimrod, a mere farmer, who is so absorbed by his worldly interests, that he thinks of nothing but cattle breeding and agriculture, and does nothing but smoke, ride, and hunt, and who, when the heavenly creature reads poetry to him with her sweet melodious voice, actually—— No, I can't say what."

"But, dear Hugo," objected Antoinette, "he was fatigued with hunting, and fell asleep; it was foolish of Cecilia just to choose that moment for reading aloud."

"She was, however, deeply wounded by his doing so."

"Yes, but it was her fault; how can people be so touchy? If one loves a person, one must give way a little to them, and not always put one's own will uppermost."

"You are always finding fault with your aunt."

"And you with Herr von Wallen."

"Who will go lark catching with me?" enquired the old Baron, popping his head through the half-opened door. "It is a lovely evening."

"Oh, I'll go!" cried Antoinette, "if it were only to release a few prisoners."

Stein thought to himself, "If she would but let me out of the net whose meshes oppress me so sorely." Not that he cared much for freedom either, since he wanted but to exchange his chains for others, and this he knew well enough—yet, as in duty bound, he took up his hat and stick in order to accompany his intended, when Cecilia entered the room.

"Does not the Baroness accompany us?" enquired Stein.

"No," replied she, "I have lost the habit of taking long walks; it suits neither my feet nor my shoes; therefore I don't much care for rural pleasures that are chiefly bodily rather than intellectual, while I like the contrary."

"May I stay and keep you company?" asked the young man.



"If your future bride does not object."

"If you permit Herr von Wallen to leave you behind;—only look, there they go, arm in arm, so that one can hardly distinguish them in the bright moonshine."

"Well, I wish them much pleasure," said Cecilia, with something like a sigh, as she flung herself into the easy chair beside the chimney, and began displacing the coals with the tongs.

This was the sixth day since she had renewed her acquaintance with Robert; a tear rolled down her cheek without her perceiving it, and fell upon her hand. She was frightened at the sight, and hastily looked up at Stein, who was standing silently beside her, and lost in contemplation of herself. She perceived he had seen the tear, and she wished to efface the impression it might have made.

"Come, now, chatter away," said she, smiling; "you used to be so talkative and full of argument, wherefore so dumb to-day? Are you sad, or is it only a whim?"

"Bad spirits, baroness, are generally catching; you are not cheerful or happy, therefore I am neither."

"And can you have leisure to think of *my* happiness?" enquired Cecilia, in a softened tone: "you who are to be married in a week, and who have before you the prospect of a paradise of household happiness? Oh, no! you have other things to think of than of an old aunt!"

"And whom should I think of with deeper, fonder affection than of her who seems like an angel come down from heaven,—a saint surrounded with a halo of intellect and mind,—and a martyr wearing the thorny crown of love."

Cecilia made a deprecating motion with her hand, that stopped his rhapsodies short. "You have better and more important things to think of," continued she; "first of your love, with its different shades of feeling, and then of getting

settled. You must set in order, in your head and heart, the chairs and tables of your future home ; you must arrange the drapery of your curtains and *portières*, in your imagination. To a wedded pair all such objects are sacred, as being a part and parcel of their happiness. Yes, if ever man has a right to be selfish and to forget the rest of the world, it is at the moment when the word 'I' includes another self, in order to make a paradise out of this double I."

"A paradise that requires chairs and tables!" exclaimed Stein with a sigh.

"It matters not," observed Cecilia, "whether one's happiness rests on a cloud or a sofa."

"Yet, notwithstanding, even the happiest union will always be a very imperfect paradise."

"You ought not to express such sentiments, my nephew elect, at the very moment when you have reached the gates of Paradise," answered Cecilia, in a reproachful tone.

"Then it is equally wrong in you, my severe judge, who are not one whit further from the said doors than I am."

"I?" cried Cecilia, proudly raising her head, "when did I ever express such thoughts?"

"Not in words, it is true—but in a tear," answered Stein, in a low voice.

There was a pause. After awhile Stein took up the conversation again:—"How will you ever be able to live in the country?" said he; "the occupations of the country no longer suit you, and its pleasures have ceased being such for you."

"How do you know that?" said Cecilia, quickly. "Though I may not like to go lark catching, nor to walk over stubble fields, because my shoes are thin and my feet tender; and though I see nothing poetical in the cultivation of potatoes, turnips, and corn, yet the garden and hot-houses will afford me both occupation and amusement. And though country



assemblies, or the visits of the clergyman's family or of the neighbouring gentry, may be tiresome enough, I have books, music, and my pallet, and the long winter evenings will be delightful if Robert likes to share them with me. You can't think how charming my imagination pictures these evenings. When the curtains are drawn, and the lamp throws a bright light over the whole room, and the fire crackles, and the urn is singing—all is so comfortable, so home-like; not a step is heard on the soft thick carpet, no creaking boots, no unwelcome visitor, no invitation rouses us from the happy state where all is so peaceful, so snug, so delightful. If you knew, dear Stein, how I long for this happiness, and for how many years I have longed for it! In town I had everything that luxury, society, amusements, and every kind of so called enjoyments can give—all but love—and that is what my heart most stands in need of."

"And will you find the love you stand in such need of?" enquired Stein, with some emphasis.

Cecilia turned very pale, she gazed at the fire for a length of time, and at last answered in a nearly inaudible voice—"If I do not meet with it, then shall I be wretched indeed."

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The lord of Wallen, after his abrupt departure from Cecilia's house, had gone to live on the family estate, which had become his on the death of his parents. Another legacy having increased his lands, he had given up all idea of entering the service of the state, in order to farm his property. He did not cultivate it after the thoughtless fashion of the farmers of the last century; he was a thinking and intelligent agriculturist, who endeavoured to come at the secrets and the wants of the soil, and to render it subservient to his intentions. In a few years his estate was worth half as much again, and was celebrated for its good management in the whole neighbour-

hood. His thoughts were continually intent on systems of irrigation and drainage. He worked in God's fields, and he had taken upon him a holy office in the temple of nature; it was, therefore, not to be wondered at that polite literature with its garden of sweet flowers, the world and its social pleasures, and the fine arts with their train of refined enjoyments, should severally have given way to his ruling inclination.

He retained nothing of his youthful days save his love for Cecilia. She dwelt in his soul under the various forms of the child who had played with him, the young maiden who used to dance with him, and the wife of another who had confessed her love for him; he remembered her alike in the simplicity of rural life, and the elegancies of her town abode; in the innocence of childhood, or as the accomplished woman of the world. Other interests had consoled him for being separated from Cecilia, but without blotting her image from his mind. And since the death of her husband, he had written to Cecilia about his love, his wish that she should become his, and his plans for the future. These letters, which she received and answered, were full of matter. Her beloved correspondent seemed always present; and now that he was present, why did he seem so far?—how did it come about? Cecilia could not understand what he had accomplished in the space of four years. Yet she took a deal of trouble to try and understand it. He drove her round his estate in his *droschke*; he showed her the black soil that, but a few years back, was so hard and unproductive; then he talked of the harvest, and how much richer it was this year than the last. He had raised himself into a divinity; he had worked together with the Creator at the improvement of the earth; but Cecilia could not perceive the wonders he had performed. Whether the soil were black or brown, it was nothing but dirt in her eyes, and what were a few bushels of grain to her? If he had naturalized pine-



apples and dates in Franconia, then, indeed, she might have said something to him!

On the other hand, Robert often took no share in what interested her. "How will this suit?" she would sometimes ask herself. And then she would hush up her fears with the assertion that "love can blend the most opposite elements." But yet she had frequent doubts on the very subject of Robert's love. Was it her own jealous heart that made her fancy Robert's look rested with singular complacency on the blooming Antoinette, and that Antoinette showed such especial friendliness in conversing with him, or accompanying him whenever he proposed a walk? It was but yesterday that she came in as fresh as a rose, and said to Robert, as she took off her round straw hat, and arranged her disordered locks: "I have just met your flocks, and I congratulate you upon them. How they have improved of late years! What beautiful wool!" And then Robert gave her such a grateful, friendly smile!

At desert, too, he always helped her to cut bread for the chickens; and he would go with her to feed the speckled inhabitants of the farm-yard. Antoinette was a blooming, merry child of the country, and Robert admired her good humour, and her full, round, rosy cheeks, and the interest she took in all that concerned his own especial calling.

"After all, there is no love in the case yet," thought Cecilia, whose penetration nothing concerning Robert could escape. On the other hand she had not remarked how cold Stein had become towards Antoinette, ever since her arrival, and how he clung to herself more and more each day. Cecilia thought only of Robert, and loved him alone; but she liked to converse with Stein, whose cultivated mind suited her own so well.

Stein had really conceived the thought of breaking off with

Antoinette, and becoming united with Cecilia. He was romantic enough to want to apply the figure *changez les dames* in the French dance to the double marriage that was to take place in a week. Stein was headlong in his thoughts, and scarcely anything seemed to him impossible, if one did but sincerely wish it. His position, too, suited Cecilia's tastes and habits much better; he lived in town, and was only a year or two younger than Cecilia. In short, according to him, nothing stood in the way of his wishes—except, indeed, the trifling circumstance of the consent of the three other parties. Could these three voices but give the casting vote, four persons might then be made happy—at least, so he thought!

As, therefore, Cecilia had expressed so vividly her longing for a return of love, Stein ventured to say, in a low, trembling voice: "But Herr von Wallen loves Antoinette!"

He said these words just as we throw a stone down a precipice to ascertain its depth. But Cecilia put her hand to her heart, and uttered a scream. He had given tongue to what she foresaw. She looked up at him with her large blue eyes, and said: "Is it really true, then?"

Stein nodded his head affirmatively.

"Well, then, I am much to be pitied," continued she, and sunk into a brooding silence.

"And have you no pity for me?" asked Stein; "I shall lose a bride!"

"You will get over it," said Cecilia, gently, and then was silent again.

"And haven't you a word of comfort for me?" persisted Stein: "would it not be natural for the afflicted to unite, and endeavour mutually to replace what——"

"You will console yourself," interrupted Cecilia, hardly knowing what she said. She did not understand him; his love, or a marriage with him, or any other man than Robert,



was so far from her thoughts, that she did not even foresee such a possibility.

Stein had taken his seat beside her; he seized her hand, kissed it, and held it in his. Cecilia did not withdraw it; she held her handkerchief to her eyes with the other, and sobbed.

"They are coming!" cried Stein, jumping up, as the sound of talking and laughter was heard in the court, and then on the stairs. Antoinette tripped in as fresh as a rose.

"I have set six poor prisoners free!" cried she, triumphantly; "they chirped and flew upwards so fast, and, when they were out of reach, they did rejoice so!"

Antoinette only now perceived her aunt's tearful eyes, and Stein's embarrassed demeanour. Unused to dissimulation, she frankly enquired what had happened, while Robert, who remained standing near the door, had seen at a glance, with all the experience of a man of the world, a great deal of what was passing. He was uncertain as to what he should say or do. There are moments when the most resolute of men are compelled to remain passive. Robert thought it was best, for the present, to do as if he had observed nothing, and, after a few trifling observations on the weather and the walk they came from, he left the room. Stein likewise went away. "I wonder," thought he, "whether Cecilia loves me, or whether she understood me?"

The two women remained alone.

"Wherefore these tears, my dear aunt?" said Antoinette, kneeling beside Cecilia's chair and taking hold of her hand.

"Have you not cried, too, sometimes during the few last days?" enquired Cecilia, looking at her niece's eyes with a penetrating glance.

"Oh yes! very often, when Stein neglected me, and was unkind and rough. He used to be quite different formerly,

and, as we are to be married in a week, such conduct cannot be indifferent to me."

"And can't you guess why he is unkind?"

"I have done nothing to offend him," replied Antoinette, almost in a huff; "probably I am not witty or learned enough. I cannot tell a story so prettily as you do, my dear aunt; but I think that all women cannot be equally intellectual—and besides, if Herr von Wallen thinks me intellectual enough to like my conversation, surely I am good enough for my lover; for Herr von Wallen is a much more remarkable man than Stein. And, just now, did you not perceive Stein's behaviour? Why did he not come to walk with us? Why didn't he wish me good night? No—unless he explains everything, and alters very soon—not later than to-morrow—I won't marry him at all, and you can solemnize your wedding alone.

Antoinette had been brought up at a school in town, but was only acquainted with town life through the medium of school discipline under a severe mistress. She had returned to her father's estate in the country with a heart brimful of joy, and the first man she fell in with was Herr von Wallen. He had appeared to her the *beau idéal* of a man, and after he had paid her parents several visits, she assigned him the principal part in the drama of her heart's emotions. Wallen was likewise much occupied with Antoinette for a long while, and had entertained serious thoughts of choosing her for a companion for life, when Cecilia's husband died, and his former love was awakened anew. After Cecilia's first letter, he considered himself bound to her; he had then ceased coming so often to see Antoinette's parents, and being taken up with his altered feelings, his intercourse with her had diminished. It was therefore no difficult matter for young Stein to drive his image from her heart. Circumstances, however, now again



called it forth, and Antoinette yielded unconsciously to the impression.

Cecilia's eyes rested a long time on the blooming figure that knelt before her. "She is innocently disturbing my happiness," thought the aunt; "Robert's love was the last card on which I had staked my whole existence, and Antoinette is about to juggle it out of my hand. Shall I warn her of what she is doing? shall I appeal to her generosity? It may perhaps still be time. But no—I will let fate take its own course—a woman must keep her pride not only towards the man she loves, but even towards her fate."

"Why do you look at me so, aunt?" asked Antoinette, after awhile; "what is the matter with you?"

"God preserve you, my child, both from injustice and from misfortune," said Cecilia, kissing her on the forehead; "now go, and sleep in peace, for it is getting late."

"Late? why we have not yet had our supper, and the bell is just summoning us to the dining-room. Come, banish your sadness; you have grown quite silent and pale for the last three days."

"Leave me, child, I don't feel well," said Cecilia, and she remained behind.

Neither did Stein make his appearance at the supper table, which made the Baron shake his head in a suspicious manner. "It was all going on so smoothly," said he to his wife, on retiring to their bed-chamber; "and Antoinette was so happy with Stein, when in steps my romantic sister, and sets everything wrong. I wish she had remained in town, with her poetical feelings and sentimental stories; they are of no use in the country."

"It is true enough, that an intellectual woman never can be quiet," observed the lady, who being by no means intellectual herself, was always extremely quiet.

"I know what I'll do," said the Baron, "instead of keeping the two weddings in a week's time, we'll celebrate them the day after to-morrow; it is best to take people unawares."

The day that preceded this morrow was one of that painful sort on which moral storms seem about to gather. Cecilia had a headache, owing to a sleepless night and the repression of her feelings, and was obliged to keep her bed. Antoinette nursed her; Robert came frequently to enquire how she was, and the nurse gave him tolerably long bulletins in the next room. Cecilia strained her organs of hearing in order to catch what they were saying; but the words she heard were quite calculated to confirm her jealousy—flowers, animals, rural fêtes, and so on, seemed to be the theme of their conversations, and not a syllable about feelings.

Towards evening Cecilia sank to sleep, while Antoinette sat by her bed with a book in her hand. The patient opened her lips—"Let there be no marriage without love!" said she in her dream. Antoinette laid down the book, and remained lost in thought; at length she rose from her seat, and walked to Cecilia's writing-desk, and having chosen one of her aunt's elegant sheets of perfumed pink note paper, she wrote a few lines to Stein, which she entrusted to the care of Cecilia's maid. Scarcely were these dispatched, when she heard her own name softly pronounced in the ante-room. It was Robert who was calling her, in order to ask once more after Cecilia before he went to bed, and Antoinette crept out on tiptoe not to disturb her aunt, leaving the door ajar lest the lock should make a noise.

"She is asleep and dreaming," said Antoinette. "There is something peculiar in words spoken during sleep, that has almost an oracular effect on the listener. One would think one's senses would be duller when clogged by sleep, and yet



the impression is as if the mind was clearer, and possessed a deeper insight into truth."

"And what did Cecilia say in her dream?" enquired Robert, on the tenterhooks of expectation.

"*Let there be no marriage without love!*" These words stare me in the face, since an hour, just like the great board in our garden, that bids one 'beware of spring guns,' and seem a warning against sin and misfortune. I feel as if I had lived years in the space of an hour, so deeply have I been led to reflect on the subject."

Antoinette was indeed quite pale and serious.

"And what do you intend to do in consequence of this warning?" asked Robert.

"I have already done it," answered Antoinette, with resolution. "I have written to Stein. I cannot marry him, for I do not love him; nor could I put off my decision any longer, it quite weighed upon my soul. Did I not do right?"

"You did right, because you are a woman; but as for me, honour binds me; I am obliged to wed without loving."

"Good God!" exclaimed Antoinette, "you?—without loving? O, my poor aunt!"

"Poor aunt, indeed!" said a soft, mournful voice by her side, and Cecilia appeared between them in a white dressing-gown, over which she had thrown an Indian shawl, whose soft drapery enfolded her delicate figure. "But you shall not be unhappy, my child, because I am doomed to be so. Robert, you are free from the bonds that honour would not allow you to break; you are free from my love; make Antoinette happy. You love one another; I made out the hieroglyphics of your feelings, because my own taught me to understand them, and my heart was nearly broken in the task."

Cecilia trembled as she joined their hands, and while they

sunk into each other's arms in an ecstasy of delight, she tottered back to her room, and laid herself down on her bed.

The old Baron was in the habit of smoking with his future son-in-law and Robert every evening after the ladies had retired. The preparations for next day's wedding had been carried on quietly, and when Robert went away to ask after Cecilia, the lord of the manor could not keep his secret any longer in his bosom, but unfolded it to young Stein. The latter handed him Antoinette's note, which ran thus:—"Let there be no marriage without love! I have discovered that we do not love each other; it is well that we are still both free. Be happy without Antoinette."

"Short and plain!" cried the Baron, very much provoked; "what the deuce has turned the little witch's head? It must be my sister, with her high-flying romantic notions."

He hastened to Cecilia's chamber, and reached the ante-room just as the first embrace was taking place near the window.

"Give us your blessing!" cried Robert, as he entered, "and then nothing will be wanting to our happiness."

"Yes, papa, then we shall all be happy!" exclaimed Antoinette. The happy pair did not hear the low sobbing in the next room, but the Baron had heard it as he passed the half open door.

"And Cecilia?" enquired he.

"Cecilia loves Stein!" said Robert, emphatically; for he was convinced that her giving him up so quickly could only be accounted for on these grounds.

"And Stein loves Cecilia!" asserted Antoinette; her frequently wounded vanity having led her to hit on the truth.

"Then we can still have a double wedding!" cried the Baron, highly delighted with this exchange, that fixed his daughter in the neighbourhood, "and the ceremony shall take place to-morrow."



"What! to-morrow?" cried Robert, exultingly.

"So soon as to-morrow?" murmured Antoinette, blushing; and once more the happy pair embraced each other, and every body retired to rest.

On the following morning Cecilia sent Antoinette a chest full of presents; her own *trousseau* was added to the wedding gifts intended for her niece, and Antoinette was much pleased with everything. Cecilia was busy preparing for her departure when Stein sent in his name, requesting to see her. The room already looked bare, and had no longer that comfortable appearance which Cecilia so soon imparted to any four walls that she happened to inhabit, by means of books, flowers, and cushions. Stein would fain have spoken to her alone, but the lady's maid was present, and Cecilia never thought of sending her away. Cecilia looked so pale, that she scarcely appeared like a woman with a heart full of tumultuous beatings and ardent sensations, and one whose mouth was made to be kissed, and yet he was come to make her a declaration of love. He was obliged to speak French on account of the presence of the lady's maid.

"We are both left alone," said he, "will you not go through life in company with me?"

Cecilia turned her large eyes upon him, with a cold, serious, yet enquiring look,—“I do not understand you,” said she, in the toneless voice of one awaking from a trance.

“Be mine—and give me the hand that but a short time ago you were about to bestow on another. That other did not love you—but I, Cecilia, love you!”

Cecilia held her handkerchief to her eyes, and motioned him away, with the words—“No! never!”—and Stein hastened away. His carriage was soon heard driving out of the court.

In a few hours Cecilia's carriage was packed, and the horses only were waited for. Cecilia would not spoil the wedding

rejoicings. Antoinette hung on her neck, and sobbed.—  
“Dearest aunt,” said she, “what a sad end this is to your pretty love story!”

“Did I not tell you, at the same time, that love is like a variegated soap-bubble, which bursts but too easily at the cold touch of the outer world?”

“But to think that it should be I who destroy your happiness! I fancied you loved Stein, and had purposely taken him from me.”

“Did I not tell you that many lies are woven into the web of love; that it displays a thousand falsehoods, like theameleon; and that it is difficult to distinguish between truth and invention?”

“But your love story was really a holy picture, painted in the truest colours, and I believed in it.”

“Always believe in really true feelings, my child; the holy picture still lives in my heart too, only the cobweb that connected it with the outer world is torn.”

“Woe to me! I snatched hold of the delicate threads as mischievously as a child.”

“Do not dash your happiness with any self-reproaches, my child, and let me go forth into the world, which has nothing left to offer me. Let me return to society—I am accustomed to its solitude of the heart!”

“And Stein?” inquired Antoinette.

“Stein’s lot is cast in a different path to mine; I might appreciate and understand him as a transient acquaintance, because I generally find out a jewel let it be set as it may; but as to love—oh no!—Stein’s male vanity quite deceived him in that respect—but Stein will console himself.”

“You will die of grief, aunt!” cried Antoinette, sobbing aloud, as the travelling carriage drew up, and Cecilia turned towards the door.



"Women do not die of grief, as I lately told you," answered the latter, solemnly, "and I shall not die either; give me but time to be myself again, and then you shall see me once more—perhaps consoled."

Robert lifted Cecilia into the carriage. Since he had seen Stein depart, and had learned that Cecilia did not love him, he was deeply struck by her generosity. She appeared to him like a saint, because she had been able to give *himself* up. He did not know, it seems, that without his love he could be nothing to her, and that she only loved him on account of his love. What she mourned over was his extinguished passion, on the eternal duration of which she had founded her whole happiness.

When Robert took hold of her, and lifted her into the carriage, she trembled violently, but she did not look at him. "Drive on!" cried she to the coachman. Antoinette sobbed violently for half an hour on Robert's bosom. The sound of music woke her at length from her sorrow. It was the peasants of Robert's estate that came, amidst the strains of merriment, to fetch the bridal pair—and Cecilia was forgotten.







Interior of the Library of the University of Cambridge



## VENEZIA.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

THE day was sultry, not a summer breeze  
Ruffled the surface of Orfano's breast,  
Which as a mirror gave the azure sky  
Reflected back with tint as brightly blue,  
Save where the shadow of some stately pile  
Fell darkly, as do clouds that veil the heavens.  
Within a gallery for coolness made,  
Where marble columns, open to the air,  
Rear'd high their heads, supporting architraves  
And pond'rous roof, paced two of lineage high,  
The proud Lordano and his friend Lioni.  
Avoiding some who might their converse hear  
They kept aloof; but well their gestures show'd  
No common topic occupied their thoughts.  
"If," said Lordano, "thou can'st rule thy child,  
As fathers should, then make her wed my son,  
Nor weakly yield accordance to her will,  
To counteract the plan we form'd while yet  
Our children knew no other law than ours,  
And let our ancient houses blend in one."  
"My daughter's happiness is my first aim,  
Thy son she loves not, and she will not wed;  
'Twere therefore harsh, nay more, unjust in me,  
To force her in a matter where her peace  
And happiness in life must e'er depend,  
Perchance her welfare in a future world.



Enforcèd wedlock hatred oft-times breeds,  
And ope's the door to secret, sinful love.  
For worlds I would not my Venezia place  
Where love with duty pair'd not, though I fain,  
Had she approved, would call thy son mine own,  
And ratify the project of our youth."

"No more, Lioni, I do wrong my son,  
Ay, and my house, more ancient far than thine,  
In pleading, where consent should smiling meet  
The offer'd hand 't were honour to accept."

"Nay, nay, Lordano, that I do deny,  
As ancient, but not more so, is thy house  
Than is Lioni's. Thou hast anger'd me,  
And wrath's a sin I thought not to commit."

"I said more ancient, and I say it still,  
E'en though it chafe thee, vain and foolish man,  
Whose hand lacks firmness e'en to guide a child,  
A weak and wilful girl that mocks thy rule."

"I've borne thy railing, but thou shalt not speak  
Aught of my daughter that could wound her ear.  
She is *not* weak, nor wilful, but her heart  
Owns no affection for thy son, and I  
Will leave her free to marry where she loves.

Farewell, Lordano, fain would I forget  
Thy taunts, for we were friends since early youth,  
And hasty words should not efface good will."

"Lordano's friend thou ne'er again shalt be;  
I hold thee as my foe, and from this hour  
As such will treat thee, and I marvel now  
How I could ever hold thee near my heart."

\* \* \* \* \*

Next day all Venice rang with the strange news  
That fair Venezia, in the dead of night,

Was torn by force from her fond father's house  
By armed men, while he, distraught with grief,  
Tore his grey hair, and offer'd heaps of gold  
To him who could restore him his fair child.

\* \* \* \* \*

Days, weeks, roll'd on, and still no tidings came  
Of fair Venezia, and her father pined  
And sicken'd, till upon the verge of death,  
He lay scarce conscious that he still had life.

\* \* \* \* \*

One day a cry of joy broke on his ear,  
Quick rushing footsteps echoed through the halls,  
"Our lady comes, my lord, your daughter's here!"  
Repeated the old nurse, half crazed with joy.  
He heard no more, his eyelids open'd wide,  
His arms were reach'd to clasp once more his child;  
But soon they listless fell, his lips in vain  
Essay'd to bless her, but the voice was gone,  
A sigh, a shudder, and then all was o'er;  
And good Lioni slumber'd with the dead.  
And then a shadowy form was inward borne,  
So wondrous pale and wan, life might be deem'd  
Extinct, save that her eyes with phrenzied gaze  
Glanced round the chamber, till she saw the corse;  
When uttering such a cry as breaks the heart,  
She raised her hand unto her burning brow,  
As if to call back memory, shrieked once more,  
Flung herself on the couch, clung to the dead,  
Embraced the cold face; while her raven hair  
Mingled with her dead father's silvery locks;  
As the dark pine, upon some Alpine height,  
Bends down its branches o'er the snow-clad earth.  
Her tearful nurse essay'd to raise her head,



And loose her grasp from round her father's neck;  
But life was fled, and thus conjoin'd in death,  
The parent and the child together slept.

\* \* \* \* \*

In after years, when at the point of death,  
Lordano's son, smote by remorse, did lie,  
He own'd that madden'd by Venezia's scorn  
He bore her off, and kept her close confined,  
To force her to become his wedded wife.  
Nor force, nor menace, nor caress could win  
The maid's consent to own him for her lord.  
She of her father raved, called on his name,  
Refused all food, till like a shadow grown;  
Delirious too—her wicked gaoler saw  
She soon must die, and won by the reward  
Lioni offered, did betray the trust  
His master, young Lordano, placed in him,  
And bore her to the palace of her sire,  
To die where first she saw the light of day.

## THE LAST HOURS OF JACOPO RUFFINI.

BY L. MARIOTTI.

AUTHOR OF "ITALY," "BLACKGOWN PAPERS," ETC.

SCENE.—*A Dungeon in a Turret of the Diamante, at Genoa.*  
*June, 1833.*

"Buona notte e felice riposo." The idiot! A happy night's rest is, indeed, in store for me, and mightily refreshed you'll find me, Master Turnkey, to-morrow!

But now, come, we are alone — not at home to the hangman himself. Sit you down, Jacopo Ruffini; you have a long reckoning before you.

"You are done!" quoth he. "Behold the pack of cowards you have leagued yourself with! — You'll be the only *martyr* amidst a thousand *confessors*."

Wittily spoken, Mr. Auditor! Your trade has given you a thorough knowledge of mankind. But, if I am of that stuff martyrs are made of, wherefore tempt you me? What, if Peter deny and Judas sell me? Have I not shoulders to bear my cross alone?

\* \* \* \* \*

Giovine Italia! Egregious farce! How that fusillade at Alessandria has dismayed and scattered them! *Sauve qui peut*, and devil take the hindmost! O Italians, Italians! shall that be your watchword for ever?

Are men such arrant cravens all the world over, I wonder? Or, are they only lavish of life where it is not worth caring for?—My curse on the whole race, shall it never thrive except under the frowns of nature?



And yet Tolla, Vochieri, and their fellows at Alessandria, stood their ground like men. Good reason why,—they could not help themselves! But I—am I not here of my own accord? Did I not receive timely warning, and did I not dare them do their worst?

\*            \*            \*            \*

It is as it should be. The weak are fallen, no matter by what art, no matter by what threat or bribery. The sneer of ten thousand fiends lurked under the spectacles of that old fox of an Auditor, as he showed me, one by one, the signatures of my deluded companions. Not one of them that dared look death in the face!

And now the same alternative is held out to me. His Majesty, the King of Sardinia, God bless him!—"desireth not the death of the sinner, but rather that he may turn from his wickedness and live." Most clement king! Our offence is enormous, but his mercy infinite. He asks no better than to forgive, if we will only *confess*.

Confess! Good God, what then? That imbecile old quiz of an Auditor! He has all my friends' depositions in black and white. "All my steps," says he, "have been dogged;" all my words, my very thoughts unborn, have been duly registered. He knows more of me than I do. He holds me in his clutches, body and soul—and, after all this boast of omniscience and omnipotence, he'll yet come and bore me to death with offers and promises, with terrors and denunciations, to bring me to this gratuitous treachery, to this superfluous confession.

Well, I will not! You never had to deal with a more stubborn customer, Mr. Auditor, I tell you. I see, you have set your heart about it, and—I wish you may get it. Ha! ha! How he chuckled, the old sinner, as he left me at night! He bore with him the anticipation of certain victory. Wearied,

sick at heart; I bade him leave me, and call for my answer to-morrow—oh! to-morrow!

\* \* \* \* \*

I know their victory is gall and wormwood to their lips as long as one man stands by undefiled. The good shepherds!—they care not half as much for the whole flock they hold safe in the fold as they do for the single sheep astray on the hills.—They must have me! All the tortures tyranny can devise would never give them the gratification of my spontaneous degradation. Poor King Charles Albert of Sardinia! Against the enemy that wished him unthroned, the law—his own law—allows him no greater, no other satisfaction, than death! He may, indeed, hold up the cup of infamy to my lips; he may endeavour to coax or to bully me into a draught, but, thank God! it is always for me to spurn it, nay, to dash it in his own face.

Very well, thank God, we'll do it; we will baffle them yet!—Jacopo Ruffini, is it a bargain?—are we to understand that your mind is made up?—Well, then—let us pray:

“Great, incomprehensible God, that hast given to our hearts to desire, to yearn to Thee, to feel Thee within us, whenever we trust our unerring instincts of good, that are part of Thee—if this, my thought, comes from Thee, if I rightly interpret Thy language in the prompting of a blameless conscience—vouchsafe, O God, so to strengthen my soul against the trials of this night—so to bear me up in these hours of agony, that evil may not prevail—that when the tempter appears in the morning, he may find me unmoved in my purpose—past all wavering of resolution—past all frailty and faintness of heart. Amen!”

\* \* \* \* \*

There is rest, there is peace, there is ineffable comfort in a good resolve. The fever in my pulses is fast abating. Oh,



the balminess of this genial night air ! I fancy I could sleep. I'll try any how.

\* \* \* \* \*

Say, I follow the opposite course : and to-morrow, when the Auditor comes, I—*please* him and add one more name to the hundreds that have signed away their birth-right as men. A name is soon written—and this weight of sudden decrepitude that makes me, on my twenty-second year, totter on the brink of the grave, is instantly raised from my shoulders, and behold me rejuvenized—nay, born again !

Two and twenty, and on the last stage of consumption ! As utterly doomed as a man given up by his physicians ! Oh, life is sweet ! I feel it only upon breathing as much of this blessed coolness of night as comes through the bars of yon window.—Say, I please them, and walk once more in open space, once more bask in the consciousness of unbounded existence.—They will keep their word, I have no doubt, for it is their interest to exhibit the converted reprobate—to proclaim that Ruffini is made of no sterner stuff than his fellows. They will pardon me—let me loose. Yet a few months of this cloistral repose *pro forma* ; and then the whole earth to wander through !

An exile's life ! One of Louis Phillippe's pensioners at Mâcon ! an Italian master to the daughters of London shopkeepers ! to listen to all their twaddle about Italy ; to all their sympathy for its sacred cause ; and, under that thin veil of pity, to see their sovereign—their not unmerited—contempt for the faint-heartedness of its vindicators ! Many thanks !

But, Lord ! there are sources of inexhaustible clemency in Charles Albert's heart. There are royal weddings, birthdays, partial and general amnesties. Banishment is only a temporary state of probation. There are two roads to royal mercy as well as to divine grace—innocence and penitence.

The obdurate rebel who has forfeited his share of earthly bliss in one way, may yet hope to be restored through the other. Confession has already considerably smoothed the way for absolution. Then comes plenary indulgence, and all is forgiven and forgotten.

The wanderer is repatriated.—There is no place like home. Oh, the sweetness of being returned into the favour of our paternal ruler, a contrite prodigal son!—the rapture of walking amidst a priest-ridden, jesuit-schooled rising generation; pointed at with a tenderness not unblended with mistrust, as the old reformed Carbonaro, the recanting infidel, the reclaimed libertine! to behold this slavish race many fathoms deeper in its abyss of degradation and wretchedness! to witness the prevalence, the aggravation of those moral and religious evils you had staked life and happiness to amend!

But God is great! If?—if? yes, it was with “ifs” the miserable victims at Spielberg fed their sorrows, till they wore out their very souls immortal in fruitless, senseless expectation. None but the fool hopes here. I’ll have no “ifs.” Speak no consolation to my soul. I tell you, God will have no mercy on this poor Italy; and on what on earth, short of God’s miracle, lie our hopes of redemption? Half a million men as determined as I am this night, as ready to grapple with death—could hardly fight out our battles. Where have you the elements of this resolute, devoted, unanimous legion? Behold! out of twelve apostles of freedom—out of twelve fellow-martyrs in this very dungeon, eleven have turned rank traitors and apostates! They have signed their own ignominy and the death-warrant of their brethren. And this is the firmness and bravery of the chosen few. What, then, would you expect of the masses? I tell you the Italian patriots love life better than country—better than honour. Curse them! curse the climate that thus



unnerves and unmans them!—the sky and land that throws such a spell on existence!

And I? am I not one of them? have I not tasted the sweets of this Italian life? have I not melted at the strains of Bellini? have I not dreamed away care and sorrow on a loved woman's bosom? is not this flesh and blood, feeling, susceptible, as that of the most effeminate among them? yet here am I, weighing my fate unshaken, throwing into the scales the very wrath that springs up in my soul at the sight of their dastardly defection. Here am I, face to face with the grim monster, drinking in its chill breath, ready for a hug and tug, for a savage wrestling with him—and this, only to qualify our disgrace, only to damp the exultation of our enemy's triumph, only to prove there is an Italian, can die!

\* \* \* \* \*

Strange that men should never commune with one who have tasted of it! This death I am so soon to be wedded to, I shall never know till I lose all consciousness in its embrace. Its terrors are all in anticipation, all in my fancy. What can it be? like slumbering? like fainting?—no matter! I am not afraid, God knows—only curious.

\* \* \* \* \*

Twelve o'clock. Ghost time, I declare! Oh, that I could find faith enough in my heart to conjure up a spirit from the deep! one that could give me an insight of the great problem, ere I find the solution myself. Oh, that there were a spark of truth in magic and sorcery! Here I am, alone, morally as well as materially alone in the world. That I had the spell to summon the darkest, the foulest fiend before me! the bargain I could strike upon a five minute's converse! There is not, they say, any degree of worldly success may not be secured by a few lines written in blood. What matters the means in sight of so glorious an end? What is even the loss of *one*

human soul to the thousands that perish daily, damned by priestcraft and misrule, in this Italian sink of corruption?

By heaven, I would do it! I would give my soul in atonement and propitiation to the powers of evil. I would die the eternal death that Italy might live. "Spirit of darkness," I would say, "arise! take me at my word! give me to wield but for six months the sword of havoc and vengeance! let me but twice charge the Austrians on one of thy coal-black steeds! Arise! arise! let me only seize this wanton Italy by the hair, and rouse her from her bed of pollution, or smother her under its pillows! give but once her destinies in my hand—and do thy pleasure with what remains of me to eternity!"

Ha! ha! ha! he hears not! Like any of the saints, he refuses to perform his miracles where he meets not with implicit faith. I am too profane, I see, and too sceptic for the devil himself.

\* \* \* \* \*

But, in sober earnest, am I not already his? am I not rushing before my Maker unbidden? do I not desert my post, like a faithless slave? am I not bent on self-murder?

God is my judge! there is no escape save through treason and perjury. To-morrow the sentence—within three days the scaffold. I ask but for these three days' grace. Spare me their confessors, their extreme unction, and all their parading and drumming. Spare me the sight of a gaping, stolid multitude. Let me die away from men, that I may die at peace with them.

After all, whom do I wrong? are not all Christian morals summed up in one heavenly precept, "do as you would be done by?" whom does it concern whether I exhibit upon the square, or breathe my last within these walls? that Tom Noddy of an Auditor, perhaps, who will declare himself disap-



pointed and tricked?—the hangman, perhaps, who will be done out of his fees?—my mother, perhaps?—my mother!

\* \* \* \* \*

Poor thing! she will thank me one day. By one sudden, however awful pang, I spare you lingering hours of anguish. Oh, mother! you know it well, these Scribes and Pharisees of Charles Albert are terrible customers. Did they not at Alessandria rouse and worry to death the family of poor Vochieri, by their shouts, by their hideous death-march? did they not stop the condemned cart under his window, that the distracted wife might feast her eyes on the truculent sight? Cannibal times are these we live in, my mother, and we must provide against the recurrence of such unheard-of atrocities. The death-throes of the mother at Golgotha are not reserved for you!

We will die a Roman death. Strange that those Catos and Brutuses should be held out to our admiration from our very infancy, and at the same breath we should be taught there is guilt in the imitation of their heroism! I always thought there was inconsistency in one or two points of modern ethics. Suicide is cowardice, we are told, and yet men of the least disputed bravery died by their own hand; and we hear Napoleon abused, because he suffered his marshals to lead him away from the battle-field of Waterloo. Suicide, like regicide, like the duel, are unchristian deeds; but the perpetrators of all these crimes have, in extreme urgencies, been all but canonized in men's minds. Blind, ever-wavering mortals, how much do you not allow for expediency! how much do you not allow for success!

However, praise be to heaven! I have nothing to do with theological subtleties. My death can hardly be imputed to me. To all intents and purposes I am already a dead man.

Will not the All-Clement grant these three days to my filial piety?

\* \* \* \* \*

Enough of this vain discourse. What matters the judgment men may put on your final deed? You will soon be brought before a more unprejudiced, although more awful, tribunal. It is time to be up and astir. You must now be as good as your word.

\* \* \* \* \*

Look around you, you see nothing but bare walls and the bare boards of your bed; where are your instruments of self-destruction? Ha! ha! I dare say you would soon be at a non-plus. What! no dagger, no poison-cup? Alfieri himself would be at a loss for a tragic catastrophe. Why, man, there are instances on record of persons who have dashed their brains against stone-walls, like these. Pichegru strangled himself with his own cravat.

Thank goodness, we shall be driven to no such desperate resources. Listen, then, but let not the air hear it; I have a treasure in my possession—a sweet, clever article—will put me out of trouble in less time, with less pain, than I would endure at the hands of the most dexterous Jack Ketch.

Have the goodness to follow me. You see the iron-lining on the massive door of this dungeon. Four inches' thickness were not sufficient to allay the uneasiness of these all-watchful jailers; they must have it lined, forsooth—so much the better for me!

Now, look! here, close to the hinge, a small plate of the iron-lining got loose; you can hardly perceive it—the turnkey never noticed it.

Now, mind! see how I thrust my fingers through it. They bleed at the nails, but what matters it?—there will be more bleeding anon. One pull—another! and, hurrah! here it is!



On my faith, now, I take no little credit upon myself for the discovery; it betokens uncommon quickness of eye, and an observing spirit.

A worthless, rusty, rotten piece of sheet-iron! Were I to offer it for sale at an ironmonger's I should be laughed at for my pains; and yet, only think, that it should purchase me honour and liberty!

Its edge is blunted and notched, you observe; but we'll manage that. There, that square of granite on the window-ledge will make a capital hone. Let us to work.

\* \* \* \* \*

Nay, that will never do—hush! hush! This creaking noise will rouse the whole house. That blockhead of a turnkey will take it into his fancy I am filing the iron bars of my window. I must drown the noise with a song. Now for an appropriate ditty.

“My father was a tinker,  
And I'm a tinker, too.  
My Moll, nice as you think her,  
She'll do a job for you.

“Bring down your knives, we'll grind them;  
Bring down your scissors, too.  
Your wits are dull?—ne'er mind them,  
We'll sharpen them for you.”\*

A solemn dirge for the occasion! Could any one imagine it possible thus to trifle on the brink of eternity?

“My father was . . .”

Now, that will do! It is not quite as keen and smooth as a razor's edge, but it will serve; I shall only need a smarter sweep. Now for our jugular vein. See the advantage of

\* “Me' pader fa el moleta  
E mi fo' el moletin . . .” etc.

*An old popular song in the north of Italy.*

having been a medical student; an uninitiated person would be bungling and blundering about it for an hour. Here it is! here!—I feel it under my finger, quivering, fluttering, poor thing, as a bullfinch in the fowler's grasp. Oh! for one of those nice, elegant, high-polished bistouris at our dissecting rooms! This is but a clumsy scalpel, I am willing to admit, but the skill of the operator will supply. Ready?—we are all ready; but no hurry, though!—I do not see why we should not enjoy life while we can. Here, close to the window! It wants yet some time of day-light; yet I fancy I can descry the first streak of dawn in the sky.

\* \* \* \* \*

I wonder by what means Filippo Strozzi did away with himself? That last of the Florentines! the hero of Montemurlo! Stay, I think I recollect it now. He found an old sword under some rubbish in his dungeon. There is luck in everything, even in cutting one's throat. That was a god-send!

I wonder if he died easy? He must have had long scores to settle with death, since he found leisure to scribble on the walls with his blood.

By the way,—shall I not also leave one inscription in this cell, now my turn is come,—some memento—some appeal to the judgment of posterity—something like Strozzi's:

“Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor?” Bah! the present race are indeed worthy that a dying man should bestow a thought upon them!

Poor Filippo Strozzi! with all his suppleness and time-serviency, he was a hero after the antique cast. He was hardly more a friend to liberty than a rival of Medici. He loved his country as something that did—that might belong to himself. But there was manliness in his heart of hearts, and he knew how to free himself from ignominy. I respect him.



I wish I could know how he felt on that farewell night; qualmish enough, I suppose. It is no joke, I can tell you, for the stoutest heart or the steadiest hand. Yet, withal, full of hope, or he could hardly have borrowed that line from the old Latin poet.

The avenger, indeed! He believed in the coming avenger! Ha! ha! ha! Cosmo and his wicked race quietly flourished at Florence till the last of them withered away in debauchery and disease; whilst Strozzi's own descendants begged their bread and lavished their blood, as soldiers of fortune, abroad. There is retribution—there is moral justice for you!

Since that last stand for liberty at Montemurlo, and it will soon be three hundred years of it, Italy has been losing more and more of its ingenite vitality; crushed, trampled, disgraced, till the very air is tainted—the very sources of life vitiated, infected! Yet we still flatter ourselves—we still fret and conspire; and when the two-headed eagle breaks through our cobweb plots—when we are consigned to the executioner's tender mercies, or immured at Spielberg, we console ourselves with the unborn generation—we dote and dream of the "future avenger!" What wonder?—are not the Jews still on the look out for their coming Messiah?

The genius of evil has possession of this desolate earth. Not an upright man ever trod on the path of virtue, but was driven to die with Marcus Brutus' words in his mouth. An overbearing necessity wields an uncontrolled sway over the noblest aspirations of the mind. I cannot recognize the hand of God in the destinies of nations: it is the darkest of blasphemies to hold Him accountable for the work of human iniquity. His reign, He said it, is not of this world. Heaven be praised! I hasten to see the glorification of His justice elsewhere. Bating the hope of eventual—nay, whenever we

dare, the means of immediate escape, the earth is but a fore-shadowing of hell!

\* \* \* \* \*

Like many other evil creatures, it has a lovely aspect, nevertheless. See, the earliest tinges of purple behind the hills, suffuse the lowest border of the ashy mantle of night! A surge of animation, like the quickening of the breath in a startled slumberer, spreads over the lulled Riviera! My eye is wildered in the vastness of the deepening blue: it penetrates through a hundred miles into the space! I can fancy I see the outermost vault of the firmament!

Oh the unutterable transparency of this Italian sky! And is this a morning to take one's leave of existence? Ay, the English are a sensible people; November is with them the hanging month!

This Castle Diamante has a bold eagle view. I hail you, ye cypress-grown hills of Alvaro; ye glittering spires, and orange groves of the wide-sweeping gulph of Rapallo; ye rugged rocks of Porto Fino!—my earliest acquaintances—the play-grounds of my childhood!

Below, the huge city sends forth its first groan of life, like a heavy drunkard, struggling against re-awakening consciousness. The proud marble pile! its leaden domes already flash in the sun. Thou queen of Italy! Thou rarest of gems, cased in thy shell of Apennine rock! Land of my fathers and mine!

Custom has enabled me to thread the labyrinth of thy narrow lanes and alleys. There, I can descry it. Yonder, by the side of that massive mansion of Spinola, that little slate roof, with three pointed skylights. My father's roof. My dying look will rest upon it. There they all sleep. Oh, the terrible reveille that awaits them!

\* \* \* \* \*



The whole town is astir. Give you joy of your vigilance, countrymen! There is mettle in you. Not a busier ant-hill between the Alps and Mount Etna.

How now! Do my eyes deceive me? Nay, but this is, indeed, unusual earliness, Genoese. What would those gaudy flags at every mast-head? Why swarm those eager seamen at St. Thomas's gate? What sudden convulsion has seized all this mass of mortality! See, there; at the Acquaverde, at the Annunciata, in every quarter an uneasy clustering of men. And all silent, sedate, without a murmur.

\* \* \* \* \*

Great God! I prostrate myself before thee. I see it all. The hour has struck—The day has dawned—These narrow-minded rulers have overdone the work of oppression. They have driven a submissive multitude beyond the marks of human endurance.

The Auditor had assured me of it, and I would not believe him. No later than yesterday, twenty youths of the noblest houses of Genoa have been thrown into these dungeons. The people will not stand that. Are not they the children of Durazzo and Doria? The very stones in Genoa would rise against it.

Hurrah! hurrah! St. George to the rescue! forward, boys! strike for the senate and the sovereign people. Are you not the men of '46? Did not your fathers crush forty thousand Austrians at one stroke? War to the knife! Down with the Sardinian marmots!

\* \* \* \* \*

Admirably managed—All Genoa under arms. See the multitude streaming towards the square of St. Laurent's. Their arms I cannot see, but their colours waving in the wind. And now the garrison have caught the alarm. Down they march from the Sperone, up from the Darsena. Yet five minutes

and they'll be face to face. And all quiet, all mute, like men determined to do or die.

Hark! the drums,—the music—a shout,—a hymn of liberty. And I here! cooped up behind these iron bars. Oh! an age of paradise-life for half an hour's freedom of action!

And I had denied thy providence, O my God!—and had whetted the instrument of destruction—away thou engine of guilty despair! There are yet Austrians in Lombardy—a thousand chances of a nobler death.

Hark, again! the drum,—the bell,—the tocsin bell!—What, no!!!

Curse that bell-ringer,—hew him down,—he is drunk,—he is mad.—What, the Sabbath bell!—the festive bell!

\* \* \* \* \*

Egregious fool! watching and anxiety have maddened me. I had forgotten—The Corpus Domini! They are gathering for the procession—The troops take their share in the pageant.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ay, Italians, these are your battles. Out upon you, ye monkish race, ye worshippers of tinsel and mummary—ye sons of prelates and popes—Levites of modern Europe! To be sure—the Fête-Dieu—the one hundred and fiftieth holiday in your calendar! Bell-ringing your noblest occupation—the toilet of your Madonas your business for life. Wallow on in ignorance and brutality—confess and be hanged. Your cowed locusts eat you out of house and home—you pack of idle hinds—you . . . . .

Hell and furies! I hear a heavy tramp in the corridor. Hark! the clanking tread of the turnkeys! Yet, five minutes and it shall be too late. Why, you have lost your senses,



Jacopo Ruffini. The sharp-edged tool,—quick—Compose yourself;—steady!—steady! Now, then,—away with your neckcloth.—Now!—

\* \* \* \* \*

“In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum!”

EXTRACT FROM THE GAZETTA PIEMONTESE, JUNE 1833.

[“Jacopo Ruffini, son of the late Vincenzo, already convicted of felony and high treason, added to his manifold crimes by committing suicide in his prison; thereby frustrating the clemency of His Majesty the King, who with his sovereign decree,” etc.

The signatures of his friends, which seemed to have so terrible an effect on Ruffini’s imagination, were but forgeries of the Sardinian police.]

## THE EMBROIDERY FRAME.

BY MRS. ABDY.

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"The mind will easily straggle from the fingers, nor can its sorrows receive solace from silken flowers."—RASSELAS.

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In a lofty room a lady fair  
Sits plying the silken thread,  
She doth not the bitter bondage share  
Of the tribe who toil for bread;  
On the graceful folds of her rich attire  
The glittering sunbeam falls;  
Not such are the sad ones who work for hire  
In the hovel's whitened walls:  
The wreaths, that beneath her fingers bloom,  
Seem fresh from their native bowers,—  
Why doth she wear such a glance of gloom  
As she bends o'er her silken flowers?

Around her are splendid works of taste,  
Yet to view them she never deigns,—  
By her side a golden harp is placed,  
But she doth not wake its strains:  
She will not cast on the poet's lays,  
Or the scholar's page, a look,  
Though wont from the dawn of her childish days  
To grasp, and to prize a book.  
Strange that she thus should the pastimes slight  
So meet for her leisure hours!  
Strange that she sadly from morn till night  
Sits weaving her silken flowers!



Oh! languor hath crept o'er that lady fair,  
Since she felt Affliction's sting,  
And she may not walk in the fresh free air,  
And she may not read or sing;  
Indolence woos her with stealing spell,  
But the spell she would fain withstand,  
So she strives her doleful thoughts to quell  
By the work of her active hand;  
At her will, the rich red roses blow,  
And the stately lily towers,  
But she cannot still the sense of woe  
By the charm of her silken flowers.

She thinks on the parents who once caressed  
The child of their hope and pride,—  
She thinks on the time, more dear, more blest,  
When she smiled as a joyous bride:  
They are gone—the husband of her love,  
And her parents good and kind;  
She knows that they live in bliss above,  
But she weeps to be left behind:  
And the orphaned daughter and widowed wife  
Sighs over past happy hours,  
As she wakes the fresh green leaves to life  
That circle her silken flowers.

She thinks on those who the needle ply  
In hunger, in want, and cold,  
She gives them her gentle sympathy,  
And she gives them her ready gold;  
Lavishly oft to the weary poor  
Is her kindly bounty shown,

But she feels that the sorrows that gold can cure  
Must be lighter than her own :  
The gorgeous time-piece she sadly eyes  
That tells forth the lagging hours,  
As she weaves bright threads of rainbow dyes  
In her vivid silken flowers.

The woes of the poor have been sung full well,  
Who wearily sew and stitch,  
But I wish that our minstrels would sometimes tell  
Of the sufferings of the rich !  
I wish they would sing of the grief and gloom  
That may fill the heart and head,  
When fragrance breathes through the gilded room,  
And the banquet is duly spread :  
Labour might strengthen the sinking health,  
And might brace the mental powers,  
Unnerved by the downy couch of wealth,  
And the frame of silken flowers.

And I fain would lead some bard of fame  
To the room where that lady fair  
Daily is sitting alone at her frame,  
With a brow and a mind of care,—  
Trembling to lift up her dark, soft eyes,  
From the work by her fingers wrought,  
And nursing the bitter memories  
Of enduring, changeless thought,—  
Pausing awhile, in a bud or leaf,  
While her tears descend in showers,  
And feeling that never can deep, true grief,  
Find a solace in silken flowers !



## A LEGEND OF FLORENCE.

TAKEN FROM AN ITALIAN CHRONICLE.

BY MRS. ROMER.

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### PART THE FIRST.

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*"L'uno di servitu, l'altro d'impero  
Si gloria: ella in se stessa ed egli in lei."*

TASSO.

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It was a September night, soft, fragrant, and starlight—one of those delicious nights peculiar to Italian skies, which the inhabitants of ruder climes vainly sigh to behold—when to breathe the pure atmosphere, and to gaze upon the transparent firmament is, in itself, a joy too deep for words; and the soul lifts itself in silent thanksgiving to the God who made so fair a world! There was no moon; yet, a dying glory, the last trace of departed day lingered in the clear heavens, and shed its magic colouring upon the gardens of Pratolino (that gem of the Appennines, the regal villa of the Medici), investing with a soft shadowy beauty the glades and fountains, the groves and caverns, the dim grottoes and bright translucent lakes, with which the taste and magnificence of the reigning Duke, Francesco de' Medici, had embellished that Eden-like retreat. All was silence; the murmurs of the waters were hushed; the leaves stirred not in that breathless calm; the very air seemed to sleep! A stranger, wrapped in a dark brown mantle, was the only living accompaniment to the scene; his features were concealed beneath the flap of a large hat, and he was seated at the base of a statue of Pan, which was placed under the

shelter of a clustering mass of myrtles, and overshadowed by two weeping willows, whose graceful branches kissed the velvet turf beneath, and fell like a verdant tent around him. As he sat in breathless expectation, mute and motionless as the statue at whose pedestal he reclined, the beatings of his heart became audible in the deep pervading stillness that reigned around. And who was he, that muffled stranger? What mysterious hand had opened to him at "the witching hour" of night the gates of that prohibited retreat? How had he contrived to elude the vigilance of its watchful guardians? "What business had he there at such a time?"

Guido Razzi was the younger son of a rich and noble Genoese family. Nature had lavished upon him the "fatal gift of beauty," and the, perhaps, still more fatal one of deep sensibility: to these were added a powerful intellect and rare talents, the soul of a poet, the enthusiasm of an artist, and that ardour of mind which led him to treat whatever occupation interested him less as a pastime than a passionate and engrossing pursuit. In earlier ages, when the red cross banner waved triumphant over the seas, and the glory of Genoa, and the deeds of her sons, had spread her dominion from west to east, the youthful Guido's aspirations would, perhaps, have raised him to the ranks of her most distinguished warriors; like his forefathers, he would have become a hero: he would have made glory his idol, and spurning all meaner ambition, would have worshipped at no shrine less dazzling. But he had fallen upon other times, when all that remained to his country was the light of the past; the dreary *fuimus* which leaves to nations, as well as to individuals, nothing but the sterile and melancholy pleasures of retrospection!

His ardent spirit chafing under the inactivity to which circumstances had doomed him, "cabined, cribbed, confined" by the indolent monotony of his existence in his father's



house, sought for indemnification in the fairy land of imagination, and devoted its energies to the worship of the Muses, and the cultivation of the fine arts. He quitted Genoa, and wandered through Italy. Rome beheld the young stranger within her walls, feeding the sacred flame of genius from those pure sources at which the minds of Raphael and Michael Angelo had kindled into immortal lustre. The shores of Pausilippo and of Mergellina had echoed to the accents of his voice, as, "dazzled and drunk with beauty," he lingered in that enchanting clime, and caught poetical inspiration from the aspect of Nature in her most seducing form. But this was not enough to satisfy the cravings of his soul; it yearned for a happiness still untasted; it aspired to triumphs in which his heart might lose a sense of its loneliness. There was an aching void within, which nothing yet had filled: what were the applauses of the multitude to him, since no fond heart echoed them, and beat responsive to his own? In this vague and dreamy state of melancholy, which, like the still, sultry gloom that precedes the tempest, is often the precursor of some devastating *heart quake*, he reached Florence, then flourishing under the government of that famous race of merchant-princes, the blood-stained Medici, whose liberal protection of the fine arts, and unceasing efforts to render their fair capital the seat of learning and refinement, have not dazzled succeeding ages into blind forgetfulness of their many crimes, or sufficed to redeem their memory from the moral leprosy that clings to it.

During one of the excursions in which Guido loved to indulge in the lonely environs of Florence, with no companion save his "thick-coming fancies," he wandered to the domain of Pratolino, and enchanted by the beauty of the scene, he flung himself upon the grass, and dreamed the golden hours away, lulled by the murmurs of its waterfalls, and shaded by its magnificent trees. With his eye fixed upon the colossal

Appennine, whose bold and rugged outline showed in strong relief against the bright blue sky, and towered above the voluptuous bowers that sheltered him, calm, majestic, and serene, like the monarch of the fair domain, he admired the beautiful effects of light and shade, the magical changes of colouring produced by the gradual transition from noon-day splendour to the more subdued glories of sunset; and, determined to perpetuate his observations, he returned thither more than once, and busied himself in transmitting to canvas the fleeting hues that had enchanted him.

One day while he was thus employed, and that he had embodied in the foreground of his picture one of his dreams of beauty, in the form of a naiad rising from her fountain, and wringing in graceful disorder the long meshes of her streaming hair, the sound of footsteps approaching caused him to look up, and he beheld issuing from a grove of platanus trees, a female figure wrapped in a light *zendala*, her head covered with a veil so transparent, that like a thin vapour floating across the disk of a bright star, it shaded but could not conceal her beauty. She approached with slow steps, her eyes bent upon the ground, and apparently quite unconscious of Guido's vicinity. Beautiful she was even beyond all that his glowing imagination had ever depicted to him of female loveliness; her movements were all grace, her countenance all harmony: and so ethereal and dream-like was her appearance, that scarcely could he believe it was a "mortal mixture of earth's mould" that moved before him. Motionless and absorbed in the delight of beholding her, Guido followed with his eyes the fair vision as she slowly pursued the windings of the avenue; and when at last she disappeared, he felt like one from whom the light of the sun had suddenly been withdrawn. The naiad remained untouched—the pencil fell from his hand—his occupation was gone! and his heart, soul, and



thoughts ravished by the enchanting apparition he had just beheld, hovered eagerly towards the spot where she had vanished. In vain, however, when he decided upon following her, did he wander through the woods and labyrinths of Pratolino,—in vain did he penetrate into its deep grottoes and visit its clustering bowers; she whom he sought was no longer there; she had disappeared.

On the morrow he returned, and the next day, and the next; and during the whole week he pursued his vain research. The beautiful stranger came no more to the platanus grove; the avenue was deserted by her; and to the sickly fancy of Guido, the whole of that lovely region had suddenly changed into a desert—the face of nature had become discoloured, and without a charm.

“Wert thou an illusion of my brain?” he asked himself; “a phantom conjured up by my heated imagination, or a living being sent to dazzle my eyes, and mock my hopes with a glimpse of thy matchless beauty, and then disappear for ever? Art thou an angel descended upon earth to give to its inhabitants a foretaste of Heaven, or a creature of this world revealed to me by the hand of Fate as the being who is to become a part of myself—the arbitress of my happiness—the sovereign lady enthroned within my heart? All that is most beautiful, most poetical, most sublime, in the wonders of nature, and the treasures of art, unites in thy aspect, oh! incomparable being! Nor can aught of beautiful, poetical, or sublime, henceforth present itself to my imagination but as connected with thy divine charms. But wherefore dost thou conceal thyself from me? Why wilt thou not once again appear to bless me with a look—to console me with a word? Henceforward my life is bound up in thee; and to thee alone does my soul turn as the source from which all its future happiness or misery must emanate.”

Thus the enamoured Guido lingered day after day in the spot where he had beheld the fair unknown, Hope still whispering to him that she would again appear, and with delusive dreams feeding the flame that consumed his heart; and night after night, when the closing of the gates at sunset warned him to depart, he would tear himself away from Pratolino sick at soul, bitterly railing at the weakness which had suffered so fantastic a passion to tyrannize over him, yet yielding without a struggle to the infatuation which daily led him to the scene of his enchantment, again to hope, and again to be disappointed. His pencil was neglected; his books thrown aside; and all his favourite pursuits became intolerable to him. But in this period of moral suffering his poetical talent developed itself with rare perfection; and the woods of Pratolino daily echoed to the melody of his voice, as sweeping the chords of his lute with a master's hand, the history of his heart flowed to his lips in verses tender and harmonious as those of Petrarch himself.

At last, one evening, as with reluctant steps and slow, he prepared to leave the gardens, a female form appeared in sight, following him at a distance. It was not the adored unknown (the eye of love could not for one moment be deceived); she neither possessed her faultless contour nor her graceful movements; but his beating heart presaged that she came from her who was his destiny—nor had it deceived him. As soon as he had reached a spot where lime trees spreading above, and myrtles clustering beneath, shut him out from the possibility of being observed, the fleet-footed damsel rapidly gained his side, and stopped him. With her finger laid upon her lip, she signified to him that he was not to speak, placed a letter in his hand and disappeared, without breaking silence. The billet contained these lines:—

“Be in waiting to-night at the garden-wall facing the



north, near a little door fastened with a bolt, and overshadowed by two old cypress trees. *Silence and discretion.*"

Language cannot do justice to the felicity which these few words conveyed to the heart of Guido—his feelings had been understood—his love was returned! Long before nightfall he was hovering round the spot indicated; at last the door opened—the taciturn damsel introduced him into the garden, guided him, without breathing a word, to the spot where the opening of this sketch describes him to have been seated, and making a sign that he was to wait there in silence, she quitted him, and became lost to view in the deepening shadows of the trees.

And presently the pending branches of the two willows were gently parted, and light as a sylph, silent and spirit-like, the beautiful incognita stood before him, her fair cheek pale as the statue at whose base he was seated, her large eyes veiled beneath their long lashes, and bent timidly towards the earth. Guido, bending his knee to the ground, stretched out his arms towards her, as though invoking a deity; and that simple act conveyed more eloquently, than words perhaps could have done, the wonder, joy, and adoration which filled his heart, and had deprived him of the power of speech; at least the incognita thus interpreted his silent homage. She was the first to speak; and soft, low, and musical, her voice completed the fascination which her loveliness had exercised over the feelings of the young Genoese.

"Guido," she said, "the step I have taken—the expedient to which I have recourse—are convincing proofs that our souls understand each other, and that mine abandons itself with implicit confidence to the loyalty of yours. Forbid it, heaven, that this fond trust should prove to be as misplaced as it is blind! The sentiment which has subjugated us both may lead to our mutual perdition—yes, mutual! Do you hear

me?" she continued, hurriedly, perceiving the agitation of Guido, and drawing nearer to him. "Listen, then, without interrupting me, for these precious moments are full of solemn import. I know you, Guido! I have known you ever since the day on which I appeared to you in the platanus grove; unseen by you, I then beheld you follow the traces of my footsteps, and each succeeding day I watched you, and witnessed your vain researches, and the ardent emotions with which they were pursued. I listened to the passionate accents that revealed to me the love I had inspired—a love such as my youthful fancy had once dreamed of, but which I had despaired of ever finding to be a reality! And then it was that in my turn I hung upon your footsteps; ever near, yet still unseen, I gave myself up to the dangerous delight of observing you. In secret I watched you—in secret I made myself mistress of your sentiments and inclinations; I obtained (no matter how) a knowledge of your name, rank, country, habits—and all that I heard was favourable—all tended to strengthen my infatuation! One thing still remains to be ascertained—your willingness to accede to conditions which I am forced to impose on you; I must put your devotion to a test, difficult indeed to require, still more difficult to grant; but I cannot absolve you from this trial, for the alternative of our parting now for ever hangs upon its issue; it is with that intention that I have brought you here."

She paused; and the gentle gravity of her accents sunk into the heart of Guido, and caused it to thrill with emotions which he sought not to define.

"A trial!" he exclaimed; and there was that in his voice that carried conviction to her soul—there was in its intonation a confidence in his own sentiments, an *abandon d'âme*, an abnegation of selfish feeling, as spontaneous as it was unlimited.—"A test," he added, "name it, that you may be obeyed!"



and he prostrated himself at her feet, in token of unconditional devotion.

"I believe you," she replied, motioning him to rise and place himself beside her; "and yet I must extract from you an *oath* to that effect. Do you feel yourself capable of obeying the only restriction with which I shall ever shackle your affection?"

Thus saying, she extended to him her trembling hand, and Guido eagerly possessing himself of it, sealed with his lips the vow of allegiance he breathed over it.

"Listen to me," she continued, "I have already told you that our attachment may prove fatal to us both; and now I repeat that it will lead us to certain perdition, unless we surround it with the profoundest mystery. It is absolutely necessary that we should conceal it from every living being; and, if it were possible, it ought, in like manner, be hidden from the light of heaven, from the very air that we breathe! Swear to me, then, by all that is dearest to you upon earth, by all that is most sacred to you in heaven, that, satisfied with my tenderness alone, you will never seek to know me—to see me—to be with me, except when I shall point out to you the time, the manner, and the place. Swear to me that, deaf to every suspicion, impenetrable to all curiosity, you will never interrogate me respecting aught that regards my actual position, or my future prospects—that you will never ask to know my name!"

"Not even your name!" repeated Guido, with indignant surprise. "What strange mystery is this? and what can you fear from me?"

"Nothing *from* you, but everything *for* you! must I repeat it, Guido? this imprudent love may lead us both to destruction; a terrible fatality governs my life, and more terribly still does it threaten all who interest me. Love alone, exalted,

confiding, disinterested love, such as my soul has long sighed for, and which I believed had long vanished from earth, can shed a ray of brightness over the gloom of my existence. Alas! such an affection *once* appeared to smile upon me; but rapid, fugitive as a wintry sunbeam, it vanished, and left my heart more chill and dreary from having for a moment reflected its transient glance. And now, even now, I beheld it shine upon me once again, more serenely steady than before; and hope whispered to me that the joy would be less fleeting—but it was an illusion! again it abandons me more cruelly than before—without leaving me even the remembrance of a momentary felicity to dwell upon. Leave me, Guido, and forget all that has passed; think no more of this conversation, this place, this hour—think no more of me.”

She arose to depart; but Guido, flinging himself upon his knees before her, and grasping her dress, detained her.

“No, this must not be!” he exclaimed. “Beautiful and beloved one, you cannot mean we should thus separate! From henceforward my destiny is here, at your feet, blindly to obey you! Whoever you are, whatever the mystery may be that involves you, I accept the conditions you have imposed upon me, and abandon myself to your guidance, heart and soul, without reserve!”

The incognita sunk back upon the marble seat from which she had risen, breathless with emotion; then, bending over the prostrate youth, who still remained at her feet, with his face buried in his hands, “Oh, Guido!” she murmured, “deceive me not!”

He raised his eyes at those words, and gazed upon the enchantress. Her veil, disengaged from the golden bodkin by which it had been confined, fell negligently over her shoulders, leaving completely revealed to him her beautiful face, pale with passion, doubt, and fear; a tear trembled in



her deep lustrous eye, and gleamed in the star-light like a dew-drop in the chalice of a violet. "I swear not to deceive you!" exclaimed the youthful lover. "Provided that your heart is mine, and that you banish me not from your presence, what are your secrets or your name to me? I will believe that a celestial spirit has descended upon earth to visit and console me; and the name that my heart in its secret orisons bestows upon you shall never be whispered even to the winds of Heaven! Yes, I swear it!"

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PART THE SECOND.

"La vide, e la conanobbe; e resto senza  
E voce e moto. Ahi vista! ahi conoscenza!"  
GERUSALEMME LIBERATA.

And the oath of Guido Razzi was sacred. For a time his felicity was unclouded, and if it appeared to him that the fulness of his joy could admit of no increase, neither did he contemplate the possibility of its ever diminishing. The passionate dream of his heart had been realized, and beyond the present he looked not; besides, such were the beauty and blandishments of his mysterious enslaver—such the subjugating influence of her presence—that as long as they were together he never felt the unequal grounds upon which her strange caprice had willed that they should stand. With womanly tact she delicately administered to his vanity as well as to his love; she spoke to him of himself, she drew from his lips the history of his whole life, of his aspirations, his studies, and his sensations. She hung delighted upon the recital of his travels, and in imagination wandered by his side through the classic ruins of Rome, along the enchanting shores of the Mediterranean, or by the green waters of the Adriatic; and

it was only when they had separated that Guido remembered the impenetrable mystery in which she had wrapped herself; and, if a passing doubt ever assailed his mind, it was (like one of those thin vapours which float in early morning over a beautiful landscape, and vanish before the bright rays of the sun), dispelled, forgotten, in her presence. Curiosity became hushed there; and, if he remembered his oath, it was to shrink from every attempt at absolving himself from it, even as he would have shrunk from raising the curtain that veiled from profane eyes some holy sanctuary.

As long as the serene nights of autumn lasted, the meetings of the lovers at the same place and the same hour were uninterrupted; but at last the rainy season commenced, bleak winds blew from the Appennines, and the nocturnal interviews at Pratolino became less frequent and more brief. "I must soon go to Florence," said the unknown one night to Guido; "I am forced to leave you for a few weeks—and in so doing, I must, alas! impose another sacrifice upon you. Do not, I conjure you, leave these solitudes during my absence; but tranquilly await my return here. Do you promise me this, dearest Guido?—do you swear it to me?"

"And do you promise me that your return will be prompt and certain?" inquired Guido, with a sinking at heart which he could not overcome.

She remained silent for a moment plunged in deep thought, as if revolving in her mind what answer might best tranquilize his feelings, without compromising her secret; while Guido, with his eyes sorrowfully fixed upon her countenance, endeavoured to read there the fiat that she was about to pronounce.

But in that moment the noise of carriage wheels, the clattering of horses' hoofs, and the clash of arms, were heard outside of the garden wall near to which the lovers were



seated; lights suddenly appeared in the grounds of Pratolino; servants bearing flambeaux followed one another in quick succession, and cries of "The duke! the duke! long live the duke!" resounded through the gardens.

The incognita started to her feet, pale and breathless, and looked round her with an expression of terror and suspicion. "Go—fly!" she exclaimed to Guido, in a voice scarcely articulate and joining her hands together with frantic energy. "Remember your oath, Guido! Life or death hangs upon your fidelity to it. Go—go! you shall soon hear from me!" And, without awaiting his reply, she sprung past him, rushed into the nearest avenue, and vanished from the sight of her astonished lover, leaving him motionless and thunderstruck, without the power either to detain or to follow her.

Eight days—a fortnight—the whole of November passed away, and yet Guido heard nothing from the mysterious fair one. At first he resolutely struggled against the doubts that assailed his mind, and the fears that tortured his heart; for the faith he so religiously placed in her love for him sustained his courage in that first sickening trial of hope deferred; but when his expectations died away into despondency, and to his trust in her succeeded a conviction of her heartless abandonment, words are wanting to express the wretchedness and despair that overwhelmed him. He recalled to mind all the conversations that had passed between them—weighed her fond avowals, pondered over her concealments, and pictured to himself her looks and gestures, nay, the tears even that she had shed upon his bosom, that he might extract from these once-prized evidences of her tenderness, proofs of her perfidy and deceit. Irritated with himself for his weak concessions to her, irritated against the fascinations that had dazzled and blinded him, he cursed the passion which had lured him on into the dark and devious windings of such an adventure,

without knowing the hand to whose guidance he had surrendered himself. But, alas! his anger was like the wind that blows upon a flame, fanning, but not extinguishing it: such was the strength of his infatuation, such the weakness of his resolves, that the unhappy Guido would again have blindly committed himself to the deceiver to have renewed one moment of his past felicity—he would have braved eternal torments to have found himself once more beneath the willows of Pratolino, listening to the vows of the beloved but false unknown.

One day, at last—a fatal day—a letter reached him without any date either of time or place; he tore it open, and, with a bursting heart, read its contents.

“Few are the words that I can write to you, Guido, and sad and solemn must they be as the farewell of the dying. We shall never meet again! A horrible necessity separates us for ever! Do not curse me for inflicting this unhappiness upon you: my crime will be visited upon me by a life of hopeless anguish! No—do not curse me: the fatality that persecutes me extends to those I love, and involves you in my sufferings. This I ought to have foreseen, and I did foresee it; but love was stronger in my breast than reason; and a vain hope—the hope that, once for all, I might vanquish my destiny—overcame me. For believe me, Guido, I loved you as few on earth are capable of loving, and I love you *still*, and *for ever* shall I love you, despite our eternal separation, and the iron barrier that has been raised between us. But, although I have caused your wretchedness, do not let me have to reproach myself with having caused your death! Destruction hangs over your head as long as you remain in Tuscany; it will fall and crush you if you do not speedily remove yourself away. Fly quickly then! seek safety in another land, and efface from your memory the last two months of your existence. A word uttered—a sign



made by you *of the past* to any breathing being, would be the signal for your immediate destruction; no obstacle, no precaution, could, in that case, prevent the powerful hand which has for ever separated us from reaching you. Farewell, dear and unhappy Guido! May Heaven watch over and console you! May your path in life be strewn with flowers, although my hand, alas! must not scatter them there! May the noble aspirations of your early days lead to the glory and happiness of your riper years; and oh! may some devoted woman—happier far than me—compensate to you for the ills I have inflicted, and replace in your young heart the wretched being who is lost to you for ever!”

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The populace of Florence had assembled in crowds in the great square before the ducal palace; every street and alley poured forth its living masses, like a torrent overflowing its banks. The air rang with the acclamations of a thousand joyous voices, and the hum and bustle of the multitude sounded in the distance like the murmur of the ocean waves lashed by the storm, and wildly breaking upon the shore. Rich tapestries were hung before all the buildings; flowers strewn the pavements; the bells of all the churches rung forth a merry peal, and, mingling with the roar of cannon fired at regular intervals, the delicious strains of music issuing from temporary orchestras stationed here and there, and the warlike din of the drums and trumpets of the troops that lined the streets, formed a *tout ensemble* of bustle, noise, and movement, such as had not been seen or heard for years in that city of luxury and refinement—the fair and peerless Florence. Francesco the Second de’ Medici, Duke of Tuscany, was on that day to celebrate his nuptials with Bianca Capello, daughter of the Venetian republic.

The magnificent procession, opened by the Florentine

nobles, moved slowly onwards towards the cathedral church of Santa Maria del Fiore; then followed the carriages of the Venetian ambassadors, surrounded by the most conspicuous personages of their nation, ninety in number, who had flocked from the shores of the Adriatic to assist in placing upon the throne this new Caterina Cornaro; then came the brother of the duke, the Cardinal Ferdinand de Medici, smiling at the applauses of the multitude and the magnificence of the scene, with such a dark ambiguous smile as once again, at a future day, was to curl his lip upon an occasion splendid as the actual one, but not so joyous. Afterwards came the heralds and the household of the sovereign, and lastly the ducal carriage appeared, brilliant with gilding, sculpture, and rock crystal, and drawn by eight Andalusian horses, who, impatient of the slow pace to which their conductors reined them in, chafed upon their bits, tossed their superb manes, and pawed the ground as if indignantly spurning its contact. "She comes!—she comes! the beautiful Bianca, our fair duchess, comes!" burst from the lips of the crowd, as, rushing from all sides towards the point of attraction, they jostled and pushed against one another in order to obtain a nearer glimpse of the triumphant beauty. "Long live Bianca! Long live the bride of Duke Francesco! Long live our lovely sovereign!" resounded through the air and greeted her approach.

Behind the foremost rank of spectators were standing a knot of young and light-hearted citizens, who amused themselves in bandying jokes and exchanging remarks upon the passing scene; not one of which escaped the attention of a youthful stranger, who, hopeless of advancing nearer to the procession through the dense crowd that intervened, had stationed himself close to those young men.

"She is indeed exquisitely beautiful," said one of them, "how well do these gorgeous robes and that transparent veil



become her; but do you observe how pale and pensive she looks, as though she were a stranger to the joy her presence occasions?"

"She is amazed by her good fortune," replied another, "to which assuredly she had no right to pretend. *Corpo di Bacco!* a poor Venetian, of noble family it is true, but unconnected with the state—a fugitive from her father's house, the wife of a simple merchant-clerk, accustomed to the privations of a wandering life, to step all at once from such obscurity to the throne of Tuscany! to find herself the bride of a *de Medici*, and hear herself saluted as duchess—why, sirs, it is enough to turn her head!"

"Ay, ay," added a third, "and if she looks pensive and pale she has good reason for doing so. Do you think it possible all at once to forget the past? are there not sad recollections that fix themselves indelibly upon the mind—remorse which the heart cannot fling aside. Poor Bonaventini! that unfortunate husband who perished in so tragical a manner!"

"And do you believe that Bianca was privy to her husband's death?" inquired a fourth in a low voice.

"Who knows?" returned the last speaker, shrugging his shoulders.

"Eh, signori!" observed another with a bitter smile, "this light-o'-love has left her remorse in the solitudes of Pratinolo!"

At these words the stranger started as if his sword had pierced his heart; he heard no more, but darting into the crowd, pushed stedfastly onward.

The procession reached the gates of the cathedral, and Bianca Capello having alighted from her carriage, stood for a moment upon the threshold in the midst of the noble ladies and cavaliers who composed her retinue. A breathless silence succeeded to the noisy acclamations that had greeted

her on her march, and the multitude, hushed into mute expectation, testified their homage and admiration only with their eyes in that solemn moment; when suddenly a cry of indescribable anguish was heard. "'Tis she!—'tis she!" broke upon the still air; and a young man, whom the guards had vainly endeavoured to hold back, precipitated himself from the crowd, and stretching his arms towards Bianca Capello, fell senseless at her feet.

At that heart-broken cry, the bride turned round, and a crimson flush for a moment suffused the transparent purity of her cheeks; but quickly recovering herself, she cast a look of cold wonder and pity upon the motionless stranger, passed on, "and made no sign."

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The next day, a group of inquisitive idlers were collected upon the banks of the Arno, near the Ponte Vecchio, around the lifeless body of a young man, which had just been drawn out of the river; three ghastly wounds had pierced his breast, and one of them had passed through his heart. Nobody knew who the deceased was, nor were there any papers about his person by which his name or station might be ascertained. One woman only, who, by her dress, was nothing more than a serving damsel, gazed long and silently upon his still beautiful countenance, as though transfixed by the sad spectacle; then moving slowly away, she muttered to herself, "Guido Razzi!"

The name was overheard, and flew from mouth to mouth; it was soon known who the unfortunate victim had been: but how he perished, whether by his own act or by the hand of an assassin, remained then, and has ever since remained, a mystery!



## NAMES.

BY ELIZABETH YOUATT.

How many Names are spoken, full of mystery,  
Pet, loving names, known but to us alone :  
In fond and playful tone !

How many Names, fraught with sweet memories,  
And glad and musical as far-heard bells,  
Come back like soothing spells !

How many Names there are we never speak,  
Or only in our dreams—or 'mid our prayers ;—  
Softly, and unawares !

Fame keeps a golden scroll of Gifted Names :  
In human hearts how many are enshrined—  
Sacred, and love-refined !

How many Names that once were household words,  
Are uttered now, with hush'd and trembling breath,  
All sanctified by Death !

A Name has pass'd away from hearth and home :  
The Lord hath taken back what first was given—  
And written it in heaven !

## THE HEIRESS.

BY J. C. D.

“WHY is this, dear Constance?” said Agnes Raeburn, as she entered the dressing-room of her cousin. “Not yet dressed! and your ornaments scattered about as if some fairy-hand had been assisting at your toilet, bringing all the treasures of the East for your acceptance. Yet, now I look again, they rather appear as if flung aside in pettish mood, and yourself, fair lady, most marvellously inclined to despise the vanities of the world, preferring the rest and ease of that luxurious chair to the fatigues of the ball to-night, although you know ‘the heiress,’ Miss Raeburn, is expected to be queen of the fête.”

“And so I do despise the follies of the world, or, if the word please you better, its vanities; not so much, perhaps, for the sad waste of time to those who are its worshippers, as for the wear and tear of the spirits, and even the trial it is to health; but see the gew-gaws which Harrison has strewed over yon table, urging me to make a choice for the evening till my very soul was weary, and I bade her leave me for awhile. Ay, Agnes, for those, and for those only, or at least for the wealth that could command them, should I be singled out from the crowd this night. The mind within seeking to burst the trammels imposed by fashion’s laws, and endeavouring to be the thing which God designed for human beings, when he gave them command above the beasts of the field, made them glorious in his own image—the heart beating with all the warm



impulses of nature's best feelings; these are nothing worth, these are thoughts and feelings not inquired into. No, 'the heiress' would be sought, caressed—ay, if I were an idiot, the world would be equally at my feet! I am sick—sick at heart, dear Agnes, and already weary of the world's worship.—Herbert Selwyn, too! he will be there to-night; he who was the kind friend, the watchful nurse of my poor brother—dear, dear Edward! how highly he estimated him—the soother, the comforter of his dying hour! and yet he, too, has said, 'I must first throw a stake for the heiress.' Oh! would that my aunt had divided her property more equally! is it not dreadful?"

"Not very," replied Agnes, with a bright smile; "I have some idea that *I* could play the heiress very prettily," and she playfully twisted first one ornament and then another among her own dark tresses; "but Fortune seldom favours those who would be most inclined to value her."

"Agnes," suddenly exclaimed the hitherto drooping Constance, "let those pearls remain; how well, how handsome, how queen-like you look—wear them to-night"—and, as her excitement increased, added, "Agnes, if you love me, wear the whole set. We are strangers here—you shall be introduced as the heiress, and I your dear cousin and friend."

"But suppose," said Agnes, archly, "suppose that in my assumed character I should chance to catch, not only a stray glance, but the heart of a certain youth, whom report says many have tried to win, in vain, because—he 'waited for the heiress'—therefore remember I warn you well, that chaff has drawn many an older bird than he into the fowler's net; and with the aid of these gew-gaws, as you term them, I really think I may make a very presentable thing, particularly with the title of the rich Miss Raeburn pertaining thereto," and the light-hearted girl turned her bright

laughing eyes upon her companion, adding, "come, come, Constance, rouse yourself, and be what you really are, above the nonsense, and——"

"Stay," interrupted Constance, "the whim, though sudden, has taken firm possession, and if you love me, you will appear this evening as Miss Raeburn; our names are so far alike, and it is only for me to address you also as Constance, and mystify the good people, and then we deceive not others further. Now you go more richly dressed, and take the lead, as an elder cousin should do; for you know you are my senior in years, or rather months, for I believe you both laughed and cried for full three months before I could join in either. If people then choose to mark you out as the gifted one, let us embrace the only opportunity chance may afford us, of ascertaining our respective merits, or, I suppose, I ought to say charms, for our merits, alas! can scarcely find space to display themselves in the narrow limits of a ball-room."

"Narrow as the space may be," observed Agnes, "you seem to think men's minds might be still more contracted; crushed, probably, into the exact size necessary for the duties of the evening."

"Why really," said Constance, smiling at the conceit, "if we were to measure men's minds by the rule of the ball-room only, the most charitable conclusion would be, that they are of an elastic mould, which admits of expansion when released from the heated atmosphere. But you know my delight in tracing character, and I should like—it would interest—amuse me so much, to observe how this said Herbert Selwyn deports himself to the supposed heiress."

"How like the postscript to a woman's letter!" exclaimed Agnes, "the truth peeping out at the last. Ah! Constance, Constance! it is not then the folly, or heartlessness of the world you so much condemn; the fact is, your poor brother



in his letters so exalted, almost deified this 'observed of all observers,' that you wish, yet dread to prove him to be but mortal. This is beneath you, Constance, and I would rouse you to a more healthful state of feeling."

Constance shook her head, but remained firm in her project. Mrs. Holmsby made but slight opposition to the plan, considering it a mere youthful frolic of the cousins; nor did Agnes guess how much the feelings of Constance were really interested in the result. The letters of her brother, to whom she had been warmly attached, were ever filled with encomiums of his friend, and since his death, the image of Herbert Selwyn had rested within her memory, as though he had been a part of him whom she mourned. She felt as if the regard hitherto bestowed upon his friend came as a legacy to her, charged with a just debt. He had in his last letter besought her to look upon Herbert as a brother restored to her, should time or chance forward their meeting; and had Herbert presented himself before her at that time she would have taken his hand as such, without a thought of a nearer tie, or that worldly speculations could ever enter into the compact. But two years had elapsed, and Constance, though young and naturally unsuspecting, had been compelled to acknowledge that self-interest was the ruling principle of the many. She was then a gentle simple-minded girl, who had scarcely moved beyond the boundaries of her home; but now that, by an aunt's will, she had become possessor of much that the world covets, she had mingled with that world, and, alas! had proved its emptiness. Oh, pity 'tis when the young heart first learns to distrust; the lesson is, perhaps, at first difficult to comprehend, it requires repeated study; but when once overcome, how far more difficult to forget: Proteus-like, it comes in every form, and lurks in every corner of that bosom where once it gains an entrance. She had been addressed by needy

lordlings, who touched not her heart, for they sought it not, her wealth was the beacon for which they steered, forgetting that it could only be reached through her affections; and each discarded one only served to prove more clearly that it was their betting-books, and not their hearts, that had sustained a loss. This it was that drew forth the bitter taunt—"If I were an idiot, they would still be at my feet."

The day our tale commences Constance had heard of the arrival of Captain Selwyn, and rejoiced in the hope of meeting the cherished friend of her brother; but while in the library, waiting Mrs. Holmsby's selection of some books, she overheard a young man, in laughing mood, reply to the badinage of others—"No, no, I shall make no such rash promises, I fall in love at no man's bidding; Lady Ellen is very pretty, I grant, but I must first throw a cast for the heiress."

"You are right there," said one of the party, in an Irish accent, "they say, Lady Ellen's father employs such a rascally tailor, that the poor fellow has not a pocket that will hould a tinpenny."

A hearty laugh followed the attempt at wit, and Constance, with burning cheek and beating heart, was glad to escape notice by quitting the room; but the anticipated pleasure for the evening was gone. A heavy cloud overshadowed the bright vision she had painted. Herbert thought not of her as the sister of one whom he had loved—not as the friend he had once hoped to obtain, and for which privilege he had put in his claim when endeavouring to soothe his last agony. No, it was only as the *heiress* he wished to greet her; while *she* had so long, so earnestly desired to meet him, if only to bless him for that dear brother's sake. Her heart felt crushed, all kindly feeling driven back to the inmost recesses, there to dwell in silence, mortification, and sorrow. It was in this mood that Agnes found her on the eve in question. Her first impulse had been



—"he shall not see me, I will not go to the ball, and to-morrow I will return to Ellersleigh." Then arose the foolish whim that Agnes, bearing the same name, might pass for the "lady of Ellersleigh," while she might still mingle in the gay circle; and she then became as anxious for the hour of meeting as she had hitherto been reluctant.

Captain Selwyn, as was expected, soon sought an introduction to Mrs. Holmsby, and by her was led towards the blushing Agnes. It was not a time nor place to allude to hours of sorrow, and with the brief remark that he "felt as if he had met with an old friend," Agnes was relieved from the painful position of affecting to mourn a brother whom she had not lost; nor, indeed, did the bright-eyed girl at his side recal to his mind one feature his fancy had traced as the fair sorrow-stricken mourner. But if he found her not what he had expected, she was not the less interesting to him, nor was her striking beauty less appreciated. *One* look at the supposed heiress was not sufficient, for he hovered near her the greater part of the evening, and it was not till nearly at its close that he was introduced to the cousin Constance, whose only ornament was a wreath of wild roses in her hair. He almost smiled at the contrast, it was the radiant lily and the pale flower of the valley, the one commanding admiration, the other seeking protection. There were few days during the ensuing week in which he did not find some plea for calling on the cousins—to restore a fan, to claim a lost cane, or to urge a sail in his friend Aylmer's yacht; and the tried friend of the brother could not be unwelcome to the sister. Agnes was all life and brilliancy, while Constance, pale and listless, was generally occupied in drawing, or bending over her embroidery, taking but little share in the conversation, unless referred to by Captain Selwyn, which he was rather pertinacious in doing, though it was often to support him against the lively

attacks of Agnes, to whom his chief attention was given as her due.

More than a fortnight had passed since the eventful night of the ball, and Constance sat alone. Her brow was clouded, for thought was busy within. Had she acted rightly towards Agnes, Herbert, or herself? No; for deception, be the motive what it may, cannot in itself be right; and what had been the result of hers? All the pleasure she might have so richly enjoyed in the society of one so estimable, so cheerful—one who seemed to fling aside the dark shadows of the world as he walked with steady yet buoyant step through the paths which nature called her own—all was utterly destroyed—a life of painful and continued restraint, with a dread lest aught should lead to a discovery of the trick that had been played. She had never for a moment thought of further deception than for the evening; but all deviations from truth go upon the *sliding scale*, and to her dismay she found how impossible it was to undeceive, without acknowledging the cause; thus proving how one simple error may lead to much future evil, nor can it be said, “so far shall it go, and no farther;” for its effects may extend to many; and then came the dread lest poor Agnes should suffer in her affections; for Constance dreamed not that woman’s heart could resist the influence of Herbert’s attractions, where he sought to gain it; and, oh misery! if Agnes had been drawn into the net, the victim of her folly! At present the spirits of her cousin were apparently wild and boundless as childhood’s dream of life; but the trial was not yet come. A few days more and Herbert must join his regiment; a pang of more than common anguish pressed upon her heart; whichever way she turned, cares, corroding thoughts, pursued her. Dear Agnes! had Captain Selwyn won *her* love, while *he* might part from her “fancy free,” as when they met! or, on the other hand, had he been



seeking to secure, not the treasure beyond all price, woman's pure disinterested love, but the mere right to call her supposed wealth his own; what a fate for Agnes! to mourn over such cherished hopes, or own herself an impostor; allow him to withdraw silently, and leave her desolate. One project still remained, she could endow her cousin with the wealth the mercenary lover may crave; but be it so, each must forfeit the other's esteem, and where then could happiness find a sheltering nook wherein to build her nest?

As she leaned her head upon a table, the reflection of a brightly tinted sky rested upon her cheek, and lingering there, seemed as if seeking to restore the bloom a few short days had faded. It threw a glowing lustre around her form, which a painter would have rejoiced in, and Constance was a lovely study for an artist. Hers was not the brilliant beauty which caught the eye captive as it gazed, but that far more subduing loveliness that won the heart, ere the eye had scarcely acknowledged its power. She was now tracing back the joyous hours in which her brother bore a part. The satisfaction she felt, when Fortune first smiled, in the thought that bountifully as it had been given, so bountifully should it be dispensed, holding it only as a faithful steward for her Master's service. Schools for the young, neat cottages for the aged, rose before her, and she had been so happy; and now one false step had drawn her into a labyrinth, from which she saw no way of escape. "Yes! it was my pride, my vanity, that required the humiliating punishment," thought she, "for was there not the lurking hope that I, the penniless, might have been the chosen one? but with the brand of deceit upon my brow, how could I meet his clear full eye, without shrinking from his gaze; and then wrapping myself up in unsocial gloom, he has only known me as a moody, or fitful being at the best. My own wild theory, that Nature draws her mysterious chain

closer and closer still around the hearts she fain would gain, has been swept away, even as the spider's web is borne down by the weight of the gem-like dewdrops of the morning, and I must pay the penalty; but as for poor Agnes, I must try to bear *her* through it scatheless." She raised her tearful eyes—was it illusion, or was it in truth the form of Herbert that stood a few paces from the table on which she leaned? His voice soon dispelled the doubt.

"I fear I have startled you, but the servant who announced me, retired ere he could ascertain if you were otherwise engaged."

"I had only my own thoughts to engage me," replied Constance, confusedly, and then, as if to hide it, hurriedly said, "you have never spoken to me of my—my cousin—Edward, dear Edward! tell me of *him*."

Thus suddenly called upon, Herbert felt rather at a loss where to begin his mournful history. He had often thought it strange that Agnes had not only never sought to know aught of his last hours, but evidently shunned the subject; he did not wish to charge her with a want of feeling, but rather attributed it to a dislike, so natural to the light-hearted, to dwell on scenes of sorrow. He now gazed on the pale anxious face and quivering lip of his auditor with deeper interest, and a scrutinizing observer may have seen his own cheek flush and fade away, ere he attempted to speak, in soothing tones, the history of the dead. It was seldom that Constance ventured either comment or reply, but her drooping head, and the tear that not unfrequently stole silently down her cheek, and fell upon the hand she vainly endeavoured to steady sufficiently to hold the work she affected to be engaged with, were too evident proofs of deep and abiding love for the lost one to be doubted. "Poor girl," thought Herbert, "this is more than a cousinly love," and he sighed, "unrewarded, and



I fear, unregarded, for never once did Edward speak of a cousin who held any interest in his heart. This, then, is why she so often sits abstracted or alone, cherishing fond remembrances, rather than seeking to forget in scenes of lighter mirth." Again he sighed, and though words were not now wanting to soothe and beguile her into a more cheerful mood, yet both felt it a relief when the merry laugh of Agnes was heard, as she entered the room with Mrs. Holmsby.

From that evening Constance seemed to shun Captain Selwyn more than ever, giving precedence to Agnes in all things, and the day drew nigh to a close which was to terminate his leave of absence, but as yet he had not appeared to make his adieux. "I am really sorry he is going," said Agnes, much in the same tone in which she would have regretted the loss of a glove; "he has been so domesticated here—I wonder if we shall ever meet again."

Constance started, and grasped the arm of her cousin. "Agnes, speak to me; tell me that you *know* you shall meet again—say that you have not cause to hate me, or I shall be most wretched."

"Hate you, dear Con? you, the kindest, dearest cousin that ever mortal was blessed with—what could——"

"But tell me—tell me in one word," interrupted the now agitated Constance, "does Herbert Selwyn love you, and do you return it?"

"Hush, hush, dear girl, it requires more than one word to reply to two such queries. A lady is not supposed to think that a gentleman loves her, unless he tells her so, and no such confession has escaped the lips of Captain Selwyn."

Constance gasped for breath.

"But why this fearful excitement?" asked Agnes, "rest satisfied that *my* peace is not in danger, whether Captain Selwyn makes his parting bow in smiles or in tears."

"Oh what a blessed relief to me!" exclaimed Constance; "I so much dreaded lest you should have to reap the bitter fruit of the seed I planted. I conclude that you gave him to understand how little your smiles or tears were influenced by his presence when you met this morning, and that accounts for Captain Selwyn going away without taking a formal leave."

At that moment he entered the room, having heard his own name and the few words that followed—"I know not," said he, smiling, "what good reason you had assigned me, for having quitted Brighton so cavalierly; but, believe me, I have felt too much pleasure, too much interest in"—he paused—"in all who bear the name of Raeburn, to consider my visit as a mere matter of form, though I grieve to say, this must be a very short one. I had intended to put your friendly patience to the test, by bestowing myself and my tediousness upon you for the evening, to talk over the past, and, if possible, to glean hope for the future; but I am to accompany Major Wharton, who starts immediately, and is even now impatient at my delay." And with a hasty "God bless you" to Agnes, and a few murmuring indistinct words to Constance, he was gone.

"I thought so," said Agnes, who was the first to break the silence that followed. Constance looked inquiringly. "Sit down, child, sit down again," said the mirth-loving Agnes, "you have had a long dream, methinks, and I pray that you may not awake to regret. I cannot guess why you should have taken such a decided dislike to that fine young man."

"Dislike!" exclaimed Constance, surprised into the confession; "dislike Herbert Selwyn! who, with a mind capable of estimating worth, could possibly do so?"

"I know not," replied Agnes; "but to be able to discern what is good, and yet not profit by it, is to me worse than ignorance. We compassionate the blind if they stumble; but not those who wilfully close their eyes to the light. Day after



day you have sat languid and listless in his presence, apparently unmoved, whether the converse was grave or gay; or if you did perchance give way to your natural character, it was but for a few fleeting moments, and again you crept into your corner, reminding one of a young hedgehog, encased within the thicket of its own bristles, determined to keep off all intruders."

"It was the consciousness of having deceived," said Constance, "that took away all self-respect. I felt like a culprit, and could not fearlessly meet his gaze; but are you sure, quite sure, dear Agnes, that you have not refused him?"

"I could not refuse what was never offered," replied Agnes, carelessly.

"Then, surely, you must allow, that he has been amusing himself rather too much at your expense."

"Not at all," returned Agnes, smiling, and affecting to understand her literally, "he was never paid for his visits;" besides, if you had not been wilfully blind, you may have seen that Captain Selwyn's chief aim was to amuse *us*, and not himself. You are mistaken in him altogether. To *me* he never, by word or look, gave the slightest intimation that he wished to be on other terms than as the friend of my brother; and I flatter myself, that although no prude, the most fastidious could not accuse me of flirting with him. In truth, I think he was rather disappointed in me at first—that it was a matter of some difficulty to bring himself to a state of cordial approval—and I firmly believe, had I shown any symptoms of growing partiality, he would have shunned me as he would the plague."

"And yet he seemed but as your shadow," returned Constance; "we never moved but we *chanced* to meet. Why was it that——"

"Ay, why," interrupted Agnes. "I once thought *you* might have answered all these whys; but it seems I was wrong,

and therefore I can only say it was time most sadly wasted by both of you. He merely made himself a little bit more miserable each day, and you had to pick out at night all the blue roses and green tulips you had worked in the morning."

"Agnes, Agnes, you are now flinging your shafts at random. I feel that I was both weak and wicked in so risking your happiness, and most thankful am I that your own good sense——"

"Stay, do not bestow praise where no praise is due. I might choose to be offended at the supposition that I could be so readily won; but even that is praise I ask not for. The owner of an occupied house seeks not another tenant. In fact, I thought you had guessed long ago why a somewhat mysterious looking ring was so prized by me; or that you had observed, that my face was full a hair's breadth longer for two whole days after the poor but gallant Lieutenant Fielding sailed for the Cape; and be assured, dear Constance, if health be spared, or promotion given, I shall not envy—no, not even a Mrs. Herbert Selwyn."

"And yet you never told me of your engagement. Oh, Agnes! I should not have been thus secret with you! I might have aided you—I could, perhaps, now."

"I know it, I feel it, dear Constance, and it was that which caused me to guard my secret. When the poor complain to the rich that fortune favours them not—that years of patient toil must ensue ere they can *afford* to be happy—is it not as a beggar pleading for grace?"

"A beggar, Agnes! and to me! when you know you are to me as a sister! when you know, or know it now, that the day I become of age you will no longer feel that years of toil must pass away ere you can venture to be happy. Dear, dear girl! you are worthy of his love."

The cousins parted for the night, the one to dream in hope,



the other to weep over that one dark hour in which she had admitted deception as a guest. She was the more provoked with herself, because she felt that had she, on Herbert's first visit after the ball, laughed at the mistake that had arisen from their foolish frolic, all might have been well, at least she would not have had to reflect upon herself; but naturally timid and retiring, and ashamed to own the *cause* for so fanciful an exchange of character at the moment, it afterwards became such a deliberately false position, she could not disentangle herself. Had she appeared in her own sweet natural character she would have retained not only her self-esteem, but probably gained that of the only man for whom she felt an interest beyond the passing crowd. Not that Constance was what is termed in love; she admired the character of Herbert more than his face or figure, although both had been pronounced faultless; but she regarded him as the faithful friend of her brother, her own promised friend, and therefore reproached herself that she had put it out of her power to enter on the subject as she ought, lest he should imagine she had a dearer interest in Edward than a cousinly affection would warrant. She was mortified beyond calm endurance that they should have parted as coldly as they had met; it was a heavy punishment for so slight an offence, and the lesson was not without its use. But amidst much self-condemnation one ray of satisfaction beamed o'er her mind, the supposed heiress, attractive as she was, had not drawn Herbert to attempt any sacrifice of feeling to his interests. Had he, like Agnes, a panoply of defence in a previous attachment? the allusion to herself she considered as a mere sportive jest of her cousin. Be it as it may, she was not sorry to find that the term of residence at Brighton was fast drawing to a close, as a return to Ellersleigh would restore her once more to freedom. The *meeting* she had often dwelt upon, as among the possible events of life,

was over—over in a way little calculated to make it a subject of “sweet remembrance;” and whatever poets may think or write of the “pleasures of memory,” it is more than doubtful if its pains do not predominate.

While there is any probability that our own efforts may be usefully employed towards attaining any desired object, we dream on, with a morbid hope that though we reach it not a change may come; for Hope, however beautiful, however cheering she may be at times, throwing a light and charm over life's darker shadows, as the unseen sun that from beneath the heavy cloud flings a gleam of golden radiance on the mountain's brow, still in her fitful moods she misleads her votaries, and thus suspense too often preys upon the mind, and wears out the tenement of clay that formed its shrine; but when once made fully aware that it comes not within the range of possibilities, no rational mind would continue to cherish the thought; even childhood pines not that the bright stars cannot be brought within its grasp. Nor was Constance one to sigh after, or expect that all things were to minister to her pleasure. To alleviate sorrow, to rescue from poverty, by giving employment rather than bread, was now her chief delight at Ellersleigh, and while planning for the benefit of others she reaped a rich reward, for self was lost in sympathy; and while she felt that neither perfect happiness, nor individual perfection was among the designs of Providence, she may be forgiven if she soon began to look upon her error, not with less disapproval, but as of less evil in its consequences.

Another year, and Constance had full possession of Ellersleigh, while Agnes, no longer a *dependant* companion, was still the friend of her heart, and companion of her brightest hours. They were sitting in the prettiest of all pretty boudoirs, when a lengthened yawn from Constance rather startled her companion. “I am becoming dolorous,” said Constance, smiling;



"I like not the fuss and fatigue, the nonsense and parade, that must inevitably attend on going to London; we are far more happy here, Agnes."

"Far," was the laconic reply. Another pause.

"I do not suppose Mrs. Holmsby has any particular wish to go this season."

"Perhaps not."

"Agnes, you are a provoking creature! you see I am dying to devise some plea for not going to London, and you will not aid me."

"I am no witch to guess what is not even whispered," returned Agnes; "but rather than you should die, I am ready to give you every possible aid, more especially as it suits so well with my own humour."

"And yet," rejoined Constance, "I do not mean to spend the summer here; beautiful as this place is, and much as I love it, I have set my heart upon some wandering expedition."

"Broken hearts are sad memorials of life," said Agnes, laughingly; "pity yours should be broken for so slight a cause. Whither would you go?"

"Anywhere rather than to the court; I *must* there appear as the *nouveau riche*; and I know you will laugh at me, but I still have a—a—no, not exactly a *dread*, but certainly a great dislike to throwing myself in the way of Herbert Selwyn in that character."

"I will not laugh," returned Agnes, gravely, "because I grieve to see that you still allow him to exercise such undue influence over you."

"Undue influence!" repeated the astonished Constance; "he has *none* over me."

"Then why regulate your movements by any consideration for what he may choose to say or think?"

It was a puzzling question—one she cared not to solve. She knew it not, and yet when conscience, who had so long slumbered in sweet security, now presented his reflecting glass, she but too plainly saw that every thought and action had been guided by the question “would *he* approve?” There was a long and awkward pause; and Agnes was rather amused than surprised when Constance broke the silence by replying to her own thoughts—“Yet it is very natural to wish to gain the approval of those whom we esteem.”

This was certainly not quite an answer to the question put, but the ready reply of Agnes, “*Very*,” seemed to be sufficient evidence that she was understood; and, glad to escape further catechising, added, “I have a great desire to see something of the Welsh coast. Dear Edward used to speak in raptures of the scenery, and often promised that when I had ‘learned my lessons as a good child,’ meaning when I should emerge from the school-room, he would take me on an exploring expedition. His account of the Devil’s Bridge is still so vividly before me, that I long to visit it.”

“There, then, let us go,” said Agnes, to whom thought and decision were synonymous terms. “When shall we start?”

“Not to-day,” rejoined Constance, laughing; “although I see that you have in your mind’s eye not only packed all necessary things, but actually seated yourself in the carriage.”

“True, dear cousin of mine! if you had a little of my prompt readiness, and I had a little of your more prudent reflection, what beautiful characters we should present to the world.”

“My prudent reflection!” said Constance, musingly.

“I understand your thoughts. Yes, for one hour we once changed characters; but the repentance that followed is a sure test that nature is not to be trifled with, even in jest.



On that eve I candidly own it would have been better had you kept to the prudent reflection system, and left prompt decision to my charge; but now, if we are to move, let us not linger, and thereby lose the loveliest of this glorious weather."

It was a beautiful evening in June, when the cousins, accompanied by Mrs. Holmsby, drove to one of the best houses on the terrace at Aberystwith. To see her young friends happy, was joy enough for Mrs. Holmsby, for she truly loved them both, though Constance was more especially dear to her. She was the child of him who, in early life, had first taught her heart to love, though adverse circumstances prevented their union, and he wedded another. In two short years Mrs. Raeburn became a widow, and from that hour Mary Holmsby had been her tried and faithful friend; and now that years and infirmities were coming rapidly upon her, she was glad to accept the warm invitation of the orphan Constance to be unto her as a mother.

It was some time ere they attempted to visit the Devil's Bridge; but at length the day came when this long-intended scramble was to be accomplished, and such a day! Life would be a precious boon if only to bask in that brightly beaming sun, or to inhale the pure balmy breeze of that delicious morn.

"*I can go no further,*" said Mrs. Holmsby, as they wound their rather perilous way among the crags; "*I will rest here, and await your return.*"

"*You will go on?*" said Constance, turning an enquiring eye upon Agnes.

"*Oh, yes!*" was the reply; but ere long, Agnes, though of an enterprising spirit, and a frame equal to much fatigue, seemed to slacken in her pace, and soon after, when Constance turned to warn her that the path was becoming very slippery, she found herself alone, saving the little ragged attendant who









acted as guide. "I shall rest here, David," said she, "while you go back to the other lady." But David had guided too many through that wild track, to risk such an imputation on his taste, and therefore urged her to turn into the rugged path below, and there "every body stopt a pit;" and there the delighted girl did indeed find a rich recompense for all the trembling fear that had accompanied her steps thither. "Agnes *must* come here!" exclaimed she; "it is magnificent! David, go back and tell the lady that she can come thus far without danger, and I will wait for her here."

Whether the little urchin had lingered on his way, or his rhetoric had proved unavailing, Constance was left long in doubt, for no Agnes joined her. Perhaps he had misunderstood her. But Constance thought not of the lapse of time, for her every feeling was soon absorbed by the wild sublimity of the scene, the more deeply interesting to her, as she fully recognized the spot her brother had been so charmed with. This brought back many a truant thought; the almost savage nature of the scenery—her loneliness—all served as fresh food for fancy to dwell upon; and with a heart full of mingled and undefined emotion, she burst into tears. Why or how long she wept, she scarcely knew; but on hearing, as she thought, the approaching footsteps of David, she started from her reverie; but on raising her tearful eyes, they met those of Herbert Selwyn.

"My surprise is not, perhaps, equal to yours," said he, as I encountered your cousin on my way, and learned from her the chance of finding you; but you are sad—you are in sorrow."

"No, no!" cried Constance, rousing herself to something like self-possession; "only weak—foolish—anything you like to fancy of woman's capricious feelings; or, in truth, I believe it was the power—the majesty of nature, that called forth nature's tears."

How long they sat in converse there, the heart of Constance



knew not, though the hand of her watch had wearily passed its hourly round; but now she began to think they ought to wend their way back. She would have given worlds to have said "I have a claim upon your friendship that you know not of—one sanctified by the last wishes of the dead, although my pride has hitherto disdained to own it." But how could she possibly introduce such a subject? While his clear, confiding eye rested upon her, how could she say that she had passed for what she was not, to try his strength—to test whether mercenary feeling, or honourable principle had the vantage ground? She could not, for one look might have told the least observing that Captain Selwyn was not a man to sell either his honour or his happiness; and yet, now that he was once more thrown into her society, it must be told; for she could not—would not, again subject herself to the painful restraint she had previously suffered, however mortifying the result. These thoughts gave a momentary depression, but Captain Selwyn was too much occupied by his own thoughts and feelings, to heed it much.

"I so anxiously awaited the spring," said he, after a pause, "as I concluded your cousin would be among the gayest of the gay, this season, and I had the vanity to hope she would again allow me the *entrée* of a friend, wherever she may have taken up her abode." "He *does* love Agnes, then, after all," thought Constance. "Imagine then, my disappointment," added he, "on learning from a friend that she had flown to the mountains of Wales, rather than walk as one of the fairest of the fair who crowd our brilliant court."

"She is indeed beautiful," murmured Constance, "and well fitted to walk the palace as her home."

"Almost too handsome," returned Herbert, laughingly; "she takes the mind captive, as it were, by storm, yet the prisoner, though bound, is not always subdued—he can be rebellious, even in the hands of his jailor."

The smiles of Constance returned, but they were soon chased away, as Herbert pointed out a peculiar beauty in the cataract, which was familiar to him through the vivid description of his poor friend Edward Raeburn. Constance gazed silently, and the full tear stood upon her cheek.

"He was very dear to you?" said Herbert, stooping as if to pick up something, and in a voice so tremulously low, that none but the sensitive ear of love could have caught the sound.

"*Very*," was all the reply she had voice to give, as her hand was now pressed between those of her companion.

"Will not time soothe the heart, and teach it to forget?"

Constance shook her head.

"Miss Raeburn—Constance—dear Constance!—forgive me. You know not how deeply I have loved you, and even now have sought you among these wilds to ask if devoted love can compensate for the superfluities of life. Its comforts, though not its luxuries, my moderate income might still command. I have sometimes dreamed in hope, and there have been hours in which I have dared to plant a beauteous paradise, your own bright form flitting among its bowers, as mistress there; but now," added he, mournfully, "now that I would ask you to realize the dream, your heart still sorrows o'er the dead."

"He was my brother," sobbed Constance; and the noble woods of Ellersleigh never found such favour in her sight as at that moment. We need not follow the process of unwinding the tangled skein, now that the clue was in the grasp of one so expert in his attempts to unravel the past as Herbert proved to be; and so judiciously and carefully did he untie each knot, that ere they reached their weary companions, Constance, though with blushing cheek and averted eye, no longer shrunk from taking her station as "the Heiress."



## THE IRISH EXILE'S LAMENT.

BY MISS ROSE ACTON.

ERIN, the wild harp is hushed on thy mountains,  
The sad wail of sorrow hath deadened its tone,  
The hands that could strike on its bright chords are withered,  
And those that are fettered are left thee alone.  
Ah! once smiling garden, what blight hath passed o'er thee,  
To sweep the fair flowers of peace from thy soil?  
What spell hath been cast o'er the fate of thy children,  
To mingle with tears the hard fruit of their toil?  
Erin mavourneen! light laughter hath wakened  
Around the same hearths that are desolate now,  
And *they* sleep not yet who remember the halo  
Flung down by contentment on each open brow.  
But now is thy cabin-roof shelter no longer  
From poverty's blasts to the low drooping head,  
And the laughter which rang 'neath that roof is now echoed  
By famine-wrung cries for the then "daily bread."  
Oh! woe to the day when—that prayer once denied it—  
The long-open heart closed to hope's fervent trust,  
And they lighted the fierce brand of crime in their darkness,  
For ever to raze their proud worth to the dust!  
For ever?—no, Erin!—thy ruins but *seem* such;  
O'ergrown by the rank weeds of faction and woe;  
But tear them from round thee, and all thy lost glory  
Will once more break forth from its fetters below!  
All praise to the hands that are stretched forth to aid thee,  
In wiping the blood-stain from off thy green land!  
And pity and scorn for the soul that, in silence,  
Can look on thy children—a perishing band!

And ye, Erin's sons, quench the false flame which lights ye  
 To deeds, which 'twere better deep darkness should hide;  
 For e'en amid sorrow, the cheer of the conscience  
 Is worth, to the true heart, the whole world beside.  
 Oh, trust! and bright blessings will yet be above ye,  
 And joy, long unknown, may be traced on each brow;  
 And the cloud's "silver lining" may tell of the sunshine  
 To break through the gloom which encircles thee now.

## STANZAS.

BY THE LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

SAY'ST thou, "hope still?" Ah! better far  
 Unhoping to remain,  
 With all the World of Joy *at War*,—  
*At Peace* with mine own Pain!

*At Peace!*—since pain so long endured,  
 Seems reconciled with all  
 Those thoughts—those dreams, once fondly lured  
 To spring at Hope's gay call.

My thoughts so long have travelled o'er  
 Grief's paths, of storm and night,  
 They well might err with stumblings sore  
 Bedazzled by the light!

Breathe not of Joy then!—better far  
 Unhoping to remain,  
 With all the World of Joy *at War*,  
*At Peace* with mine own Pain!



## AN ADVENTURE IN SPAIN.

ON the 9th of July, 1839, as my travelling companion, Don Francisco Fontela, and I, were about to enter the *parador* or Venta of Huerta, two leagues on this side of Ariza, we met the Saragossa diligence with only two passengers, the other five having remained behind at Calatayud to recover from the fright caused them by a party of robbers. The carriage bore visible marks of violence, as it was pierced by several bullets. We found upon enquiry, that the diligence, after being fired upon by four armed men, had been stopped between El Fresno and the above mentioned town of Calatayud, and the passengers stripped. This intelligence was by no means agreeable to me; but, as I calculated upon entering Calatayud by day-light, where I might take an escort to Almunia, and thence reach Saragossa without danger, I was not much alarmed. As it may be supposed, this event formed for some time the chief topic of our conversation. We were discoursing upon the chances we had to escape the danger which threatened us, when, just as we were entering the town of Ariza, at about three in the afternoon, we saw from the top of a gentle hill which the carriage was then ascending, four men on horseback galloping towards us, sword in hand. We immediately asked the *mayoral* who they were, and he told us that they were Carlists. At first, we did not believe him, and thought he was jesting; but we were soon after convinced of the correctness of his information by the appearance of four grim-looking fellows, wearing the *boina*, or Carlist cap, who surrounded our carriage and bid us

to stop, flourishing their swords and vociferating all the time "Viva Carlos V.," in which cry, however, we did not fail to join. Upon their inquiring whether we had any arms, and what had become of the *escopitero*, or coach-guard, the conductor answered that the carriage contained no arms whatever, and that it had no *escopitero*. They then ordered the mayoral to drive into the village, which he did through such crooked and narrow streets that the coach could hardly get along; the Carlists being all the time engaged in plundering its contents. Once out of the town, we were bid to halt; and the carriage consequently stopped in a field at the foot of the mountains and upon the banks of the Ialon, a small rivulet. The chief of the band then came up, and, bidding us get out of the carriage, asked me who I was, what profession I followed, and what object took me to Saragossa. I told him what my name was, and that I was an *attaché* to the British legation in Madrid, as my passport would show. My travelling companion was next interrogated; but, before he could return any answer, I came forward and said that he was my Spanish servant. Don Francisco was an *intendente*, going to Saragossa, and I was afraid that the knowledge of his rank and station might aggravate considerably our situation. The interrogatory being at an end, the Carlist chief ordered us in a more polite manner than before, to take out all our luggage, as he was going to set fire to the carriage, in compliance with the orders he had received from his superior commander. Having done so, we were directed to sit down at some distance under cover of a wall, whilst the Carlists set fire to the carriage, taking care of the bags containing the correspondence to Saragossa, France, &c. The carriage was soon a heap of ashes. Profiting, however, of the short interval which this strange *auto de fe* afforded us, and observing, moreover, that our detainers did not seem to wish to carry



things to the last extremity with us, I went up to the chief and asked him to let me go, as he could have no object whatever in detaining me, I being an Englishman by birth, and an *attaché* to the British legation. His answer was that he had orders from his superior, General Balmaseda, to conduct before him all persons of distinction that should happen to fall into his hands; and that it was for him to decide whether I should be allowed to continue my journey or not. I was about to urge my claim with greater authority, when the fear of making matters worse, and of compromising the safety of my travelling companion, who had been intrusted to my care, came suddenly to my mind, and I accordingly decided to wait patiently the result.

Meanwhile, another party of Carlists were lying in ambush near the town of Ariza, ready to pounce upon the diligence coming from Saragossa to Madrid, which was expected to pass by at that hour, but, fortunately for the passengers, the post-master of Ariza, who had the good luck to escape detention, rode up to them and warned them of the threatening danger. The diligence, therefore, stopped on the road, and the Carlists were disappointed of their prey. A *galera*, or waggon, belonging to a certain carrier of Saragossa, named Garcia, happening to pass at this time through Ariza, was stopped by the same band which attacked us. This vehicle contained, if I recollect right, eight passengers going to France. These were, a lieutenant of the foreign legion in the service of Spain, a fencing-master, and a baker, all Frenchmen; a copper-smith, a cooper, a barber from Saragossa, and lastly, a lieutenant of artillery of the *milicia nacional*, who was going to Teruel, where he held a public situation; besides two women, with whom the Carlists did not in the least interfere. All the other passengers, with the exception of the French lieutenant, who, after being stripped of all

his money and valuables, contrived to escape, were marched to the spot where my friend and I were sitting, and their trunks and other luggage came to increase the booty made upon a previous occasion. Orders were likewise given to fire the waggon; but, it being quite impossible that its huge mass should pass through the narrow streets of the town, and, moreover, as there was a danger that the flames might communicate to the adjoining houses, the order was countermanded, and the carrier suffered to redeem his waggon, mules, and cargo, not belonging to the passengers, for the comparatively small sum of three thousand reals, or about thirty pounds English money. The waggon was chiefly loaded with wool, which the carrier was also allowed to keep upon his declaring that it belonged to him.

Some hours had passed in questioning the passengers who had come by the waggon, and separating their luggage from what constituted the load of the waggon, when, at about six o'clock in the afternoon, we were told to prepare to march. We were all provided with donkeys to ride, and I must, in justice, say that the captain gave me the best beast and told the driver to take every care of me. My friend rode the same horse which had belonged to the postilion of the mail, and, after great trouble and considerable loss of time, we started on our expedition. Our order of march was as follows—my travelling companion and I were in front of the column, next came the *mayoral* and *zagal* of the mail, and the mules belonging thereto; the passengers of the *galera* followed; lastly, the line of march was closed by several mules or donkeys carrying the luggage or goods captured upon the two occasions. This long convoy was escorted by two lancers only: one of them, named Garcia, was a sergeant of whom I shall have occasion to speak hereafter. The other was a



coarse and brutal fellow, the servant of an officer belonging to another troop.

When I saw that we were so slightly guarded, and that, besides ourselves, we had in our favour the drivers of the mules, who had been reluctantly dragged away from home on this service, I began to consider how shameful it was that so many men should be led to captivity, and perhaps to death, by only two men on horseback, and how easy it would be to regain our liberty. I communicated my project to some of my fellow-sufferers, but no where did I find the aid which I expected. The fencing-master only said to me in French, "*Il n'y a pas d'union entre nous ; sans cela je suis sûr de mon homme.*"\* Time passed in this and other conversation, and, at nine in the afternoon, we arrived at the *corral*, or breeding-yard of *cabra la fuente*, three leagues from Ariza, where Serjeant Garcia bade us enter one by one, and shut us in, placing one of the drivers at the door, in order that none should escape. The frequent conversations in French which he had overheard without being able to understand, the discontent which he read in our countenances; and last, not least, the gesticulations and threatening mien of the French fencing-master, raised his suspicions, and he thought proper to confine us in a place of safety. I spread my cloak on the ground and lay down on it, much less with an intention to sleep, for I was certain not to close my eye-lids, than to rest my worn-out limbs; I also waited anxiously for the arrival of Captain Arranz, who was in command of this force and who was expected every moment, as I wished to speak to him about my liberation. He came at last, at about twelve o'clock, and I prepared to express my sentiments to him in the best manner I could. But, before I ventured to do so, I enquired

\* We are not united, otherwise I should be sure of my man.

from one of the soldiers what were the real character and intentions of that individual, and what the object of the incursion he was then making. I was told that he was a very good sort of fellow, and that he was assisted in the execution of his orders by a certain Carlist clergyman, who exercised great influence over him. Having asked to see the curate, he was pointed out to me, and I immediately went up to him with a view of gaining him to my cause. Strange to say, no sooner had I addressed him than he recognized me by the sound of my voice, it being then pitch dark, as we were not allowed to have a light in the place, and addressed me by name. I then found out that he was no other than the curate of Alhama, whom I had known upon a former occasion. He had gone over to the Carlists, and, profiting now by the incursion made into Aragon, had accompanied them with a view of settling some family affairs and getting a bill cashed at Ariza. I immediately explained my case to him, and begged that he should use his influence with the captain to obtain my liberation and that of my servant. He did so, but to no effect; for shortly after the captain himself came up to me, and said he was very sorry not to be able to accede to my wishes. Had he been present at the time of my being taken, it might have been accomplished; but now it was impossible, for, were he to let me go, some of his soldiers would undoubtedly denounce his act to Balmaseda, who would have him cashiered or perhaps put to death for daring to disobey his orders. He, however, promised that I should be treated with every possible regard and attention; that I would have the best horse to ride and every comfort that could be procured on the road. Seeing that all my arguments were in vain, and that I could not prevail upon the captain to set me at liberty, I resigned myself to my fate, and decided to wait the course of events. Captain de Joaquin Arranz, better known by the surname of



Joaquinillo, which his own men gave him, was a middle-aged, common looking man, who, having embraced the party of Don Carlos, and joined the rebels in Aragon, had risen from the ranks, and obtained promotion by his fidelity and his courage. He was a good-natured and kind-hearted man.

We started at two in the morning, with a most piercing cold. I rode by the side of the curate, all the time keeping my eye upon the mule that carried my luggage and that of my friend. In this way we trudged along for some time, until the cold of the morning began to increase in such a manner, that I do not recollect having ever felt any thing like it. I had on a pair of summer trousers, so that, although I wrapped myself up in my cloak as well as I could, I was literally frozen. This, coupled with mental anxiety, and the reflection of the impression which the news of my capture might make on my family and friends at Madrid, brought on an illness from which I suffered greatly.

At about five o'clock, P.M., we passed by the town of \* \* \* \*, which is very agreeably situated in the middle of a well-cultivated plain. Here the curate left us in search of some men whom he had sent forward to cash a bill; and we continued our march till seven, when we were ordered to halt. This order was a god-send for me, for I was so tired that I could hardly move. I wrapped myself up in my cloak, and threw myself on the ground. After one hour's sleep, which refreshed me considerably, I awoke and found that the curate was not yet returned from his expedition; and I began to fear that I had lost a friend, and that, perhaps, he would never come back. At nine o'clock we resumed our march, until we arrived at Milmarcos, seven hours distant from the breeding-yard where we had passed the night. Here I had the consolation to see again the curate, who joined us on the

road. He told us that he had lost his way, and had been obliged to take a guide.

Milmarcos is the last town of Castile on the frontier of Aragon. Upon our arrival there, my friend the curate took me with him to the house of the curate of the village, where breakfast was served. I could hardly swallow a cup of chocolate which was offered to me; but my protector remained in the house partaking of a tolerably good breakfast in company with the chief of our escort and the rest of the prisoners. Finding myself alone and unobserved, I took the opportunity of tearing the posting-license which I had with me, as it contained a note stating that I was the bearer of despatches from the English legation at Madrid. I was afraid that, were this circumstance to be found out, I might be asked to give them up. I tore, likewise, all the letters of introduction for Calatayud and Saragossa, of which I was the bearer, and wherein the object of my journey to the latter place was mentioned.

At Milmarcos, the chief of our escort released the *bagajeros* (mule-drivers), and their beasts, and took fresh ones. He also set at liberty the conductor and postilion of the mail, moved, no doubt, by a laudable sentiment of generosity. He sold a good portion of the pork taken in the waggon, at about eight shillings per *arroba*, or twenty-five pounds weight, and divided the produce among his own men, each having for his share twenty-six reals.

The party consisted of seven men, one sergeant, and the chief, who had the rank of captain. They were all mounted, and armed with lances. Each of them had a nick-name, or war-cry by which he was known, the simple enumeration of which will convey a sufficient idea of what sort of people they were. *Matauras*, or priest-killer, was the name of one, and it appears he had come by that appellation from his having once assassinated a venerable priest at Sigüenza. *Iuanon*, *Fisonomia*,



were the names of two of the others ; the latter was a ruffian, who might have cut a gallant figure even among Palillo's band of assassins. *Burquillos* was the nickname of a fourth, who boasted of having killed with his own hand no less than twenty-two individuals, without the least provocation on their part ; there was another one named *Cebada*, or barley. Garcia was the name of the sergeant, and I shall only say this about him, that a few days before our capture, he had received five hundred lashes by order of Balmaseda.

With such an agreeable company, we set out for the third time, and marched in the direction of *El molino de la Decheso*. As we trudged along the road, seeing myself alone with the curate and one of the drivers, a trusty man named Pascual Mañaco, I made a last effort to obtain my liberty, through the intercession of the former. I began by making him observe that the chief of the party had allowed the conductor and postilion of the mail to escape, while he kept me still in his power, exposing me to the great injury which both my health and my affairs would sustain by keeping me so long, and exposing me to so many hardships and privations. I protested that I had nothing to fear from Balmaseda, were I to be conducted to his presence ; and that he would, no doubt, release me immediately. These arguments seemed to have some weight upon the curate. He kindly promised me to renew his application at the first halting, and I bound myself, if I obtained my liberty, to bestow upon the soldiers four gold doubloons which I had by me, and besides to pay handsomely the driver who would undertake to accompany me to Saragossa. In order, however, to make things still more satisfactory, and in order to give the curate a proof of my gratitude, I took my gold watch, and, presenting it to him, begged him to keep it in token of remembrance. The curate refused at first ; but, upon my insisting, he accepted my present and

thanked me for it. This gave me courage, and, not doubting that I might already consider myself as free, I went up in great spirit and told Don Francisco to keep himself and horse in readiness, as I had no doubt that we should be set free almost immediately.

At about noon we arrived at *el molino* (the mill), where we halted. Sentries were placed all round it to prevent our escape, but we were otherwise allowed the full range of the building. Don Francisco and I stretched ourselves on the floor, as we were exceedingly tired. We were soon roused by the sound of a drum, and, looking out, we saw a party of men advancing upon the mill. These proved to be a party of infantry, about forty in number, with some cavalry officers, all belonging to the Carlist division commanded by a partizan chief named Miguel. The chiefs of both parties shook hands together, and joined in one of the rooms, whilst the soldiers went about the place. Don Francisco and I were admitted into their circle, and remained with them until the dinner hour. The newspapers found in the mail-bags were produced, and the curate began to read them to the company, of whom few, if any, were able to read. Strange enough, the papers happened to contain some letters from Cabrera and Arias Tejero to Don Carlos, which, having been intercepted, were published by order of the government. The correspondence turned, as it is well known, upon the relative position of the Carlist troops and officers in Aragon, and those which still supported the cause of Don Carlos in the Basque provinces.

But I will not pass without notice a fact highly creditable to these people, and which marks the natural courtesy of the Spaniards. Though we were surrounded by people professing different opinions, and following a course widely differing from our own, men who would not have scrupled to



put us to death; although the curate now and then read to them paragraphs highly irritating and injurious, inasmuch as they treated their sovereign with the greatest contempt, and cast ridicule upon their generals, not a word was uttered calculated to wound our feelings as partizans of Queen Isabella.

It was not till four o'clock in the afternoon that the worthy curate had an opportunity to enter into negociation with the chief of our escort, in order to obtain my liberation and that of my travelling companion. He took him apart and spoke to him for some time. The result of the conference, however, was not so satisfactory as I had anticipated. Joaquinillo's answer was that he could not decide without consulting his men, since, were he to grant my request, they might afterwards inform against him. I myself went up to him in order to vanquish his scruples, and offered to go and treat with the lads, promising at the same time that if the negociation were successful, I would remit him twenty pounds sterling, upon my arrival at Calatayud, besides the four gold doubloons, which I had engaged to give to his men. He assured me that I had nothing to fear, and that I would shortly be set free, as he had no doubt that his men would accede to my proposition. Whilst the negociation was going on, the curate thought proper to acquaint Miguel, the chief lately arrived, of what was passing, and, as the latter was the curate's friend, he not only approved of the step, but came good-naturedly to congratulate me upon my approaching liberation. A passport was immediately prepared for me and my servant, Don Francisco, which I hastened to take to Joaquinillo to have his signature, what was my astonishment to find that he refused to sign it, upon the plea that his men, at the instigation of Sergeant Burguillos, would not consent to my liberation. This ruffian had lately made himself guilty of every cruelty

and excess, committing various robberies and extorting money even from people devoted to Don Carlos. Finding that I had offered money for my liberation, he fancied that I was a person of importance and had large sums with me, and that my being taken to the Carlist camp might be looked upon as an eminent service, and as a sort of atonement for the crimes of which he had made himself guilty. I went up to him and made use of every entreaty, but in vain; he constantly refused to be a party to my liberation.

Cruelly disappointed in my expectation, I again fell into a desponding state of mind, the more so that I soon learned that the cooper, the copper-smith, and the French baker had been suffered to depart for no other reason than their being poor. We were soon ordered to march, and took the road to Odon, Miguel and his men marching in an opposite direction towards Castile. Soon after our departure, a violent dispute arose between Sergeant Burguillos and Joaquinillo, the former accusing the latter of having received money for the liberation of his prisoners. Incensed at this, Joaquinillo ordered three of his men to gallop after the poor men, but although they found them at a short distance from the place, they contented themselves with taking every thing from them, and suffered them to continue their journey, saying, on their return, that they had not found them. Far from putting an end to the dispute, this incident aggravated it, and, as we went along, there was nothing but vociferation and abuse, the men taking the part of one or other of their officers, until I began to fear an explosion, of which we all might be the victims.

At about one, we arrived at a village between *el Molino* and Odon, the name of which has escaped my memory; our party being diminished of five persons, besides some of the mule drivers, who, being no longer wanted, had been suffered to depart. I threw myself on the ground; but I was soon roused



from my slumber by one of the men belonging to the escort, who most unceremoniously kicked at me, saying that he wished to say a few words. This man was a spare, thin, savage-looking fellow, with small piercing eyes; Cebada (barley), was his name. He came to tell me that one of his comrades had just been talking of asking me for one doubloon, and that unless I immediately gave it up, he apprehended there would be a row. I thanked him for the information; but refused giving the money, upon the plea that not knowing how long I might be kept a prisoner, I did not like to part with my money; but if he and his comrades could agree to let me go, I would willingly give up to them every farthing I had about me. Whilst I was talking to this man, the signal for mounting was given, and I lost the last hope of accomplishing my liberation. We then started, bound for Odon, the small town before mentioned.

During the night, some of the ruffians who composed our escort, taking advantage of the obscurity, went up to one of the muleteers, and threatening him with instant death if he uttered a word, stopped the luggage mule confided to his care, broke open a trunk, the contents of which they proceeded to divide among themselves. Information of this outrage soon reached the ears of their commander, Joaquinillo, who, blind with rage, rode up to the men, and threatened to inform against them, upon his arrival at general quarters.

It was night when we reached Odon, where we were to spend a few hours. In order to avoid a repetition of what had just occurred, I directed Pascual, my muleteer, a fine, active lad, of about eighteen, to look out for a safe place for himself and the mule that carried my luggage. I, followed by Don Francisco, went to the house of the curate of the village, where I fixed my quarters. After taking some refreshment, I laid down and went to sleep; but I had scarcely shut my

eyes when I was suddenly awakened by a great noise in the street. I looked out, and saw Joaquinillo in the act of beating two men; one of whom belonged to his own party, whilst the other, who was a friend of Burguillos, had deserted his company at *el Molino*, and joined us. Fearing lest all these broils and disputes should bring on something very unpleasant for us prisoners, I made a last effort, if not to obtain my liberation and that of my travelling companion, at least, to part company with a set of ruffians over whom it now became quite clear that their captain had but little command. As the town of Molina, where General Balmaseda had his headquarters, was only four leagues distant from Odon, I proposed to Joaquinillo that he should allow me to remain at the curate's house, whilst he and his men marched to that place, and ascertained what were the General's intentions respecting us; engaging my solemn word not to depart from the village until Balmaseda's wish was known. All my arguments, however, were in vain. Joaquinillo pulled out his instructions and gave them to me to read. The order was thus conceived:—  
“The Captain, Lieutenant-Colonel by brevet, Don Joaquin Arranz, shall repair to the road between Saragossa and Madrid, shall stop the mail which is to leave Madrid on the 8th, besides all the diligences and other carriages that may happen to pass by, and will bring before me every thing he may find on them, and all the passengers of distinction. He will likewise go down to Alhama, and will seize all persons attending the baths there, and lead them before my presence, excepting those that may be so ill that their lives might be endangered through it.” Having read the instructions, I gave him back the paper, and suggested to him, that my health being considerably shaken by the fatigues of the journey, which I could no longer endure, I was naturally comprised in the number of those who were not to be marched to the general



quarters of Balmaseda; to which he replied that the order alluded merely to the people apprehended at the baths of Alhama, and by no means to those arrested on the road, and he ended by observing that in the state of insubordination in which his men were, he dare not take upon himself the responsibility of setting me at liberty, since, were he to do so, his life and that of the curate were in great danger among such a set of ruffians.

Seeing all hope vanish before me, I resigned myself to my fate, and prepared to start. We started at about ten, towards the river Celta; but we had scarcely marched half an hour, being then in a plain, two miles distant from Odon, when our attention was attracted by a great noise in the rear of our column. It was Joaquinillo, who was disputing with some of his men, and threatening them with a severe castigation as soon as he reached general quarters. The vociferation increased, the dispute rose high, and I expected at every moment to see them lay hands on their commander. It happened as I had foreseen; Sergeant Garcia, who rode on the right of Joaquinillo, suddenly pounced upon him, snatched his sabre from him, and aimed a terrific blow at his head, which the other parried with his arm. At the same time he hallooed to the men in front of the column to come to his assistance. "Cebada!" he said, "now is the time, go it boys, and we shall soon see who commands here!" Mad with rage, Joaquinillo begged Burguillos to lend him his sabre that he might punish the insolence of Garcia; but that wretch who was in the plot, rode away, leaving his captain to get out of the scrape as well as he could. Garcia then approached Joaquinillo, obliged him to dismount, which being done, our boxes and trunks were laid on the ground, broken open with the point of their lances, and their contents shared among them. Among the trunks, that of the French fencing-master

was conspicuous, since, besides a quantity of beautiful arms, such as swords, sabres, pistols, and so forth, it contained about one hundred pounds in money, the whole of which the ruffians proceeded to divide among themselves, notwithstanding the prayers and entreaties of their own captain and of the worthy curate. The Frenchman's rage, when he saw his doubloons pass into the hands of these men, cannot well be described. He pulled his hair, stamped his foot, and cried like a child, saying that he was a ruined man, and that he had lost in one unlucky hour the savings of many years. For my part, I own that when I saw such a scene of confusion and want of discipline, I began to fear the worst consequences, and therefore, taking with me my muleteer, Pascual, I went up to the curate, who, with his two servants, Thomas and Andrew, was standing aloof from the party. My comrade, Francisco, being in as great a state of alarm as myself, came also there for protection, and joined our party. Meanwhile, the men, after holding a short conference, despatched one of their number to me. It was Cebada, and I saw him approach us with a countenance which boded no good. Taking me apart, as well as the curate, he asked me what money I had. I answered him that I had no more than the four doubloons which I had in the first instance offered as the price of my liberation; these he made me give him, adding that I now might go with my servant whither I pleased. Shortly after, Sergeant Garcia made his appearance, and, mixing in the conversation, asked me what I had done with my watch. I told him that, having experienced much kindness at the hands of the curate, during our march, I had thought it proper to present him with it, in token of gratitude; upon which he went up to the curate, and asked him to surrender it, which he did. Thus ended this scandalous scene; the insurgents, seven in number, then left us, taking with them the horse belonging to the captain, who remained on foot.



I might easily have profited of the opportunity which now presented itself, to part company with these people; but, not knowing to what dangers I might be exposed on the road, I preferred remaining with the captain, and waiting for a more favourable opportunity. I ought here to observe that, owing to some circumstance for which I cannot well account, my port-manteau was not touched by the insurgents.

Having replaced on the mules' backs those articles of our luggage which they would not take away, we resumed our march in the direction of Corija del Campo. One hour afterwards we halted at a place distant two leagues from the above-mentioned town, where a scene awaited us far more tragic than the one which we had just witnessed. The sun was high and the heat was insufferable. Our first step after halting, was to run to a neighbouring fountain to quench the raging thirst which devoured us. The French fencing-master, always the first on such occasions, seized a large pitcher which happened to be there, drank a copious draught, and passed it over to the curate, who drank, and gave it to me. I then returned it to the Frenchman, who offered it to Burguillos, who had by that time approached the fountain on horseback. I was looking in another direction, when I heard all of a sudden a most terrific shriek. I looked, and saw Burguillos stretched on the ground with one hand on his head, screaming at the top of his voice that he had been murdered; and saw, almost at the same time, the fencing-master intrepidly attacking Joaquinillo, sword in hand. Without ascertaining the cause of the disturbance, and thinking, no doubt, that a party of the enemy had suddenly made its appearance upon the spot, the curate, in great fright, galloped off. I followed him on foot, entreating him to stop and allow me to mount behind him; but this he would not allow, on the plea that if we were to fall in with a party of Christinos they would do me no harm, whilst they would

most undoubtedly put him to death. I then left him, and perceiving a stone wall at some distance from the road, hid myself behind, to wait the result of this most unexpected occurrence, which I could nowise explain. I afterwards ascertained that, whilst Burguillos was in the act of raising the pitcher which the fencing-master tendered him, to his mouth, the latter stabbed him twice with a dagger which he had concealed in his coat-sleeve; taking then the sabre of his adversary, who lay stretched on the ground, he went up to attack Joaquinillo, repeating all the time, with theatrical emphasis, "Stand by my side, national guards! Liberty for ever!" At this moment, one of the muleteers took up a stone, and hurled it with such dexterity and violence at the poor Frenchman's head, that it struck him on the right temple and brought him senseless to the ground, and Joaquinillo coming up, soon ran his sabre through his body. Such was the end of this madman, who, when his assistance might have been of some use, had rejected my proposition to attack the escort; and who, goaded now to revenge by the loss of his savings, made a useless display of his courage, and brought death on himself.

I had been about an hour in my hiding place, when I again saw our column moving slowly along the road. I confess that I was long hesitating whether I should join them or not, as I might easily have procured a guide to take me to Calatayud, but the intendente was still among them, and as he had been strongly recommended to my care, I did not like to abandon him, the more so that had he reached general quarters without me, and had his real name been ascertained, he would have been put to death immediately. I therefore joined the column, determined to share my comrade's fate, or save his life. Soon after, Burguillos made his appearance under the care of one of the passengers of the galera. He was badly, though not



mortally wounded; but he was so weak from the loss of blood that he was obliged to remain at a village one league on this side of Corija, where we made a short stay.

As we were approaching the river Celta, our small escort began to give visible signs of fear, as we were then getting near to a district which was in the possession of the Queen's troops. We passed through Corija, without stopping, and having crossed the river, found ourselves on the road, which goes from Saragossa to Ceruel. Here, Joaquinillo, having seen in the distance a small picquet of cavalry, thought they were Christinos, and galloped away in an opposite direction, obliging us to follow him. Having, however, found out that the suspicious horsemen belonged to their own party, he drew up, and we then proceeded at a more moderate rate, till we came to the foot of a mountain-chain in those districts, which the Carlists emphatically called their line, and which afforded them great protection, being generally very high and of difficult access. We entered these mountains through a narrow and precipitous pass, about two miles long, at the end of which we met a few sheep grazing, the first that I had seen during my peregrination. Here we halted for a while, and after some time resumed our march. When we were about to start, we found that one of our fellow-prisoners, the passenger by the waggon, had disappeared. He was an artillery officer, and fearing that, upon his arrival at general quarters, he would be immediately shot, he took advantage of the halt we made at this spot to make his escape from his guards. The poor man, however, chose a most unlucky moment; for, scarcely had he proceeded half a mile on his road, when he was stopped by a cavalry soldier, who presented him to the commander of our escort, just at the time we were entering the town of Rubielos. The soldier stated that he had found that man alone on the road, who told him that he was a Carlist artillery soldier

belonging to the garrison of Segura; but that, suspecting all was not right with him, he had brought him to his presence. Hearing this, Joaquinillo got into a great rage, saying, "the scoundrel lies, he is no Carlist, he is one of our prisoners just escaped from us;" then, turning towards his men, he made them a signal, and told them to take away the guilty officer. Suspecting some mishap, I went up to Joaquinillo, and earnestly enquired of him what orders he had given respecting the prisoner, when he answered me with the greatest composure, "I have ordered him to be shot!"

Rubielos is a small town, the first in the territory then occupied by the Carlists. Immediately after our arrival there, the commander of the escort, with the luggage and goods seized in this marauding expedition, took up his quarters in one of the best houses of the town, myself, my friend, and the curate, went to another. It had been previously agreed between the curate and myself, that during our halt at this place, I was to take from my luggage such objects as might excite the curiosity, or tempt the rapacity of the Carlists, when I came to Balmaseda's presence. I therefore profited of the opportunity thus afforded to me, to destroy various papers, which might have made my case worse, if found upon me, such as letters of introduction to General O'Donnell, and to the English commissaries, besides some papers relating to the commissariship of the army of the centre, of which I was the contractor. Relieved of this weight, which caused me considerable uneasiness, I took some trifles out of my portmanteau and put them into a carpet-bag, which went with the curate's luggage, as belonging to him. I ought to observe, that the curate, who undoubtedly took great interest in my safety, told me, before we entered the town, that General Balmaseda was a rash and irritable man, and might, upon hearing what had occurred, order some violence to be committed, and therefore



that he advised me to stop at Rubielos, and allow the rest of the column to go on ! which might easily be accomplished by obtaining from the village doctor a certificate that the state of my health did not allow my continuing on the journey. That, moreover, if Balmaseda felt disposed to set me at liberty, he (the curate) would immediately return to give me the agreeable intelligence, and to conduct me to a spot where I might find the Queen's troops. That, if on the contrary, he saw things not look well, and thought my life was in danger, he would immediately acquaint me of it, through a confidential person, who would undertake to guide me to a place of safety, through paths only known to himself. But, when the curate came back to supper, he informed me that our plan could no longer be carried into execution, since the commander of the escort would not allow me, upon any consideration, to remain behind, inasmuch as he wanted me at general quarters, in order to justify his own conduct before General Balmaseda. In this state of mind, I laid down upon a wretched bed, which had been prepared for me, but which, upon that occasion, seemed to me a most luxurious couch, as I had had nothing else but the hard earth to repose my wearied limbs on for four consecutive days; and I prepared to meet, on the following day, the man who enjoyed the greatest reputation for cruelty among the Carlists.

The communication which Joaquinillo, or rather the curate, in his name, addressed to his superior from this place, was couched in terms calculated to predispose the General in my favour. It was therein stated that, among the prisoners, were an *employé* of the British legation, and his man servant, who, far from profiting by the opportunity offered them by the mutineers, had throughout the march behaved in the most honourable manner.

At about eight in the morning of the 12th we started for

Pancrudo, a small town situated in the midst of mountains, through which there seemed to be neither road nor path. After marching two miles, we crossed the turnpike road from Ceruel, and continued our road along the mountains, wherein, according to one of our conductors, some years ago, several thousand heads of cattle found abundant pasturage, whereas, at present, not one sheep is to be seen! Such are the devastating effects of civil war! We entered Pancrudo at one o'clock in the afternoon, and found that Brigadier-General Rolo, the brother-in-law of Cabrera, had just left the place at the head of two battalions and two troops of cavalry, in the direction of Lucena, owing to which no provisions of any sort could be found in the place. I made every effort to procure eggs, but none were to be found. The only food we could obtain was dried cod-fish, cooked with rancid oil, and smelling of garlic, of which, of course, I was obliged to partake with the rest, to escape starvation. As we were sitting at this luxurious repast, in came, galloping, an orderly of Balmaseda, who brought a verbal message from that chief to Joaquinillo. Taking him apart, he communicated to him the orders of which he was the bearer, whilst the curate and myself remained in suspense, not knowing what to think. Presently, Joaquinillo made a sign to me and to the curate to approach, and told us that he had received orders from the General to proceed forthwith to a place called Martin del Rio, with all his prisoners, enjoining him at the same time to treat me with every consideration and respect. It is impossible for me to describe the effect which these words of peace had upon me; they were like the balm poured upon the wounds,—like the return of fine weather after a tempest. I recovered all my spirits, and went immediately to see my friend, to whom I communicated the agreeable intelligence I had just received, exhorting him to take courage, as we had nothing to fear from



a man who showed such courtesy and attention towards his prisoners.

The territory between Pancrudo and San Martin del Rio is exceedingly picturesque and agreeable. The soil is very fertile, and the land well cultivated; there is, besides, plenty of water, owing to which the harvest, as in most towns of Aragon, is very plentiful.

About sunset of the same day we came in sight of the town. We were at about a musket-shot from it, when we saw four men on horseback making for our party. One of them, who came in the middle, and who was taller and stouter than the rest, rode with an air of great authority, which called my attention. This made me inquire of the curate and Joaquinillo, who rode by my side, who could these be; when to my great astonishment I heard them say to each other—"It is General Balmaseda!" We immediately dismounted, seeing which, the general came up, gave me his hand, and addressing me in English, asked me whether I could speak Spanish. I answered him in the affirmative, telling him at the same time, that I was delighted to hear him speak my native tongue, in which, however, he never uttered another word. I took hold of his arm, which he offered me, and we walked towards the village, followed at some distance by the curate, Joaquinillo, and the general's own escort. Upon arriving at his quarters, the general ordered the prisoners to be billeted about the town, and the luggage and goods removed to his own house, desiring me and my friends to take up our residence there, adding with much courtesy and affability,—“I am exceedingly sorry that my people have caused you such delay and inconvenience; but, on the other hand, this affords me the pleasure of having you in my company, and giving you an opportunity of judging by yourselves, whether a Carlist chief can always be made responsible for the excesses committed

by his subordinates." He then asked me, whether I had any complaint to make against Joaquinillo or his men. I told him I had none, and that, although I had been exceedingly annoyed by being taken so far out of my way, I was yet disposed to forgive him, in consideration for the kind treatment which I now experienced at his hands; and I concluded by advising him to give strict orders in future, that the chiefs of such marauding expeditions should not interfere with foreigners, or gentlemen belonging to foreign legations. He offered me his excuses, saying that, although he had fully intended to do so in the present case, he had forgotten to give the order.

On entering his rooms the general placed them at my disposal, according to Spanish fashion, adding that I might consider myself at home. I, accordingly, asked for some refreshment, which I was told was about to be served, having been prepared for my arrival; so it was, for soon after some soldiers brought into the room chocolate and ices in abundance, of which I partook; Balmaseda then asked me, what news I brought from the capital? I answered, that I considered him quite as well informed as myself, through his spies, to which he nodded assent. Then taking me to a balcony, which overlooked the street, he began telling me, how he had been an emigrant, first in Portugal and afterwards in England, where he had picked up the little English which he knew; how, after a long exile, he had returned to Spain, to fight for the cause of Don Carlos, whom he looked upon as the only rightful sovereign of Spain. He then entered at large into the history of his own campaigns, without forgetting even to mention the cruelties of which he had frequently made himself guilty. This he related with great *naïveté*, and without showing the least repentance at what he had done. He told me likewise of his differences with Marotto, and of the great



hopes he and his friends still entertained that the cause of Don Carlos would ultimately succeed, united as he (Balmaseda) was with the heroic Cabrera and with the Count d'Espagne, with both of whom he acted in combination; concluding by saying, that were Don Carlos to remove from his side the traitor Marotto, the triumph of his cause was certain.

Whilst we were thus conversing together, supper was announced, and we all went to the room where the table was laid; but a circumstance occurred which had well nigh annihilated all my hopes, and brought perdition on myself and my travelling companion. Having ascertained from his own people that my *valet de chambre*, as Don Francisco was called, was in the habit of taking his meals with me, the general had given orders that a couvert should also be put for him, in order not to deprive me of his company. The reader may judge of my consternation, when I ascertained that he had, accordingly, been sent for to come to supper. My friend, the intendente, was a man much known among the Carlists, and should Balmaseda or any of his officers recognize him, all was over with us. I immediately went up to the general, and told him that, although it was true that during our peregrination he had dined at my table, I could by no means allow him now to take his seat by me, especially in presence of a general, and, therefore, desired him to remain below with the servants of his household; and, from fear of some misunderstanding, I sent him a message through the curate, entreating him not to come up, if he valued his life and my own. Here Balmaseda left the room for a few minutes, after introducing me to his legal adviser, the celebrated Gomez Arias, with whom I had some conversation. He was a man of very good manners and considerable talent, an Asturian by birth; he had gone, when young, to the university of Salamanca, where he had passed his degrees, obtaining soon after the post of corregidor in a

large town. When the civil war broke out, Gomez Arias, who was a man of monarchical principles, was dismissed from his office, joined Don Carlos in the Basque provinces, and was appointed assessor or counsel to the army. He was subsequently promoted to the office of chief clerk in the department of Grace and Justice, under Arias Cexciro, who placed all his confidence in him. When the latter was dismissed, through the intrigues of General Marotto, Gomez Arias and others, who had remained faithful to Don Carlos, took advantage of Balmaseda's march into Aragon and followed him thither, an act which gained him the consideration and esteem of all the Carlist chiefs, and particularly of Cabrera.

We were six at supper: General Balmaseda, a colonel of cavalry, named Esase; another colonel of infantry, whose name I do not recollect; Gomez Arias, the curate, and myself. After supper, the curate read the newspapers taken in the mail, among which, as before related, were those of the 8th, containing the intercepted letters of Cabrera and Arias Cexciro to Don Carlos. I observed that the former was applauded by the assembly with greater enthusiasm than the latter. Barring this short political digression, the conversation turned upon agreeable topics, Balmaseda repeatedly expressing a wish that I should spend a few days with them, as he wished very much to show me Morella and Cantavieja, as well as Villaluingo, where he had lately established a gun manufactory. At Morella, he told me, I should admire the fortifications, which had been greatly strengthened under his direction, besides several manufactories of cloth and other stuffs for the use of his army; and at Cantavieja I might see the casting of cannon. I declined the offer, under the plea, that having been already detained several days, and being the bearer of important dispatches for the English government, I could not avail myself of his kind invitation, however agreeable such a visit would



have been to me at any other time. I moreover pleaded as an excuse, the anxiety under which my family and friends would undoubtedly be, knowing that I was a prisoner; I therefore begged of him to let me depart at daybreak on the following day, which he very kindly promised, offering me as an escort the same Joaquinillo and one of his orderlies, with instructions to conduct me to whatever town of Aragon I wished most, provided I should not compromise the safety of those who accompanied me. He did more, he gave me a passport, or general order, enjoining all the *alcaldes* and governors of towns, through his small dominions, to provide me with whatever I might want. He also offered me one of his own horses to ride, and taking out a purse full of gold begged of me to accept it, in compensation for that which his soldiers had taken from me. I declined this generous offer, saying, that the curate had hitherto provided me with what I wanted; but, upon his insisting that I should keep it, I opened the purse and took out one gold doubloon, which I put into my pocket.

It was near one when I went to bed, my kind host going so far as to examine it, to see whether it was comfortable and well made. At three o'clock I was awakened by a man, who served me some chocolate, and told me that everything was ready for my departure. I went down into the court-yard, accompanied by General Balmaseda, who was kind enough to inspect very minutely the saddle of my horse, and, when he had ascertained that all was right, I mounted, and, taking an affectionate farewell of him, left the place at a quick pace.

My joy and that of my friend, the intendente, at seeing us thus out of the reach of the Carlist chief can hardly be described. We rode as fast as we could, until we came to Muniesa, a town seven leagues distant from the Carlist camp. It was then eleven o'clock, at which hour the heat was so intense that, notwithstanding our great anxiety to get out of the

Carlist territory as soon as possible, we found it impossible to proceed any farther, especially as the horse of the intendente and those of our two guards were not of the best description. We halted till half-past five, at which hour we resumed our march for Belchite. Perceiving, however, that Joaquinillo and his companion began here to feel uneasy, and seemed afraid of meeting the Christino troops, I released them from their engagement, and told them they might return to their camp, which they immediately did. Joaquinillo took an affectionate leave of me, and gave me some commissions for Saragossa, which I promised to fulfil faithfully, and send him by the muleteer Pascual.

We arrived at Licera accompanied by only one guide, a native of that district, who told us that the road was infested by footpads, who not unfrequently robbed and murdered stray passengers. As we were unarmed we proceeded along the road with the utmost precaution, but met with no accident. On our arrival at Licera I went immediately to the alcalde, and having shown him Balmaseda's passport, asked him for a house to lodge in; but recollecting nearly at the same time that one of my Saragossa friends had a house there, I went up to it, and found it occupied by his sister, to whom I introduced myself as a friend of her brother. I found her *en tertulia* with some friends, who no sooner saw me enter the room than, mistaking me for a Carlist officer, they stopped all conversation, and would not answer my questions except by monosyllables, although I presented myself as the friend of the master of the house. I was, however, accommodated with a good room for myself and my friend, and was otherwise kindly treated. After this, having intimated to the alcalde that I wished to depart at one o'clock on the following morning, I desired him, in virtue of the orders of which I was the bearer, to procure me three armed men to escort me to the next vil-



lage. This he refused to do, under various pretences, saying, that the men were at that time occupied in their field labours, and that he could not oblige any of them to accompany me. I was negotiating with the alcalde, when the curate of the village, a respectable old man, approached us, and having inquired whether my name was Buschenthal, pulled out a letter, which a person unknown to me, and living in a neighbouring town, called Mediana, had written to a farmer of Licera, named Hacedera, begging him to do all in his power to liberate me from the hands of the Carlists, by paying any sum of money they might ask for my ransom, and at the same time to provide me with everything requisite for my journey to Saragossa. The good farmer was already preparing to go in search of me, his horse was saddled and waiting at the door of his house, when he heard that two strangers coming from the Carlist camp had just entered the village. Without loss of time he dispatched the curate to know who we were, and having ascertained that I was the person mentioned in the letter came to offer me his services, and, without further delay, procured me the three armed men to escort me.

We started from Licera at half-past one, and arrived at Belchite, two leagues off, at about five. Belchite is one of the best towns in Aragon; it is surrounded by gardens, and has abundant springs, which irrigate and fertilise all the country around. At any other time I might have been tempted to make a short stay in this town; but so anxious was I to reach Saragossa, that without stopping more than the time necessary to take some refreshment, I started for Mediana, where we arrived at half-past eight, after a most fatiguing and uninteresting ride through a flat and sterile country. Mediana is a fine town, situated in the middle of a rich and fertile district watered by one of the tributaries of the Ebro. Upon my arrival there, I went straight to the house of the person who

had written to Licera about me, but found he was absent, as he had returned to Saragossa immediately after executing the commission which had been entrusted to him by my friends of that city. My presence, however, surrounded as I was by armed men, threw the ladies of the house into alarm; for they began to scream and cry, thinking we were Carlist soldiers coming in search of the master, who, it appears, had upon two other occasions been carried off to the Carlist camp. I calmed them by saying, that far from being a Carlist, as they supposed, I was the very person for whose liberation the owner of that house had been lately exerting himself. We were treated by these ladies with every attention, and, after a short stay among them, we started at about four o'clock, P.M., having previously dismissed our escort from Licera, and taken as guides three men-servants of the house. We halted one league from the village, at a breeding-yard situated on the banks of the Ebro, which belonged to the hospital of Saragossa.

We then went on to *El Burgo*, where we took chocolate at the house of a son of our guest of Mediana, and we arrived at Saragossa. We entered Saragossa by the gate del Angel. Here my friend, the intendente, could no longer command his feelings; he threw himself down from his horse, exclaiming "Thank God! we are in Saragossa. I always thought I had Balmaseda and his people at my heels." I found a number of friends waiting for me, as I had sent an express from Mediana to announce my arrival, and to enclose them a letter for my wife. I also met the lieutenant of the French Legion, who, as before stated, had made his escape from the waggon, and had arrived safe at Saragossa, notwithstanding the men of our escort told us that he had been drowned in attempting to ford the river. The intendente went to a private house, where a friend of his, also employed in the finance department, was lodging; what was his astonishment to find that the



house was kept by the sister of one of our fellow-sufferers, the barber of the waggon, who had likewise reached Saragossa in safety. When the mutineers left us near the town of Odon, they took along with them the wretched barber, whom they afterwards released two leagues beyond that place; the Carlists taking the road of Castile, whilst he himself went to Calatayud, whence he returned to his family. Soon after his arrival, the Intendente was attacked by fever brought on by the fatigue of the journey and the mental anxiety, as well as bodily fear, to which he had been constantly exposed; for, had his rank and station been known to the Carlists, they would undoubtedly have put him to death, or at least sent him to the depôt at Cantavieja, where he might have remained a long time, owing to the difficulty of procuring a prisoner of the same rank to exchange for him; such, however, were the care and attention of the barber and his sister that, in a very short time, he recovered his health, and was enabled to enter into his duties as Intendente.

As to myself, I experienced no change in my health: the day after my arrival at Saragossa, I sent Pascual, the muleteer, with letters for Balmaseda and the curate, to each of whom I sent a suitable present, as a proof of my gratitude for their good services, and I also gave Pascual a handsome remuneration.

J. B.

## THE LETHE-DRAUGHT.

BY MISS GARROW.

FILL thy heart with moonlight,  
Fill it to the brim !  
Through its caverns let a river  
Of pale radiance glance and quiver,  
O'er its quicksands, fires, abysses,  
Let a tide of Lethe-kisses  
Swiftly coolly swim.  
All forgotten, all forgiven,  
Be the wrongs of earth and heaven ;  
And with depths of dreamy treasure,  
More than rest, and less than pleasure ;  
Fill thy being, fill it up,  
From the great moon's crystal cup !  
There is magic virtue  
In the moonlight fair ;  
Tears of sorrow, faint and single,  
With its tide refuse to mingle,  
But transformed to pearls, they drown  
Thousand liquid fathoms down ;  
While along the air,  
Doubling every charm reflected,  
Hope-begotten, chance-directed,  
Fancies undefined and sweet,  
O'er the wave with noiseless feet,  
Pass in bright caprice and glee,  
With a hand-kiss, laughingly—



Or upon the surface shining,  
 Lie in slumb'rous peace reclining,  
 Pure as water blossoms white,  
 When they shed uncertain light  
 Through the growing shade of night.

\* \* \* \* \*

Is thy spirit brimming?  
 Are its yearnings o'er?  
 Does the night breeze, stealing by thee,  
 With love-murmurs vainly try thee?  
 Do the garden odours waken  
 Not *one* dream of scenes forsaken?  
 Are no once loved faces peeping  
 In the waters calmly sleeping,  
 Troubling them with smiles or weeping?

Then no more!—no more!—  
 Go thy way with silent tread;  
 Fold thine arms, and bow thy head,  
 Thankfully, oh thankfully.  
 Thou hast proved that mother Nature  
 Hath a kindly remedy,  
 For her every suffering creature,  
 So they seek it trustfully!

FLORENCE, *May* 14, 1846.







## WAITING FOR LOVERS.

BY CHARLES HOWARD.

Now that all our younger guests are gone,  
Darest thou raise the veil the past which covers,  
And this blithesome picture look upon  
Of two maidens waiting for their lovers?  
Thou, with Joy's young roses on thy cheek,  
I, with visions crowned that heavenward bore me,  
Needing then no oracles to seek,  
Life's long future seemed so sure before me!  
Sister! what is left for thee and me,  
Save old age and bitter memory?

Hast thou yet forgotten, Mabel dear,  
How that evening shone the sunlight golden,  
And the sheep-bell tinkling far and clear,  
Told of weary shepherds their flocks folding?  
While we talked of joyous years in store  
Thou and I should pass so near together,  
Little dreaming of that wild lee-shore,  
And that ocean mad with angry weather,—  
Now, 't is almost spectre-like to see  
Our young figures on that balcony!

Weep upon my breast, mine only friend!  
Both by all, save our old love, forsaken;  
Ours, a weary journey—near its end,  
A wild dream—but we shall soon awaken;  
Those who wooed us, sainted angels pale,  
Yonder, mid the eve's effulgence roaming,  
Look o'er us, as we o'erlooked that vale  
From above, and listen for our coming!  
Gently worn one! pass; nor wait for me—  
I am stronger, and should last be free!



## VICENTE AVILA, THE CUBAN.

BY R. BERNAL, ESQ., M.P.

SEVENTY or eighty years ago, Cadiz was a town of considerable bustle and gaiety. Its port was resorted to, by merchants of all countries, and its lodging-houses and places of public entertainment were filled with foreigners, and occasional residents from other parts of Spain, and the colonies. It was the custom for many of those engaged in commercial pursuits, to dine at some public table, at an early hour, and there to arrange convivial meetings, and other plans of amusement, for the evening.

The *Cadena de Oro*, was a house, then much in vogue ; its excellent dinners, and careful attentions, attracted a large proportion of the casual sojourners at Cadiz, and more particularly of those, who indulged in a liberal expenditure. Amongst the circle, generally to be found at its public table, was an Englishman, named Herbert Jennings. He had come to Cadiz, on matters of business connected with a mercantile firm in London, in whose employ, he acted as the principal and confidential agent. Young, well-informed, and gentlemanlike in manners, and speaking the Spanish language with fluency, he became a favourite with the guests, who daily assembled at the *Cadena de Oro*. It was not, by any means, a common habit, for females, to join in the public dinner society at this house, or indeed at any *fonda*, or *casa de pupilos*, in the town. Still there were occasional exceptions, and at the table of the *Cadena de Oro*, Don Vicente Avila, and his niece Leonora, were frequent visitors.

This gentleman, and his relative, had not long arrived at Cadiz, from the island of Cuba, where, it was said, he possessed large properties. Avila was a man, who had reached the middle term of life, and in his external appearance, and demeanour, was a favourable specimen of the Spanish creole. Frank, and courteous in his intercourse with strangers, and without any tincture of the reserve, which then prevailed in the character of the continental Spaniard, he never failed to create an immediate and agreeable impression. To this advantage, were to be added, those, of a tall and well-shaped figure, and of handsome and distinguished features. It was also, no small recommendation of this gentleman, that he was fond of pleasure, and society, and appeared to be the master of extensive pecuniary means, which, he expended profusely. His niece, Leonora, who might have been of the age of two or three and twenty years, was a very engaging person. With one of those delicately fair complexions, which are sometimes to be seen in the colonies; she had intelligent and expressive eyes, and a profusion of dark and glossy hair. These attractions were combined with a graceful form and carriage, a voice of insinuating melody, and a winning felicity of conversation.

An intimate acquaintance was gradually formed between Herbert Jennings and the Avilas. He was their constant attendant at the bull fights, the Alameda, and other places of public resort; and the companion of Don Vicente, at the various tables for *monte*, and other games, which abounded in Cadiz. Avila was decidedly addicted to play, its excitement seemed part of his nature, and no one in Cadiz, was more ready to venture higher stakes in the course of that perilous amusement. This example was infectious with respect to Jennings, who, by little and little, became at length, one of the regular and devoted followers of the gaming table. As



long as he restricted himself to this pursuit, when in the company of Avila, he met with no serious losses; perhaps, on the contrary, he might have been a gainer—for, in such case, he was in the habit merely of betting upon his friend's side, who was skilful and experienced in all the games of chance, then in fashion. But when, it happened, that Jennings adventured without his friend, he was generally, at the end of the night, a considerable loser.

Vicente Avila, who, evidently, had conceived a kind interest on behalf of the young Englishman, did not fail to point out to him, in private, the imprudence of his conduct, and the slender chance of success for an inexperienced foreigner, against the wary and unscrupulous gamblers of Cadiz. But remonstrances and advice were ineffectual, the passion had taken too powerful a hold of Jennings. Even the fascinating charms of Leonora, could not altogether withdraw him from its dangerous influence.

One night, during a temporary absence at Xeres, of the uncle and his fair niece, Herbert Jennings, engaged in a determined bout at play, with three or four of the most resolute gamblers at Cadiz. Ill-fortune, from the very outset, befell him; and being soured and excited by increasing losses, he rashly trebled the amount of the usual stakes. The result was calamitous. In the morning, Jennings found himself not only a loser of every *onza* he owned, but also of a large sum of money, belonging to his employers in London, which had been remitted to him, to meet certain pressing engagements of the firm.

Jennings, on his return to his lodgings, was overwhelmed by bitter and gloomy reflections. He, too plainly, foresaw, the painful exposure, and disgrace that awaited him, and the consequent and inevitable destruction of all his hitherto bright prospects. No alternative, but that of suicide, or ignomi-

nious flight, presented itself to his disordered fancy. He had no quarter to turn to, for assistance; a strong sense of shame, amounting to repugnance, indisposed him, from seeking the aid and advice of Vicente Avila. Before, however, he had finally resolved on any decisive step, Avila, who had arrived early in the morning, from Xeres, called on him. The agitation of Jennings, was too violent, to admit of concealment, or evasion, and Avila, suspecting the cause, soon entered entirely into the confidence of his friend. The Spaniard, on this occasion, avoided a prolix and useless lecture on the folly and imprudence of the Englishman. He contented himself, with briefly and forcibly remarking, that a perseverance in such conduct, would end in total ruin; and he freely and generously offered to advance, any sum of money, that might be required. The sole condition, to which, this handsome offer was subject, was, a promise, that Jennings should bind himself, never to engage in play, except in betting upon his friend, and then only with his previous consent. He did not even ask for any guarantee, or written acknowledgment of the money, which was handed over without delay, though Jennings insisted upon giving a note of hand for the amount. Thus, the credit and character of Jennings, were preserved by the disinterested conduct of the friendly Spaniard, and the young Englishman, restored to peace of mind, and his former position, felt, that he had incurred a heavy debt of gratitude to his benefactor.

A few weeks passed away, without the occurrence of any new incident; Jennings, warned by the risks, he had been exposed to, faithfully kept his engagement. He now sought the society of Leonora continually, by whose charms, he was completely entangled. To all appearances, his attentions were acceptable to the lady, but whether they were regarded in a favourable light, by her uncle, was not equally certain.



Perhaps, the difference of the religious creeds of the parties, or the objections naturally arising from the past imprudence of the Englishman, might have operated on the caution of the uncle. Still the friendly intimacy between them, remained unabated.

About this time, the society at the *Cadena de Oro*, received an addition, in the person of a French gentleman, M. de Brissotin, a Bordeaux merchant, who came to Cadiz, in his way to the Havana, on a commercial voyage. On his joining the company, this gentleman manifested great uneasiness of manner, when Avila and his niece took their seats. Nor was this excitement on his part, diminished, when he first heard the sound of their voices. He could hardly refrain from fixing his eyes with marked anxiety, upon them. He eagerly inquired their names, of his neighbour, at the dinner table, but the answer did not afford him, the slightest satisfactory information, as he (de Brissotin) was not acquainted with them. On the other hand, Avila and Leonora took no particular notice, nor evinced any recognition of him, whatever. Upon the conclusion of the repast, Jennings, at the instance of Avila, engaged to escort his niece, in the cool of the evening, to the residence of a mutual acquaintance at a distant part of the town; Avila, having an appointment elsewhere, to attend. Jennings availed himself, of this opportunity, to press his suit to his fair companion, in a more regular and serious manner, and a kind of doubtful consent was obtained from her, subject always to the ratification and authority of her relative, as to which, she expressed apprehensions.

The party assembled at the *Cadena de Oro*, continued for some days, to meet and separate, in the usual manner. M. de Brissotin, though he did not persevere in staring so pointedly at the Spaniard and his niece, was not completely

at his ease. By degrees, this awkwardness wore away, and he, at last, was in the daily habit of engaging in conversation, and social intercourse with them. Here, the attractions of Leonora, came into all powerful action. It was impossible, that a lively and susceptible being from the banks of the Garonne, like de Brissotin, could escape their magical magnetism. Ere long, the associates of Jennings, began to joke him, on the prospect of having an important rival, in the field. This was much to the annoyance of the Englishman, who imagined, that of late, his Spanish friends, had not discouraged the gallant attentions paid by de Brissotin. The refined, and elegant, yet tormenting coquetry, which a Spanish woman, can so skilfully administer, through the medium of her eloquent eyes, her delicate fingers, and her restless fan, contributed to keep Jennings in a perpetual fever of hope, doubt, and jealousy.

Affairs were thus progressing, when it chanced, one day, before the company at the table of the *Cadena de Oro*, had broken up, that the conversation took an animated and political turn. The topic, was, certain points at issue between Spain and her colonies, with which, as it had been insinuated, the French government had secretly meddled. More wine had been drunk, than the customary and temperate habits of the guests, ever warranted. The discussion became warm and excited, Avila and de Brissotin taking opposite sides in the argument. Violent and heated expressions were uttered, bordering upon direct personalities, and the party separated, with a doubtful feeling, as to whether a serious quarrel had, or had not been originated. Avila, who shortly afterwards, had a private interview with Jennings, notwithstanding the dissuasive and reasonable advice on his part, to the contrary, persisted in transmitting an immediate challenge to the Frenchman. The parties met, Avila attended by Jennings, and de Brissotin



by a fellow-countryman of his acquaintance. They fought with swords, and Avila, who was an expert master of his weapon, and who displayed such a determined coolness, and evident intention of deciding the matter seriously, would most certainly, have left his adversary on the ground, if it had not been for the prompt and positive interference of the seconds. As it was, de Brissotin, was fortunate enough to escape, with a slight flesh wound, which occasioned him but little subsequent inconvenience.

Extremes sometimes lead to opposite results. After the settlement of this recent quarrel, Avila and de Brissotin, to all appearances, became more intimate than before. They frequently engaged in play together, and it was surmised, that the Spaniard was a winner, to a large amount, from his French antagonist. But their intercourse was, in no degree, interrupted any farther, during the remainder of their stay in Cadiz.

Herbert Jennings, in the execution of his mercantile commissions, had instructions to proceed to Cuba, for the recovery of some heavy debts due to his principals. Avila and his niece, had already arranged for their return to the same island, and de Brissotin, at their instance, and by his own desire also, had willingly agreed to take his passage at the same time. They all accordingly sailed for the Havana, in a Spanish merchant ship, the San Josef.

Little occurred to diversify the usual monotony of the early part of the voyage. Brissotin divided his time pretty equally, between parties of picquet and monte with Avila, and flirtations with his attractive niece. Jennings, greatly as he was vexed with the accommodating temper of Leonora, did not relax in his devoirs to her. When he ventured to reproach her, for her apparent encouragement of de Brissotin, and her doubtful sincerity, she did not absolutely repudiate her former encouragement of his (Jennings') addresses, but only laughed

at his outrageous and exacting jealousy. Avila, adopted a neutral position, with respect to the two admirers of his niece, although he had often, long and private conversations with the Frenchman, in his cabin below.

The San Josef was in the course of a slow but favourable voyage, approaching the Equator. For some days, the weather had been very hot and oppressive, the sea sleeping, as it were, in a dead calm, unruffled by the slightest breeze. The rules and discipline observed aboard, were lax, and far from onerous. The crew, though generally a quiet body of seamen, and not addicted to habits of intemperance, did, provided they attended to the indispensable duties of their calling, pretty much what they individually liked. In blue and open water, near the line, and in fine, unclouded weather, no very efficient watch was kept on deck, after the hour of 9, p. m.

One night, after a day, in which, the sun had poured out a flood of intense heat, and the men had suffered from sheer exhaustion, the captain and mate had retired to their hammocks, while the greater part of the crew were sleeping heavily, lying any way, and any how, in different parts of the vessel. On deck, the only persons who might be pronounced to be awake, was the steersman at the wheel, and one or two other seamen, doing nothing, with cigars in their mouths, and with their eyes half closed. Below, Leonora and Jennings had retired to their respective births, while Avila and de Brissotin were sitting up, keenly engaged in a party of picquet in the stern cabin, having the common appliances of lemonade, and drinking glasses on a small stand by them. Jennings, who was lying in his cot, in his birth on the star-board side, had, after two or three feverish and restless hours, fallen into an uneasy slumber. He dreamt, or fancied, that he heard, at intervals, the voices of Avila and de Brissotin in contention, and the words or sentences of the "Havana,"



"Royal tribunal," "Justice," &c. He did not much heed this broken conversation, but he was disturbed some time afterwards, by the sound of the opening of one of the stern gallery windows, and by the splashing in the water below, of some object, which seemed to have been cast into it.

Jennings cautiously rose from his cot, and silently opened his door a few inches, so that he could just command a view into the stern cabin, without being himself observed. He could hardly believe but that he was under the influence of a dream, when he beheld, by the light of the lamp, still burning in that cabin, Leonora, in a slight undress, seated, and in earnest conversation with her uncle. De Brissotin was no longer there. The circumstance struck the young Englishman as being so remarkable, that he could not resist the temptation of playing the part of a listener on this occasion. They conversed, however, in so suppressed a tone, that it was with difficulty, Jennings could collect the disjointed portions of what was said. Avila, speaking in a determined and exulting manner, though in a low voice, repeated—"That gasconading fool, would hurry on the crisis"—the remainder of the sentence escaped the ears of Jennings.

Leonora replied eagerly, "But, Vicente, are you certain? can there be any chance?"

Avila emphatically answered, "Speak lower, girl,—as certain and as sure as"—here the discourse was continued in whispers, and the eyes of the Spaniard appeared to glance so inquiringly round the cabin, that Jennings withdrew for some minutes, from his listening position. His attention was again aroused, by the conversation having been prolonged in rather more audible tones, and he heard himself distinctly alluded to, in the following manner:—

(Avila, speaking),—"And what do you intend to do, as to the Englishman, if necessity compels me to leave Cuba?"

(Leonora, replying),—"Oh! Vicente, can *you* seriously ask the question? Do you believe, that credulous, English heretic, could ever for one moment"—— At this juncture, Jennings lost the continuation of the answer, but he saw Leonora rise from her seat, and throw her arms around Vicente Avila, as if in kind reproach for the enquiry he had addressed to her.

Jennings was apprehensive that the parties were startled by a slight noise, occasioned, unintentionally, by his hand striking against the bolt of the door; he, therefore, silently closed the same, and retiring to his cot, lay for the remainder of the night, a prey to every kind of hideous and distorted fancy, at times doubting, whether he had been sleeping or awake, and the witness of a vision, or of a reality.

At an early hour of the ensuing morning, the Englishman already up and stirring, was sensible of a more than common bustle in the San Josef. On going upon deck, he found the officers and crew all talking vehemently and anxiously together. In reply to his questions, he was informed by many tongues, that M. de Brissotin had been found dead in his cot. A cold and oppressive shudder ran through the blood of Jennings, when he listened to this announcement. Before he could collect his ideas and recover his composure, Avila joined them. He, speaking with the authority and good sense of a superior mind, suggested to the captain, the necessity of an immediate visit by himself and a few others, to the cabin of de Brissotin. Accordingly, Avila, accompanied by Jennings, the captain, and chief mate, and one or two more, went down to the Frenchman's cabin. There, they found the body of de Brissotin in his cot, lying apparently, as if he had died in his sleep. Upon further examination, some small, circular, livid spots were found to have made their appearance on different parts of the skin. There was no medical officer on board the



San Josef; but the captain and mate, both veteran seamen, pronounced the aspect of the corpse to resemble very much that, which they had often witnessed, in cases of death, from the black fever known at Cadiz, as well as in the Spanish colonies. Upon Jennings remarking, that de Brissotin's illness had been singularly sudden and rapid, the captain recalled to his recollection, that the Frenchman had been for some days before, complaining continually of lassitude and indisposition.

The crew were alarmed at the idea of an infectious disease being on board, and the weather in those latitudes rendered it necessary, that the body of the unfortunate de Brissotin should be consigned to the deep, without any long delay. In the evening, the mournful ceremony took place, accompanied by such an approach to the rites of the Catholic church, as could be accomplished under existing circumstances. The captain, having the sanction of an attestation from his remaining passengers, collected all the papers and effects of the deceased, and carefully placed them under seal, in his own custody, till he could hand them over to the proper authorities, on his arrival at the Havana.

The latter part of their voyage passed tediously, and without any other particular occurrence. A heavy gloom pervaded the reduced society of the passengers, and which, indeed, extended to the crew of the vessel. In vain, did Jennings strive to shake off the load of strange and bewildering thoughts that oppressed his mind. The recollections of his disturbed slumbers, and of the night, in which de Brissotin died, never forsook him. Singular presentiments,—uneasy suspicions,—haunted his imagination. His rest was harassed by horrible dreams, the offspring of his own busy fancy. Avila and Leonora had, in some measure, recovered their usual composure, and demeanour. Leonora even appeared to do all in her power, as far as propriety could warrant, to invite

a renewal of the attentions of her admirer, Jennings. But from some cause, whatever it was, the spell was broken; and, although never failing in politeness, or in general attentions, the Englishman was changed in his conduct towards the fair Spaniard. He had become taciturn and moody, shunning all conversation, except upon the necessary and ordinary topics of the moment. It was to be expected that some vexation, if not irritation, would be manifested by the lady—however, that feeling was suppressed, for no demonstration of any kind, had the effect of rousing Jennings.

It was a relief to the whole party, when the San Josef at last reached her moorings in the port of the Havana. Upon landing, as Avila and Leonora were going to another part of the island, they expressed the hope, that they should soon meet their companion again. They gave him their address, while Jennings promised to communicate with them, when he had been properly established in his quarters in the city. He had difficult and important concerns to transact, in the course of which, he had to seek the advice of lawyers, and which fully engrossed his time for several days afterwards.

One piece of good fortune fell to the lot of Jennings, at this period, which was, the receipt of his share of the profits of a commercial speculation, in which, he had ventured, on his own risk, some months before, when in Europe, through a correspondent in Cuba. This amounted to a considerable sum, and greatly to the relief of his conscience, to more than sufficient for the payment of his debt to Vicente Avila.

Indeed, the state of Jennings' mind and reflections, was anything but consolatory or satisfactory. He had entangled himself in a delicate engagement with Leonora—an engagement, which, with his remembrance of the private conversation that took place between her and her uncle in the San Josef, he little cared to seek a fulfilment of. At the same time, he



was not forgetful of the deep obligation, under which, he was to Vicente, for the noble and generous assistance contributed by him. To that man, he felt, he owed everything—the preservation of life, credit, and honour:—with these considerations and feelings, were intermingled the antagonistic impressions of distrust, frightful suspicions, and mysterious fancies. He could not forget, that he had overheard Leonora speak of himself, in epithets of contempt or ridicule. He never could efface from his recollection, that such conversation, with its half understood allusions, was almost simultaneous with the period of the death of de Brissotin. This tumult of conflicting feelings distracted him, and the only remedy he could find, was the step which he resolved upon, and which he took at once.

Jennings wrote and forwarded a letter to Vicente Avila, inclosing a regular bill on the Havana bank, for the amount of the money due to him, and this letter was dispatched by a sure and speedy conveyance. In this letter, Jennings expressed, in strong and sincere language, his lively gratitude for the important favour he had received from him, and which he never could forget. He added, with his parting good wishes, many apologies to Leonora, for the attentions he had paid to her, and which, he was now sensible, she had only tolerated, from a feeling of kind interest on behalf of a foreigner, who was the companion of her uncle. He concluded, by informing them, that he should soon quit Cuba for his native country, as soon, as the affairs of his London firm were terminated.

After the expiration of two months, Jennings was enabled to make preparations for leaving Cuba. One evening, on his return from the port, where he had been, to engage a passage in a vessel bound to England, Jennings found the coffee-houses in the city, full of people, all conversing on a recent

occurrence which had greatly interested them. A proprietor of large coffee plantations, in a distant part of the island, who had not long arrived from Spain, with a female relative, under assumed appellations, had been recognized as a notorious pirate, who, some few years back, under the name of Diego Mendez, commanded a schooner, which sailed from the Spanish side of the island of Saint Domingo. This vessel had been the terror of the Charibbean seas, and had committed all manner of depredations, under both the Spanish and French colours. Indeed, Diego Mendez, this pirate, had been charged with the commission of murder, in the pursuit of his unlawful vocation. He had been a bold and unflinching seaman, braving capture and dangers of every description, and by the plunder of a French merchantman, bound from Bordeaux to the West Indies, he had formerly amassed a very large treasure.

His gains had been so great, that on leaving Saint Domingo, he had given up piracy, and abandoned the sea, and having purchased some coffee plantations in Cuba, he had decided on making that island his residence, and living thereafter, as a planter of station, and respectability.

Diego Mendez was reported to have cohabited for some time, with a very beautiful Spanish Creole as his mistress, whom, he passed off as his niece, when it suited his purpose. Nobody knew for certain, the birth or origin of this female; some persons were so scandalous as to assert, that she had been a novice, destined for the veil, but who had escaped from her convent. It was also stated, that Diego Mendez and his paramour had visited Spain, in the hope of obtaining a royal pardon for his past offences, through the means of a portion of the immense wealth he had acquired; that Mendez had met with greater difficulties than he could overcome, and had returned, under his assumed name, to Cuba, where he had



been recognized, and denounced, by several sailors, who had formerly been captured by him.

The agents of the police were under orders to arrest Mendez, and he was expected to be brought into the city, in a short time, for examination.

Such was the story related to Jennings, who listened with increasing anxiety and nervous apprehension, as the recital proceeded. But how intense and distressing were the Englishman's feelings, when in reply to a question, which he had put to his informant, he was told, that the assumed name of Mendez had been Vicente Avila, and that the Bordeaux vessel, of which, the detention had been so much talked of, in times past, was "La Julie," of which, a M. de Brissotin had been the part owner, and sailing supercargo.

A sudden gleam of light now pierced through the dark doubts, and confused fancies, that had obscured the imagination of Jennings. All his recollections—all his suspicions returned with redoubled force, but with the most simple clearness. He could now combine past events easily together—he could now discover the clue of every doubtful transaction. The result, though convincing, was sorrowful and humiliating. The gratitude, that made his sympathy and compassion turn powerfully towards the pirate, Diego Mendez, disposed Jennings to encourage the belief, that with the change of name and circumstances, his old companion Avila, had with his wonted energy, shaken off his vicious habits, to enter upon a quiet and respectable career. At all events, the Englishman was eager to catch at every excuse, and circumstance, in extenuation of the conduct of his former companion and friend, and his feelings were bitterly excited and wounded.

On the very day, that Jennings sailed from the Havana for England, Vicente Avila, was committed to prison, preparatory to his undergoing a preliminary legal examination.

Years had passed away, since the period of the occurrences related in the preceding pages. Time, that changes all things for better or worse, had dealt favourably with Herbert Jennings, now a man of mature age, of steady and confirmed habits; he was a husband, and the father of children, and a merchant of credit and respectability. He had a large commercial connexion with the British colonies, and particularly with Jamaica. A law-suit concerning an estate in that island, in which, he was deeply interested, rendered it necessary for Jennings himself, to visit Jamaica. In his passage out to that colony, changed as his position and circumstances were, he could not avoid the frequent recurrence of his memory, with a sigh of regret, to the buoyant days of youth, when his sojourn at Cadiz had been so cheerful, and to those distressing weeks of anxiety and distrust, which had been past on board the *San Josef*, and at the Havana. A tear would trickle down his cheek, as he mused on the probable fate of Vicente Avila, and Leonora.

The warm feelings of his heart, had not been absorbed in the cold and selfish cares of the staid man of business, or in the anxieties of the sedate head of a family. Many and painful, were the thoughts, which flew back, unchecked, to past years, and past impressions.

On Jennings' arrival at Kingston, in Jamaica, he found, that his business would compel him to go over to the north side of the island, to the parish of St. Ann. On inquiring for the means of conveyance thither, he was referred to a tavern in the town, kept by a Spanish woman, the wife of a free man of colour, who had livery stables, and let out carriages and horses for journies. Jennings repaired to the tavern, where, he saw the mistress engaged in serving out beverages and liquors at the bar. What language can describe his astonishment—his consternation—when, after repeated surveys and doubts, he



had attained the conviction, that the female, he then gazed upon, however changed, and lamentably changed, was the once lovely Leonora. Her beauty, her winning looks, the elegant figure, were gone—she had become fat and vulgar in appearance. Her once fair face, was highly rouged, and its features were coarse and distended. The hair was scanty, and evidently assisted by false additions—in short, the general character of premature age, without any redeeming or becoming grace, was impressed decidedly upon her person. She did not recognize Jennings, when he addressed an inquiry to her, respecting her husband, the livery-stable keeper. But before he quitted the tavern, in order to confirm his conviction of her identity, Jennings, approaching her closely, expressed his hopes, in a subdued voice, that Leonora Avila was well and happy.

The surprise, the alarm, that overwhelmed the lady of the bar, were such, as almost to deprive her of utterance. Before she could recover herself, Jennings, rather unceremoniously, took a hasty departure from the tavern, having fully satisfied himself on the point of identity. He afterwards endeavoured, in a guarded manner, to procure further information respecting the female in question. All he could learn, was, that she had been a stranger from Cuba, and had formerly lived with a native of that island, who had deserted her; and that a free man of colour, who was very well off in the world, had married her.

Jennings having been introduced to a gentleman, practising as an attorney, who was going to St. Ann's, accepted the offer of travelling in his company. In the course of their journey, Mr. Glentworth, his companion, explained to him, that he was engaged in a very troublesome affair, having to serve process issuing out of the court of chancery, personally upon a defendant, who had long and openly set all writs, warrants,

and legal proceedings at defiance. Mr. Glentworth described this person as a foreigner, of desperate means, and character, who inhabited a rocky and woody district, in the back part of the parish of St. Ann. This man had been, for some time past, outlawed, and had hitherto avoided successfully the personal service of every writ against him, having escaped all contact with any officer of the law. Mr. Glentworth feared, he should meet with unpleasant difficulties; but being himself, a man of nerve and determination, he was resolved to try his fate, and, if necessary, to call upon the civil authorities of the parish for assistance.

The estate, to which, Jennings was going, was only about ten miles distant from the quarter, to which Mr. Glentworth was bound, and it was agreed, that after leaving Mr. Glentworth, Jennings should proceed in the chaise, which carried them, onwards to his destination. The day had been very sultry, and though they started at an early hour, and had relays of horses, yet, owing to the delay, that the heat, and some little accidents occasioned, it was advancing towards evening, when they arrived at their first point. Glentworth pointed out to his companion, a solitary, tall, and round tower, built of whitish stone, but not of ancient erection, upon a rocky eminence, with a dark wood of trees of tropical luxuriance, in the back ground. This edifice had very small loophole windows, and a door high up in its side, only to be approached by a kind of drawbridge ladder. The scenery around, was in thoroughly picturesque keeping; elevated, rocky ground, where the guinea grass was thin and stunted, and thickly covered with timber of old and lofty growth.

Glentworth descended from the chaise, having previously placed a brace of pistols in his coat pockets. Advancing towards the foot of the tower, he shouted loudly, "House!" No notice was for some minutes taken of this appeal; Glent-



worth repeated the exclamation, following it up by a blast from a small post-horn, which he carried. At last, a voice from one of the narrow windows, called out, "Who are you? what's your business?"

The reply made by the man of law, was indiscreet, it being to the effect, that the business was the service of legal process, and that, if admittance were refused, recourse would be had to the nearest magistrate for his warrant, to be backed by aid from the local authorities. Upon this, an angry command issued from the same window, to depart instantly from the vicinity, accompanied by the protrusion of the barrel of a musket, from the loophole. Glentworth at first stood his ground firmly, but the gun was not exhibited for mere show, its sudden discharge, though its contents did not take effect, compelled him to retreat to the carriage, in which he resumed his seat. He made many apologies for the disagreeable annoyances, and delay, to which, his companion was exposed; though he seemed, for himself, to think but lightly of the matter, as if it were not a very extraordinary occurrence.

A negro boy, their attendant, had ridden on a mule behind the chaise, Glentworth insisted that this servant should drive Jennings on, in the chaise, to his destination. He, himself, would proceed on the mule, to the residence of a small planter, in the neighbourhood of the tower, with whom, he was well acquainted, where he would be ready to take the necessary measures on the following day. Jennings was obliged to assent to this proposal, and Glentworth rode off in an opposite direction.

In the West Indies, there is little or no twilight—night was setting in; the clouds were black, and charged with electric fluid. The thunder pealed in awful warning through the dense foliage, while the rain began to descend in the shape of a regular torrent. The horse attached to the chaise started

violently from fear, the negro boy lost all controul of the reins, and the chaise was finally upset, with a loud crash, against the roots of a tree, close to the foot of the tower. Luckily, no bones were broken. The noise of the accident aroused the inmates of the tower, and the woolly head of a negro was seen with a light at a window, as if inspecting what had happened below. At last the door was opened, a bridge ladder let down, as the means of access, and the travellers were invited in by a man, who stood with a lantern in his hand, on the threshold. Glad to escape from the storm and the perils of the night, Jennings hurried into the tower.

The apartment into which he was ushered, was of necessarily small dimensions, from the shape of the building,—plainly furnished, it offered nothing to attract observation, except that divers fire-arms and weapons were suspended by hooks upon the walls. Jennings remarked, that a blind man, of indigent appearance, was seated in the corner of a rude fire-place, partaking of some refreshment. But the master of the mansion, was the object, to whom, all Jennings' curious attention was directed. Tall and muscular, embrowned by exposure to the sun and weather, with long grey locks and moustaches, almost concealing his face and features, though his apparel was of the rough and simple kind used by the remote and humble settlers, he still looked like a man not formed for common and every day life. When he rather courteously asked his guest to partake of the poor fare he could supply, the tones of his voice penetrated the inmost recesses of Jennings' heart. The foreign accent, the voice, the general outline of the man, however changed by time, suffering, and calamity, could not be mistaken,—Vicente Avila stood before him. He had not the slightest remembrance of his guest, who, on the other hand, excited as he felt, thought it most prudent to suffer him to remain in ignorance.

The only explanation which Jennings gave, and which



satisfied his host, was, that he was not a member of, or in any way connected with, the legal profession, and that chance had only made him a companion of Glentworth on the journey. After supper, Jennings retired to a rough pallet, on an upper story, to sleep, if rest he could, with the cause of so many distracting reflections near to him. In the early morning, even before Jennings had left his bed, the master of the mansion had, gun in hand, gone out of the tower. Jennings, descending into the lower room, found the blind man at breakfast. The negro servant of the tower, with the chaise boy, were employed in some domestic occupation in a small outhouse, communicating with the main building. Jennings and the blind man were startled by two successive reports of fire-arms near at hand, and shortly afterwards, upon some signal having been noticed, the negro servant cautiously opened the door of the tower, and his master came in, with the appearance of being greatly agitated, and with one hand bleeding from a wound. Placing his gun upon a chair, near to the blind man, he hurriedly signified to him and to Jennings, that having afforded them such shelter and hospitality for the night as he could give, it was expedient that they should take their immediate departure; his servant had patched up the wheels of the chaise for Jennings and the negro boy.

Avila's manner was decisive, and his guests did not hesitate in their acquiescence. The blind mendicant, who was used to the roads of that district, plodded his way, on foot, towards St. Ann's bay, while Jennings, getting into the crazy chaise, was driven slowly by the negro boy, to his destination. Having finished the business upon which, he had visited the parish of St. Ann,—Jennings returned to Kingston, where the first intelligence he heard, was, that Glentworth had been shot dead, by the Spaniard, in a scuffle ensuing upon an attempt to serve him with a writ. A detachment of troops was sent to act in company with the civil force, and to invest the tower, and to

force the surrender of its tenant, by starvation, if necessary. The plan was successful, and the outlaw was brought in a prisoner to Kingston. He was arraigned and tried for the murder of Glentworth. The evidence was indirect and circumstantial, perhaps not so complete, as an English Jury would require. Amongst other testimony, that of the blind man was received, who deposed, that about a certain hour, early in the morning, which he knew from the striking of a wooden clock in the tower, Avila had gone out, that soon afterwards, two reports of fire-arms had been heard, and that when Avila returned, he had placed his gun on a chair near to him (the blind man). Happily for Jennings' peace of mind, this person did not know his name, so that he escaped being summoned as a witness. Avila was found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged. Before his execution, he manifested unbending firmness, but, at the same time, an anxious desire to confess his offences. He detailed in a written statement, a brief history of his past life.

From this, it appeared that his piracies and crimes had not been exaggerated by common report. De Brissotin, who had been almost ruined by the capture of his vessel, had nearly recognized Diego Mendez, when he met him at Cadiz, but he had never known his female companion before. The change of name and position of Mendez, and his resolute coolness, successfully imposed upon the Frenchman, and finally mystified him. He lost also considerable sums at play, to Mendez, for which he was his debtor, and this gave Mendez an advantage over him, which was strengthened by the influence his supposed niece acquired over the susceptible Frenchman. De Brissotin had important papers in his possession, relative to the loss of his vessel, and the outrages committed. On the voyage to the Havana, in the San Josef, Avila had been incautious in his conversation and conduct, and had attempted to get hold of these documents. This renewed the former suspicions of the



Frenchman, and in that memorable night, in his excitement, he unfortunately charged Avila with being the pirate Mendez, and threatened him with legal retribution. Avila, who was always provided with resources, with the knowledge and connivance of Leonora, infused a tasteless, but rapid and deadly poison in the tumbler, out of which Brissotin was drinking. The effect was decided: the sufferer soon became sick and giddy, and retired to his cot, from which he never rose. Avila threw the drinking glass and the phial which had contained the poison, out of the stern gallery window, into the sea; having also made himself master of the papers of de Brissotin, in which he was interested. This caused the noise heard by Jennings on that occasion.

Avila, after his commitment to prison, at the Havana, contrived by bribery, and the aid of an associate, to escape from confinement, and under another name, to pass over to Jamaica. He brought but little fortune with him, his property in Cuba, having been seized and confiscated by the tribunals there. He tried his chance as a small coffee planter in St. Ann's, but he was unfortunate, and became involved in debt, law, and difficulty. It was true, that Leonora, who passed for his niece, was his mistress, to whom he had once been really attached.

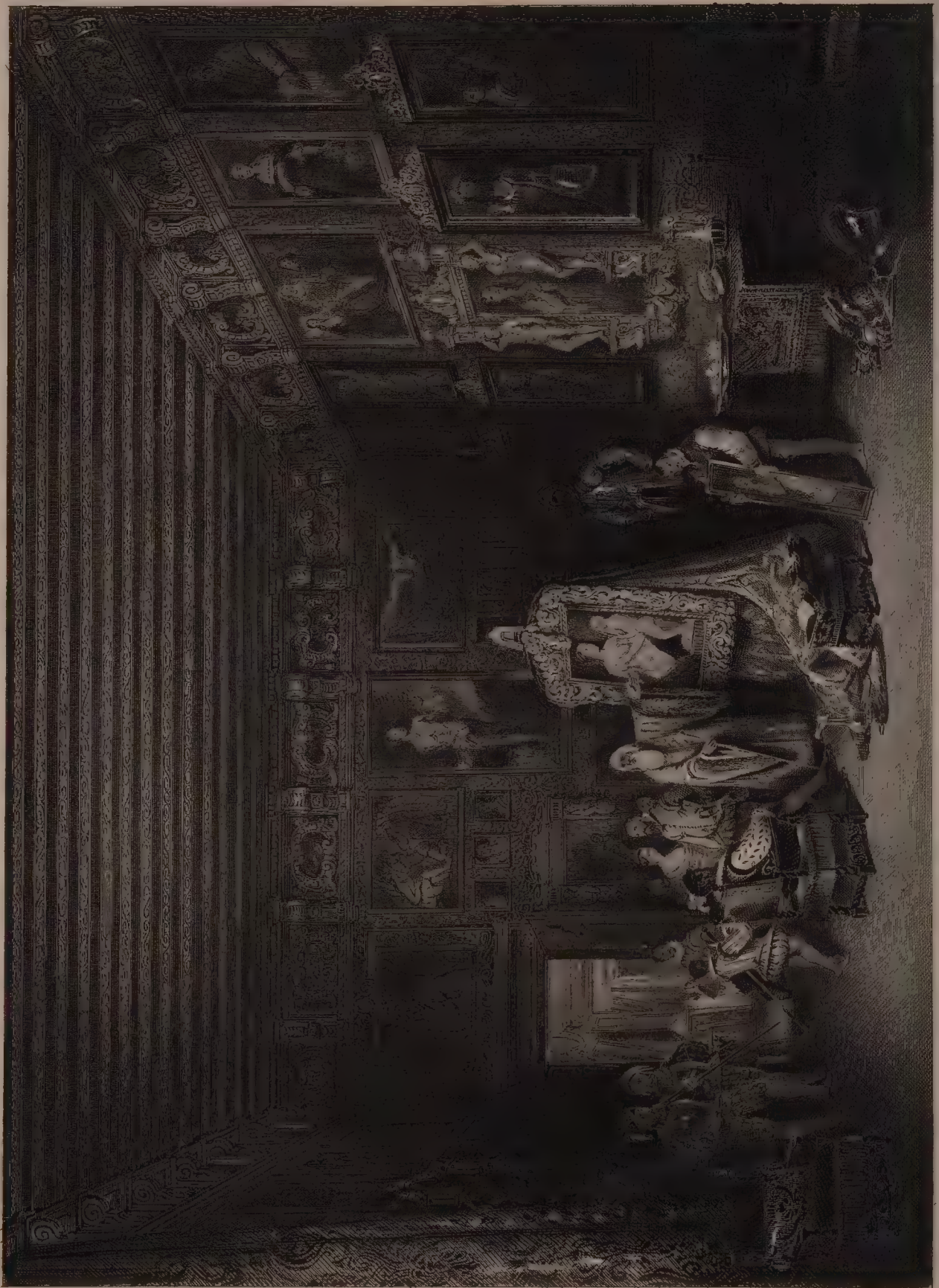
When Avila escaped from Cuba, Leonora, left without resources or friends, became greatly distressed, and fell into low and degraded society. She, putting together a small pittance, came over to Jamaica, to seek for Avila; not finding him, she readily accepted the offer of marriage made by the mulatto livery stable keeper, in Kingston.

Avila died as he had lived, reckless and undaunted, a strange and anomalous compound of the most vicious principles and of many generous impulses.

Jennings, on his return to England, and to the last day of his existence, never thought of the criminal, but with feelings of sorrow and commiseration.







SCHEDEL DE LIEUX

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## ON TITIAN'S STUDIO.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

THERE was a time when Art did reverence meet,  
And he who could upon his canvas paint  
Transcripts of Nature, beautiful and true,  
Could noble deeds portray, the actors show  
With such a spirit, that the gazer felt  
The hand that wrought them was by genius mov'd,  
Was honoured by the potentates of earth,<sup>1</sup>  
Was prais'd by poets,<sup>2</sup> by wise men esteem'd,<sup>3</sup>  
By warriors,<sup>4</sup> and by statesmen, valued high,  
Sought by the learned, and by beauty lov'd<sup>5</sup>  
For that rare gift which can preserve the forms  
Fair, and unfading through revolving years  
Bright as in life, the smile still on the lips,  
After the grave, and noisome worm therein

<sup>1</sup> Titian Vecelli received not only the greatest patronage from Charles the Fifth, but was held in such especial favour by that great monarch, that, when the pencil one day fell from the artist's hand, Charles picked it up and restored it to him, and, when Titian thanked him for an act of so much condescension, the sovereign answered—"Titian deserves to be waited on by an emperor." Titian was no less esteemed by Philip, the successor of Charles the Fifth, Francis the First of France, and Henry the Third.

<sup>2</sup> Bernardo Tasso was a friend of Titian, and Pietro Aretino, the poet and satirist so dreaded, was fondly attached to Titian, as many of his letters and verses prove.

<sup>3</sup> Pietro Bembo, and several other wise and learned men, greatly esteemed him.

<sup>4</sup> Alfonso d'Avulos, Marchese del Vasto, and the Marchese Frederico Gonzaga, were not only patrons but friends of Titian.

<sup>5</sup> Caterina Cornaro, the beautiful Queen of Cyprus, Lucretia Borgia, the Duchess of Eboli, with several other distinguished beauties of their day, were painted by this great artist.



Hath left no vestige of what once they were.  
Time was when Titian, mighty in his art,  
Receiv'd proud France's monarch<sup>6</sup> and a suite  
Of princes and of lords, and feasted them  
With viands rare, their eyes more feasted still  
By the great works his wondrous hand achiev'd,  
Gracing the walls of his palatial home.  
And when the sov'reign ask'd the price of some,  
Vecelli nobly offer'd them as gifts.  
Such was high art three centuries ago,  
When fame and wealth the artist's guerdon were.  
But we have fallen on sad and evil days,<sup>7</sup>  
When unremitting toil essays in vain  
To chase the gaunt wolf Hunger from the door,  
And genius madden'd, sees its efforts fail  
To win ev'n bread, till, driven by despair,  
It lifts the hand that might have gain'd renown,  
Against a life too bitter to be borne.

<sup>6</sup> "Henry the Third of France, being at Venice in 1574, visited Titian in his own house, where he went with a numerous suite of princes and great lords. The aged artist received him with dignified respect, and caused his domestics to give a splendid entertainment to the courtiers of his Majesty; so that they seemed to be in the palace of a great prince instead of the house of an artist. Being asked by the king the price of some pictures that pleased him, he intreated the monarch to accept of them as a gift."—NORTHCOTE'S *Life of Titian*.

<sup>7</sup> See the melancholy fate of poor Haydon.

## OH, IT WAS IN THE MOONLIGHT.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

OH, it was in the moonlight  
We two walked forth alone;  
The silver softness wooed us  
With magic of its own!  
The Moon, as if she loved us,  
Seem'd with us gliding on;  
And blended in her holy light  
Our shadows into one!

Our shadows into one, my dear,  
As if the heavens above  
Beheld our hearts and knew, though *two*,  
They were made one by Love!  
The music of the silvery night  
Enchanted all our way;—  
The very Earth seem'd dressed in white,  
As for our bridal day!

As for our bridal day, my love,  
The Earth this gladness bore;  
For us the graceful trees and flowers  
Their whitest favours wore!—  
And like an augury of Love  
To last 'till Life had gone,  
Our shadows in the Moon's sweet light  
Our hearts and souls *seem'd one*!



## SULEIMAN PASHA.

BY R. MONCKTON MILNES, ESQ.

DURING that strange episode of the French revolution, the siege of Lyons, a wealthy tradesman of the name of Selves was one of the most active defenders of the independence of his native city, against the tyranny of the Directory. His eldest child, a boy of about seven years old, brought his daily food to the ramparts, and grew inured to the fierce game of war. When resistance became useless, and the infuriated conquerors took possession of the devoted town, it was not probable that citizen Selves would escape a vengeance which honoured no courage and respected no submission. He was accordingly soon summoned before a tribunal composed of the most savage partisans of the central authority, and having been denounced by an old acquaintance, was on the point of being led to execution, when one of the judges to whom citizen Selves had happened to have shown personal kindness, asked him whether his accuser did not owe him some money. Selves asserted the fact to be so, and the friendly judge contrived to represent the accusation as a trick of the denouncer to avoid payment of a just debt. The attempt succeeded—yet, that the *auto da fé* of liberty might not be cheated of a victim, the court substituted the plaintiff for the defendant—and Selves at once obtained his own freedom and ample satisfaction on his prosecutor. But the boy, who attended his father on the walls, well remembers the scene of domestic anguish,—while the mother, believing herself a widow, sat weeping among her children, and would

not be comforted, till the well-known knock at the door roused her in an ecstasy of astonishment, and she fell into the arms of the husband so miraculously rescued. And her dark hair, blanched by those few hours of mental agony, remained as one of the many tokens of that impartial tempest which spared neither the most elevated nor the least obtrusive classes of society.

Thus early initiated in the severest realities of life, the boy grew up, and soon desired to take his share in the mighty battle which France was then waging with the world. The profession of the navy was open to every one who passed the requisite examination, and young Selves was admitted as "*aspirant de marine*." In this capacity he showed great intelligence and undaunted courage, and was engaged in that conflict which Napoleon announced to his council as "the loss of some vessels by the severity of the weather, after a combat imprudently engaged in," but which we English remember as the battle of Trafalgar. He was on board the vessel from which the shot was fired that mingled a nation's sorrow with a nation's triumph, and years afterwards he recounted the circumstances of the death of Nelson to those who escorted him, an honoured guest, over the battered hulk of the Victory.

Before, however, he had remained long in the navy, the midshipman Selves fought a superior officer in a duel, at Toulon, about a lady, and had the misfortune to give a fatal wound to his adversary. Fearing the consequences, he determined not to return to his ship, but to try and seek employment in the Army of Italy, then flushed with triumph, and glad to receive young and vigorous recruits. He passed several regiments till he came to one of light cavalry which he thought would suit him, saw the commander, and frankly told him the story of his desertion; his former captain, when applied to, verified his statement, and, what is more,



interested himself to get him formally transferred from the one service to the other, which was effected without much difficulty. Soon after his enrolment in the regiment, it became necessary to instruct the cavalry soldiers in infantry practice, and young Selves' knowledge of the exercise was of the greatest use and brought him into general notice.

The incidents of a life which is all adventure are rarely recorded, and though the old Soldier would gladly relate how his Commission and his Cross were won, and though, no doubt, he has a tale of every field and an illustration for every page of that wild and varied volume of the world's work, it is from his own lips they should come, narrated with epical simplicity, and full of the hero-worship, the self-sacrifice, and the unconsciousness, of that great Pagan episode of modern History.

During the Russian campaign he acted as aide-de-camp to Marshal Ney, and saved his own life in the retreat by judiciously buying a fur pelisse from a soldier at an enormous price.

After the occupation of Paris, in 1814, he submitted unwillingly to remain in the army, but was one of the first to join the standard of Napoleon the following year. You should hear him tell the story himself. He was quartered at Lyons, his native town; the regiment was ordered out for inspection; the commanding officer announced to them the escape of the late Emperor from Elba, depicted the evils that would ensue, and energetically called on them to preserve their fidelity to the Bourbons, and protect their country from the desolating ambition which had brought it to the brink of ruin. Nothing was said, but glances were exchanged, and soon after Colonel Selves and other officers found themselves on the road towards Avignon. There was a cloud of dust, and out of it rode the well-known form, and the magic voice uttered, "Ah, Selves! je vous reconnais; est ce qu'on m'attend?" "Partout, Sire, partout!" and Selves followed him to Waterloo. During that

fatal day, he was on the staff of Grouchy, and urgently represented to that general the propriety of joining the main body of the army as soon as the Prussians, whom he was sent to intercept, were out of sight. Had this juncture been effected, it would, indisputably, have greatly influenced, and, a Frenchman may believe might have altered, the event of the day.

On the second restoration of the Bourbons, so zealous an Imperialist was naturally set aside; and finding himself, in company with a large body of fellow officers, in an equivocal and disagreeable position, he proposed to the government to give them a ship, and allow them to form a colony in some of the islands of Oceania; the charms of Taiti\* having even then captivated the French imagination, and the interference of no odious Pritchard being anticipated. The proposal was rejected, and then Selves set out alone, determined to find fame and fortune in some less ordered and civilised community than that which now hardly owned him as a citizen. The name of Mehemet Ali had already become known to Europe as that of a successful prefect, who had not only by a combination of subtlety and courage destroyed one of the most regular and powerful military organisations that ever tyrannised over a subject country, but was attempting by the introduction of European discipline and policy to give a new value and character to the land and people of Egypt. The dynasties of Napoleon and Kleber had left behind them that tradition of strength so grateful to orientals, and as a distinguished officer of the Great Army, Colonel Selves received a hearty welcome, and was at once offered high rank and sufficient emoluments in the army of the Pasha, while the tact he showed in allowing

\* Taiti has long been an Eldorado for France. Poor Camille Desmoulins writing to his wife the night before his execution, reproaches himself for having mixed in these tumultuous scenes, "being far more fitted by nature to form a Taiti of peace and happiness with those he loved."



himself to be sent into the deserts of Horeb and Sinai in search of gold mines (for the easterns easily attribute to an European the most diverse and inconsistent knowledge), raised him at once in general estimation.

He soon informed the Pasha that if he wished to possess a force fit for an European officer to command, it was still to be created, and having obtained all he required to be placed at his disposal, he repaired to Upper Egypt, and there passed between two and three years, literally forming the Egyptian army. The docile Arab, though as blindly attached to his mud-huts and palms beside the Nile as ever the Swiss to his snow-topped mountains, recognised the intelligent teaching, consistent discipline, and calm forbearance of the French commander, and when Colonel Selves returned to Cairo, he presented Mehemet Ali with an army of whose steadiness and skill the sovereign of many an European state might be proud. Once invested with this new instrument of strength, Mehemet Ali lost no time in using it, and when Arabia no longer offered a field for its exhibition, and Greece had won its independence, a quarrel, ingeniously contrived, with a hot-headed minister of the Porte, enabled him to meet the Turkish army in fair battle, and to make himself master of the whole of Syria. During these campaigns, Colonel Selves was the presiding genius, and the title of Suleiman Pasha was the homage to his success. The army was under the nominal command of Ibrahim, the eldest son of Mehemet Ali, but it was clearly understood between them that from the first shot that was fired, Suleiman became pasha, and Ibrahim his lieutenant. The battle of Koniah especially brought out the strategic powers of Suleiman, and showed him a worthy pupil of his great master. It was won by a movement on the flank of the enemy, and this difficult and delicate manœuvre, in which the French had failed at Rosbach, and

Napoleon succeeded at Arcola and Austerlitz, ended in the total defeat of the Turkish army, and opened to the Egyptians a clear road to Constantinople. But in vain had Mehemet Ali triumphed at Koniah and at Nezib; in vain had the troublous and energetic population of the Mountain been, for the first time in history, deprived of means of resistance; in vain did the mosques of Damascus resound with the name of Sultan Mehemet in place of Sultan Mahmoud. Diplomacy had discovered that this conflict could not continue without risking the peace of civilised Europe, and, by the interposition of European force, the Egyptian army was arrested in its march of triumph, and the dreams of Mehemet Ali's greatness were at an end. While the English fleet was in the act of bombarding the Syrian fortresses, the overland mail from northern India and Persia, by Bagdad, was intercepted by Suleiman: he took out the consular despatches which bore upon the war, read and burnt them, and forwarded all the other letters to Admiral Stopford, under a flag of truce. The return-mail was expedited in the same way, and thus the generosity of Mehemet Ali to the great mercantile interests of the world found its fit complement in the courtesy of his lieutenant. Of so much value was the presence of Suleiman Pasha in the enemy's ranks estimated, that, by the Turkish government, and through the English admiral, offers the most gratifying to ambition and avarice were made to induce him merely to retire from the Egyptian service; the government of Crete, accompanied by a very large sum of money, was one of the inducements proposed and rejected.

After a painful retreat through the desert, encumbered with a population of followers, for whose wants Suleiman provided as if he had been commissariat-general, he arrived at Cairo, only to perceive that the edifice of military power which he had raised with such untiring patience and



energy had crumbled to pieces, and that he was left with the reflection of what, under happier auspices, it might have been. The versatile mind of the Pasha soon took refuge in visions of indefinite industrial wealth—the carefully trained cavalry were sent up the country and used for ordinary agricultural purposes, while the soldiers became labourers of the lowest kinds of toil. The wealthy repose now enjoyed by Suleiman in his luxurious palace on the banks of the Nile, and the general consideration acquired by his skill, vigour, and beneficence, were a poor compensation to him for a project which would have changed the face of the earth, and the destiny of millions of men—the foundation of a great Arab empire, which should be within the reach of all European civilization, and act as mediator between the eastern and western world. Having mixed little in politics, even at the time that his arms were deciding their course, he has had still less inclination to do so now his especial function has ceased; and by this prudent abstinence he has kept clear of all the intrigue and deception which are inseparable from eastern state-craft. Contented with a position, the right to which none can dispute, he has no enemies, for he has no rivals, and he can afford to succour the weak, and protect the oppressed. He has made out of his harem a veritable home, and his wife is an object of unbounded envy to the Egyptian ladies, for the respect with which she is habitually treated. She was a Greek of good family, taken prisoner at the siege of Tripolizza. He purchased her from her captor, and found her a willing and useful servant, and she him so indulgent and considerate a master, that when the prisoners were liberated after the battle of Navarino, she preferred remaining with Suleiman to returning to her family. He rewarded this choice by making her his wife, and he has never taken advantage of the legal permission to have more than one.

To strangers generally, and especially to French and English, the house of Suleiman Pasha is opened with a cordial hospitality ; and one who brought away from it pleasant and grateful recollections, has attempted in these pages to leave some memorial of its interesting possessor.

He is, in truth, an admirable specimen of that type of man so little known in this country, and yet so worthy of observation, a real Soldier of the French Empire. The Restoration, like all other periods of forced and unwelcome government, degraded the vigour and tarnished the simplicity of this phase of national character, and made rare that spirit of unconscious devotion, of idolatrous patriotism, to which France had been as much, and Napoleon more, than ever were Rome and Cæsar to the legions. This feeling, so distinct from national vanity and admiration of power, never possessed a human breast more absolutely than that of Suleiman Pasha ; admitting no comparisons, it requires no jealousy to defend it ; refusing all criticism, it implies no injurious deductions, no perversion of right or blindness to wrong. This idiosyncrasy requires to be seen to be understood, at least by Englishmen, in whom the military spirit is something accidental and alien, and who never worship heartily either a man or an idea. The feeling of the Irish towards O'Connell is the nearest approach to it in our time ; and in France it is only to be found where the soldier of the Grand Army has retired from active life and subsists upon his memories. There was little of it to be detected in the metropolitan crowd that received the ashes of Napoleon ; but I have seen it in remote villages, where the old soldier has become again the peasant, and, after having helped to change the face of the world, recovers his little portion of patrimony, and has no more selfish pride about what he has done than an old crusader would have had for having recovered Jerusalem. I remember



seeing in a Norman village a half-pay captain, who had fought from Fleurus to Waterloo, enjoying his cider and cake of buck-wheat, as contented as an English officer at the United Service Club.

This peculiarity certainly forms a great charm of the society of Suleiman Pasha, but his shrewd observation and practical sense would have made him distinguished in any class or time; while his great benevolence and humanity are really astonishing in a man who has gone through so many scenes of strife and suffering. For he has preserved his feelings so uncorrupted by all this contamination that he invariably speaks of war with pain and repugnance, and seems forgetful of none of its horrors, though he has shared in all its glories. An Austrian officer, of the name of Durand, tried to cut off the supplies of food from the large and irregular body of Egyptians, including hundreds of women and children, with whom he was retreating over the desert in 1840.—“If I had caught him,” said Suleiman, “I would have hung him before the whole army; as if war were not horrible enough, without these infernal resources of diplomacy.”

In 1845, Suleiman accompanied Ibrahim Pasha to France, and brought his son to be educated at Paris—“he might be a great man in the East,” said his father, “but I can make him nothing but a Frenchman.” When Ibrahim came to England, Suleiman accompanied him, and, during a short visit, interested and delighted all the public personages and men of letters with whom he became acquainted. It is to be hoped he has taken home with him an equally agreeable impression.

There was one subject to which no one would, of course, refer but himself, namely, his adoption of the Mahomedan religion; he, however, does so frequently and always apologetically, and prays his hearers to remember what was the religion of the Revolution and the Empire, and not to judge him as one

who had known the full truth of Christianity. To the eastern christians both in Egypt and in Syria he has been of essential service, and, though bearing the name of a renegade, has been covered with the blessings of the rayahs protected from pillage, violence, and persecution.

The only parallel, I believe, in modern history to the subject of this sketch, is Count Bonneval, Achmet Pasha. He, too, distinguished himself by feats of arms in the war of the Spanish succession and under Prince Eugene, and, having betaken himself to Constantinople, was received by Mohammed V. with great honour, and conformed to the religion and institutions of Islam; but here the resemblance ends: Bonneval's life was one of flagrant profligacy, only relieved by dashing bravery; he fought against his own country, and tried to betray that which he had adopted: his excesses drove him from France and made him a state prisoner in Austria; and he only retreated to the East when banished from Europe. He held, indeed, high office in the Turkish service, but was prevented from effecting the only object he attempted, the reformation of the artillery, by the jealousy of those in power, and easily consoled himself with a life of unbridled licence. There is nothing in this description in common with the entire loyalty, the unblemished honour, the chivalrous zeal, the sagacious prudence, the simple habits, and the generous disposition of Suleiman Pasha.



## THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

SPIRIT of the wintry hour,—  
Haunter of the evening fire,—  
Small musician of the hearth,  
Tell me,—what is thy desire?

Here's an orange—candied plum—  
Mealy chestnut—for thy mouth,  
Wine, too,—which the magnet Money  
Drew from out the sunny South.

Come!—I bid thee to the board;  
Welcome art thou, brother mine:  
There's a tie that links us two,  
And (*I know*) it is divine.

Have we not both LIFE,—and DEATH?  
HOPE, amidst a world of pain?  
Who knows what shall follow?—God  
Never gave us hope in vain.

Tell me, what thou think'st of all  
Thou dost witness in this room:  
Bid thy merry voice go forth,  
Piercing thro' the golden gloom:—

Ah! I hear thee, chirping there,  
Like some cricket-king, alone!  
Dost thou to thy subjects give  
Laws, from off thine ashen throne?

Art thou calling to thy foe,  
Who doth hide in crevice near?  
Dost thou, summon child, or friend?  
Is it hate?—or love?—or fear?

Without doubt, those passions strange  
That so stir my human breast,  
Move *thee*, and will move thee still,  
Till thou art for aye at rest.

Meantime,—since we both are moulded  
From the same mysterious clay,  
Let us bear and cheer each other,  
Throughout Life's long winter day!

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BOTHWELL CASTLE AND BLANTYRE PRIORY,

ON THE CLYDE.

BY THE LORD JOHN MANNERS.

THE ruined towers that do each other face  
On Bothwell's famous banks of brightest green,  
Where rapid Clyde pursues his onward race,  
Those glorious victims of stern time between,  
Not all in vain by poet's eyes are seen.  
The knightly joust, and minstrel song, and grace,  
That whilom reigned in these red crumbling towers;  
The holy chaunt, fair rites, and vigils keen,  
That consecrated those religious bowers,  
Alike have passed away, and Clyde now bears  
Far other music to the Western Main.  
Yet Clyde still flows, Time still these ruins spares,  
And what if knightly Hall, and sacred Fane  
Revive ere long their pristine pomps again?



## SIX FRANCS.

### A FRENCH ANECDOTE.

HAPPENING to visit a friend at his apartments in the Rue de la Paix, we were as usual entertained by the sound of music under the windows; and looking out saw a young Savoyard, who, like hundreds of his wandering tribe, was soliciting charity by an interchange of sweet sounds—in which, though young, he was far from unskilful. The air which he sung and played was a favourite of his own mountains—*Digo Jeaneto té vouas tu louga*—the sentiment of which my friend interpreted—but the music, simple and sweet, needed no interpreter but carried its melody at once to the heart. This circumstance led us into a long interchange of anecdotes characteristic of these wandering minstrels, and of the romantic country of Savoy, through which I had just passed. Among the anecdotes related, the following took the strongest hold of my memory, and I will here set down as much of it as I can recollect, in the narrator's\* own words.

“I was going,” said he, “to the post-office on a fête day last month; it was the fête of St. Noël, when I annually send, through that office, a small sum of money to an old faithful servant, now living at Bordeaux. I knew and felt that this was merely an act of justice; but the pleasing satisfaction which it inspired in my heart was blended, I fear, with something like a vain pride, which would have flattered me into the belief that I was doing an act of great and disinterested benevolence! But I felt myself deeply humbled by the comparison which,

\* Le Comte de P., author of “La Morale inspirée par les actions.”

in a few minutes afterwards, I was compelled to draw between my own sentiments and those of the poor Savoyard with whom I entered into conversation. Having franked my letter, I entered the hall with my remittance, where eight or ten clerks were busily engaged in arranging the correspondence of the day, and, taking my place on a bench close to the stove, I found my right-hand neighbour was a mountaineer of Savoy, in the coarse but characteristic dress of his country. Knowing a little of the *Provençal*, I addressed him in that tongue, to which he replied with evident satisfaction, and in another minute or so we had entered into friendly conversation, but which, in reverence to the lettered men around us, we could only carry on in whispers. 'And pray, my friend,' I inquired, 'to what part of the ancient duchy of Savoy do you belong?' 'To the neighbourhood of Chambery;' and he immediately entered into a passionate description of his Alpine home. 'And what,' I continued, 'are you doing in Paris?' 'Ah, here my only employment is singing, and playing on the violin. Sometimes I get employed by the night, sometimes by the hour, and once or twice I have been attached to a *corps dramatique* for a whole week. I frequent the principal thoroughfares; and whenever the people seem inclined to listen, or dance, there am I with my violin.' 'Very good, and I hope the musician is made to participate in the mirth which he takes so much pains to promote? Are these the earnings which you are now sending home? to buy, perhaps, some little field to be attached to the paternal cottage at Chambery.' '*Pauvre de moi!*' he exclaimed, with a significant shrug of the shoulders, 'I shall die as poor as I was born; and when first I came to Paris at the age of nine or ten, thence to roam through the streets, sweep the chimneys, &c. all that I had from my relations was about twenty-four sous, and a kick by way of congé.' These were his words. 'A slender patrimony, to be



sure,' said I; 'but the *coup de pied*, how came that to be annexed to the sous? Your relations, I fear, must have been hard-hearted people?' 'No, monsieur, not at all,' said he, 'it was merely because they were very—very poor, and gave me the *coup* only in token of my discharge—but they are all dead now.' 'Dead—and to whom, then, are you sending all the money which you now hold in your hand, wrapt up in that canvas-bag? It appears to be a good lumping sum.' 'Alas, monsieur,' he answered, with a sigh and a shake of the head, 'the sum total is but fourteen francs.' 'Ah, I see—you have been trying the lottery, and fortune has——' 'Not I, indeed, monsieur; I am not such a fool as to pay that which I really have in my hand, for that which I may never have.' 'You are right,' I observed; 'my hasty suspicion did you great injustice; the lottery is a poll-tax levied upon fools' heads, and I do not think that yours comes at all under that class of liabilities. But why,' I continued, looking again at the size of the packet, 'why—are there but fourteen francs?' 'Monsieur,' he replied, looking with a mournful earnestness at the bag, 'it is because the money it contains remains unchanged, just as it was when it came into my hands, the fruit of my daily *tiré-liré*—the whole of my savings during the last long twelve months, part of which I had the honour to be partner with the *Magicien à la Lanterne*. Ah, monsieur, *dans ce Paris sans pair, c'est tout que d'avoir un talent agréable!—tenez;*' and so saying, he counted out the whole sum in his lap. It consisted of the smallest coins in circulation, mostly copper, and very little silver. I was affected by this candour—a small sum, yet a vast sacrifice to this poor but generous youth! I thought of the poor widow casting her mite into the treasury, and for a minute or two we did not speak. 'But tell me, my good friend,' I resumed, 'to whom are you remitting all this little saving? Are you married—have you a wife

at home?' ' *Mon Dieu! non*—Married! if I were, how should I endure the misery of living at a distance of two hundred leagues from my poor wife? And pray, monsieur,' said he, looking at the purse in my hand, 'are not you also sending money into the country?—gold, no doubt—do favour me with the sight of a *Louis*, just that I may see how it is made—I have heard——' I immediately took the coin out of my purse. He examined it attentively, kissed the royal image upon it, and returned it. 'But,' said I, 'you have not yet told me who at Chambéry is to benefit by this handsome present?' 'True,' monsieur, 'I had forgotten; for I neither wish to publish nor to conceal an honest deed—an offering of gratitude—I am sending this last year's savings to the good Louise Voisin, who, after the death of my poor mother, took me under her care, nursed me like her own child, brought me up, and now thinks of me, I know, every day and hour of her life!' At this tender thought tears started from his eyes and stopt his utterance. 'Yes,' he resumed, 'she is now very infirm—she was a mother to me—and these fourteen francs will help her through the winter; for the winter is both long and cold at Chambéry.'—I need not add how much this conversation touched my heart; the poor minstrel appeared a nobler being in my sight than if he had carried a marshal's baton. 'My friend,' said I, in a whisper, 'perhaps this little golden portrait of our excellent king might be thought a rarity in your native village; this coin is fresh from the mint, your friend Louise may not have seen one. Give me, then, that bag which you hold in your hand, and take this—it shall be franked instantly, so that it may reach your friend Louise without any deduction. Come, I will arrange this matter at once in your presence.' ' *Mon Dieu, monsieur, que vous êtes bon!* Ah, could you but know the pleasure she will feel in receiving a whole *Louis* from her poor little Pierre! she will think I am become very rich, and the poor old soul will weep for joy.' 'Alas,



my worthy friend,' and I uttered the words with some difficulty, for I was overcome, 'you little imagine what true delight this frank demonstration of an excellent heart has afforded me! But say, in a word, tell me candidly what have you left? nothing perhaps!' 'Monsieur,' he answered, 'I was afraid of this question; but since you demand a reply, I confess I have nothing left. But what does that signify? I have still, thank God, my voice and my violin. We attend the fêtes—all the world dances; and thus, you see clearly, I shall gain *mon écu-par jour*, more or less. And look, what need have I of anything? I accept with joy and gratitude these six francs for my poor Louise; but as for anything further, I am convinced, monsieur, that so long as I can gain a livelihood by my own strength, I ought never to hold out my hand for charity. Honour tells me this, my conscience repeats it—and I dare not stifle that voice.'

"Such sentiments, uttered by a person who, to all outward appearance, was as uncouth in mind as in habiliments, struck me with surprise and delight. We parted; the gold was forwarded; it arrived safe in the hands of the poor old nurse at Chambéry; and I have not lost sight of Pierre. Oh, that examples of this kind (more general than perhaps we suppose) might extend that generous sympathy which all good men must ever feel for a poor but estimable brother! I have known and tasted most of those pleasures which are only to be found in the walks of wealth and fashion; but never—never have I derived from these one half the pleasure—pure and lasting pleasure—that I derived from the circumstance which I have now faithfully related. If, with Moliere, I am ever tempted to exclaim—

"Où diable l'honêteté va-t-elle se nicher?"

I revert at once to my Savoyard and the six francs."

W. B.

## THE VEIL.

FROM "LES ORIENTALES" OF VICTOR HUGO.

BY MRS. TORRE HOLME.

SISTER.

WHY do my brothers from me turn  
In silence—while their glances burn  
Like dark sepulchral lamps—there lies  
Such gloomy fire within their eyes?  
Why does each hand a dagger clasp  
With hasty and convulsive grasp?  
Three times (when half unsheathed) to-night  
The steel has flashed upon my sight.

FIRST BROTHER.

This morning didst thou lift thy veil?

SISTER.

My brother, let the truth prevail,  
And look not thus aside in scorn;  
Returning from the bath this morn,  
Reclined within my palinquin,  
And hidden by its silken screen,  
A Turkish maid may thus defy  
Giaour or Albanian's scrutiny,  
Oppress'd beneath the noontide heat,  
The cooling breeze more free to meet,  
For one brief instant I avow,  
The veil was lifted from my brow.

SECOND BROTHER.

As a young Greek was passing by?

Q



## SISTER.

Perhaps.—But he could not descry  
My unveiled features. Nay, I swear  
My words are truth.—Oh, God ! forbear.  
What do you whisper there of guilt ?  
Blood, do you say ?—must mine be spilt ?  
Have mercy, brothers—am I not  
Your sister ?—Is the past forgot ?  
Must all the love of early years  
Be quenched in kindred blood and tears ?  
Oh, what a cruel death to meet,  
Murder'd, defenceless, at your feet.  
Have mercy, brothers ! Must I die ?

## THIRD BROTHER.

How crimson looks the evening sky.

## SISTER.

Alas ! and does that sign portend  
My fatal and ensanguined end ?  
I swear that I am innocent,  
My brothers. Oh, you will repent.  
Have pity, save me, God ! I feel  
Your cruel daggers' vengeful steel  
Plunge in my breast. Behold, I cling  
Around your knees, and vainly fling  
My arms to seek one last embrace.  
Nay, shrink not from their bloody trace.  
My fatal veil !—

See there it lies,  
All torn and stained with sanguine dyes,  
Beneath your feet—dim shadows fall  
Around me, like a funeral pall,  
The veil of death obscures my gaze.

## FOURTH BROTHER.

That veil is one thou *canst not* raise.









### RACHEL'S DOVE.

By an old stone fountain  
There stood a little maid,  
Brimming was her pitcher  
Yet lingering she stayed.  
Still she stands and silent,  
Her thoughts are far away,  
Not with bright birds and blossoms  
That make the earth so gay.  
Not on the sunny meadows  
Nor on the breezy trees,  
Her childish heart is dwelling  
On sadder thoughts than these.  
She had a gentle fav'rite,  
A dove all snowy-white,  
She thought of it at waking,  
She dreamt of it at night ;  
It was her pride, her treasure,  
She reared it from the nest,  
To all 'twas tame and gentle  
But ever loved her best.—  
One evening to the fountain  
She wandered forth alone,—  
The milk-white dove beside her  
Perched on the old grey stone :  
It plumed its silv'ry feathers,  
It spread its lovely wings,



While little Rachel thought it  
The fairest of all things.—  
Up in the deep blue æther  
She hears a busy sound,  
Her eyes unto the Heavens  
She raises from the ground ;  
As on the sky she gazes  
She sees no cause of dread,  
Nought but a flock of pigeons  
Careering o'er her head :—  
Her darling too hath heard it,  
Once more she spreads her wings,  
And, in another second,  
Aloft at once she springs.  
In vain her mistress calls her  
In tones of grief and love,  
No more she hears or heeds her  
In the blue skies above ;  
And never since that evening  
Has Rachel seen or heard  
The traces or the tidings  
Of her ungrateful bird ;  
But still beside the fountain  
At morn or close of day  
She sits to ponder sadly  
O'er the loved one far away.  
Ah Rachel, many a maiden  
Beside that fount hath mourned  
With burning tears and bursting heart  
For faith to falseness turned !

## THE LADY OF LIEGE.

BY W. H. HARRISON, ESQ.

FOREMOST among the honourable and opulent of the ancient city of Liege, there once dwelt a family who traced their origin to a date more ancient than that of the city itself; but who, at the period in which the events we are about to narrate occurred, had begun to feel the change that characterizes all human things, and passes alike on the fortunes of individuals and the fates of nations. Thus it happened that at the time our story commences, the house of Anhalten, represented by the count, his wife, and two children—a son and a daughter, found itself, by the extravagance of their immediate ancestors, in a position little calculated to sustain its splendour; the home of their fathers, now “a world too wide” for their shrunken fortunes, being nearly all that remained to them unencumbered, of a once princely domain.

The count, however, had one jewel in his possession which even adversity could not alienate, and that was his daughter Katharine. Her personal charms, and they were of a high order, constituted the slightest of her claims to the admiration of all within her sphere. Her brow was bright as the morning, her eye blue as æther itself; the rose might typify the hue of her cheek, but not its transparency: the lily or the May-blossom may be a tolerable representative of a neck of marble or plaster of Paris, but not of a living and lovely woman, for there is nothing like it in all the world. Katharine would have made Phidias fling away his chisel in despair, and taught Canova that there is a charm in Nature “beyond



the reach of Art." Her lip had the curve of the blind boy's bow, but was infinitely more fatal. Her teeth were not pearls, for *they* are found in very ugly mouths indeed;—nor were they ivory, for that is found in uglier still; but they were small, regular, and of a brilliancy which, though often disclosed by a smile, never originated one. We have heard of feet which crushed not the flowers on which they pressed: Katharine loved flowers far too dearly to hazard the experiment; though she might have made it with as much confidence as any of her sex, for, to quote Suckling's conceit—

"Her feet beneath her petticoat,  
Like little mice stole in and out."

Count Anhalten loved his daughter—as, indeed, who that looked upon her beauty did not?—but he loved one thing more—his position in society, which, from the dilapidated state of his finances, was hourly in peril; and, like a drowning man, he clung desperately to every expedient for their restoration. Katharine's beauty, which had gathered about her a host of admirers, was his only hope; and that hope the devoted attention of the young, high-born, and wealthy Count Christian, promised to realize. He did not anticipate an objection on the part of the young lady, inasmuch as, in addition to his other recommendations, he was handsome and accomplished. Unluckily, however, for the count's pretensions, there appeared in Liege, a short time before he had propounded his views to Anhalten, a young Italian named Giulio, of whom no one knew anything, except that the first banker in the city vouched for his respectability, and hence his introduction to the society in which he first met with Katharine. He was quiet and inexpensive in his mode of living: with no especial pretensions in the way of personal appearance,—he had a clear bright eye, a fair forehead, and a very passable nose, the approximation of which to his lip,

however, indicated intellectual power. For the rest, there was nothing in his outward man to challenge attention. But there is "that within that passeth show," and we conclude that Katharine had, in the opportunities afforded by their occasional intercourse, obtained some glimpses into his mind, and, for aught we know to the contrary, into his heart, which caused her to think less of the pretensions of her more distinguished suitor than, under other circumstances, she might have been disposed to do. Whether it was that Giulio doubted of her father's approbation of his suit, or that he preferred to prosecute it on his individual merits, independently of the paternal sanction, we know not; but it is certain that matters had arrived at a pass indicated in the following dialogue, before Anhalten had more than a vague suspicion of any understanding between the young people.

It was something analogous to, if not synonymous with, a *soirée* in modern times, at which Katharine and Giulio were guests. We cannot account for the phenomenon, for, although Katharine had all the properties of a magnet, Giulio was any thing but a man of iron, but, certain it is, they were together during the whole of the evening. Much has been said in praise of green lanes and shady groves (I never knew a grove that was not shady by the way), as the most approved scenes of the farce, comedy, or tragedy--and it is usually one and often all--of making love; but commend me to a crowded party, at which every one is far too much engrossed by his or her own part in the drama, to pay much attention to what is doing and saying around them. Now, the evening to which our narrative particularly refers was somewhat of the warmest; and therefore, it was not much to be marvelled at that the youthful pair should seek the coolness of the night air, to which a balcony introduced them. The majority of the company were gathered round a fair cantatrice at the remote end



of the splendid room in which the guests had assembled; but it is probable that Giulio and Katharine found the music of their own "most sweet voices" more attractive.

"The moon was up, and yet it was not night."

and the silver smile of the dominant goddess fell on the fair arm, and touched every fold of drapery of the lovely being as she leaned on the balcony, her cheek resting on her hand like a rose leaf on a lily. The simile, we admit, is not of the most original; but we may say of it, as the gentleman did of his cough, when reminded that it was a very bad one—we know it, but it is the best we have.

"And so," said Giulio, resuming the thread of their previous conversation, "some think me an adventurer!"

"You have asked me," was the reply, "and I have told you—the world will talk."

"And I have no right to blame their suspicions," rejoined Giulio.

"What!" was the exclamation, "when you know them to be unfounded!"

"Perhaps I do," replied the other; "and yet have no right to blame them. I have come among you confessedly under an assumed name, and must lay my account with the suspicions which mystery naturally, and in nine cases out of ten, justly engenders."

"But your personal character has been vouched by your banker," remonstrated the lady.

"Who may have been imposed upon," was the calm reply.

"But your credentials?" urged Katharine.

"May have been forged," pursued the other in the same equable tone; "bankers are not infallible—nay, perhaps, from the peculiar nature of their dealings, always involving a certain degree of trust in strangers, are more often imposed

upon than any other class of men. To make a more personal application of the subject, what warrant have *you* that I am not all that the darkest suspicion could point at?—that my whole bearing towards yourself individually has not been a tissue of fraud and dissimulation?"

"In the first place," rejoined the maiden, "you could have no motive in practising on the credulity of a portionless damsel like myself; and, if you had, you would have sought your end by far different means. When we first met, you found me a thoughtless, and perhaps giddy girl; largely partaking of, if not absorbed in, the gay scenes which were passing around me. You taught me not to despise the attractions and pleasures of society, but to value them—at their true price; and I look into my own heart, and I feel that I am wiser and better for the lessons you have so fearlessly, yet so kindly, taught me."

"And have you so little of this world's lore as not to know that the Evil One himself would not approach innocence in any other garb than that of virtue?" inquired Giulio. "O, Katharine, the old serpent can quote scripture when it serves his need;—you know not how easily the lessons of virtue are learned by rote?"

"But not by *heart*," was the rejoinder.

"But, suppose that, after all," said Giulio, "the man whom you have honoured—nay blessed, with your affection, should justify the suspicions at which you are so indignant—that his heart, as well as his name, should have been masked to you—what then?"

"I would tear your image from my bosom, and fling it from me as a loathsome thing, though every fibre of my heart were rent asunder in the effort," was the reply.

If the smile which passed over the frank features of Giulio



were any index to his feelings, he was scarcely disappointed by an answer so different from the words of a modern poet—

“I know not, I care not, if guilt’s in thy heart,  
But I know that I love thee whatever thou art.”

It was very shortly after the interview we have just narrated, that Giulio and Katharine were together in a little room, in the castle of Anhalten, which, as commanding an extensive view of the adjacent country, was a favourite apartment of the latter. Giulio was less lively than usual, and, after a pause in their conversation, he said—“Well, Katharine, the time is come at last, and I must leave you—but only, I hope, for a brief season. You have trusted me beyond what I ever dreamed even of woman’s faith—trust me yet a little while, and we may meet again under happier auspices. If the mission on which I depart shall prosper, I will return and claim my bride; if it fail, I will yet return, to entreat you to forgive, and, if it may be, forget one who loves you far too dearly to bind you to the fate which will then be his.”

The sound of approaching steps terminated an interview, which, short as it was, had lasted too long, it may be, for the peace of either party. After a few minutes Charles, the brother of Katharine, a child of some ten years old, came bounding into the room, in a state of excitement bordering very closely upon passion, and exclaiming—“Katharine, what have you been doing to Giulio? I saw him come flying out of this room, and, instead of stopping me as usual, and inquiring about my hawks and the pretty greyhound he gave me, he caught hold of my hand, and pinched it very hard; and, without saying a word, rushed across the court-yard and I saw no more of him. Now, it was very cruel of you, Katharine, to drive him away in that manner. He would not have done so to you, for he loves you very much.”

"And how do you know that?" said Katharine, smiling through the mist of tears which the late interview had drawn forth—"did he ever tell you so?"

"No," was the boy's reply; "but I know he does, for all that. Don't you recollect, when you were so silly as to fancy you could ride Black Basil, and your dress frightened him, and when every body else was afraid to come near you, how Giulio seized the mad brute with one hand and lifted you off with the other?"

"It was very good, and very brave of him to do so, Charles," was the reply; "but he would have done the same had any one else been in the like peril."

"O yes! I know, I know!" said the boy with a significant look, and emphasising the pronouns.

The Count Anhalten some weeks afterwards was playing at chess with his wife—it was a silent game, and he had taken the first opportunity after his marriage, of teaching it to her. The count was checkmated for not the first time in his life, and, pushing the table from him, he resumed a conversation which their game had interrupted, by saying, "Well, what think you of our guest?"

"*Guest*, you call him?" exclaimed the lady in a tone of enquiry.

"And why not?" asked the count. "Has he not been commended to our hospitality?"

"*Quartered* upon it, say rather," was the wife's rejoinder, "by one whose behests we dare not disobey, so fast has our poverty permitted him to bind us."

"Well, well," said the count impatiently; "I know all that: but what think you of him?"

"I know not what to think of him," replied the wife. "Indeed I know nothing of him but what I have seen, namely, that he is an old man with a superabundant beard,



and was probably in his youth a very handsome one. He is courteous enough, but sometimes assumes a little more dignity than, I think, becomes his position here."

"Well, how know you that he may not be a prince in disguise?" remarked her husband.

"Or a felon, escaped from justice," suggested the lady, with more readiness, it may be, than charity.

"Nay, nay," expostulated the count; "you are too hard upon him: he may have been banished perhaps."

"Or branded," was the rejoinder.

"It matters not, however," continued the other; "we must endure him whoever he be—and whatever."

"The foul fiend himself," ironically suggested his wife.

"Ay," responded the count, "if he drive out the other foul fiend who has so long been our inmate—poverty,—than whom a fouler fiend inhabits not earth or air or ——."

"Nay," said the lady, "you have attained the demoniacal climax—if you descend from the elevation you may fare worse. I will take him at your first estimate—a prince in disguise."

"Who," said the count, "may take a fancy to our Katharine, and marry her."

"That is," was the rejoinder, "if he outbid your favoured candidate, count Christian."

"And, if he does, it's a bargain," replied the philosophic papa.

"Always supposing," rejoined the other, "that the third party to the contract subscribes to it."

"And she, of course," returned Anhalten, "will be guided by her parents' will in the matter."

"Who ought not—and, I speak for myself, will not put any restraint upon her on such an occasion," responded the lady.

"Well," resumed the count, "leaving our friend with the beard out of the question, what objection can she urge to count Christian?"

"None, that I am aware of," responded his wife; "but that is little to the purpose; if she does not love him well enough to take him for a husband."

"I suspect," replied the count, "she would have been his wife before now, if her mind had not been poisoned by the adventurer Giulio, as he was pleased to style himself, the suddenness of whose disappearance has justified the suspicions which, I conclude, were too current to render his sojourn amongst us either safe or agreeable."

"I know nothing of the adventurer, as you are pleased so gratuitously to style him," was the answer; "and yet I hold him to be of other mould of man than you suppose him."

"And," rejoined her husband, "you pronounce this opinion after acknowledging that you know nothing of him."

"I know nothing of his history or his habits," replied the other; "and yet, from the observation of a moment, my opinion of his character, so far as his honesty is concerned, was formed. It was in a very early stage of our acquaintance with him, that I was sitting alone, in the little alcove which faces the north terrace. This stranger Giulio, was standing on that terrace, unobserved as he thought. He gazed for several minutes on the glorious scene which lay beneath him; and, if ever happiness was written upon human brow, it was traced, in letters of light, upon his. Now, your villain, if he be ever happy—and I am sceptical upon that point—does not draw his happiness from such sources; he does not inhale it in the breeze, nor drink it at the fountain, nor gather it from the flower. From that moment, uneasily as I had before regarded the growing intimacy between him and Katharine, I felt that she was safe."

"And it is upon this marvellously fine-spun theory that you



ground your preference for the adventurer, and your consequent opposition to the count?" enquired Anhalten.

"I did not tell you that I preferred Giulio," responded the lady, "but that I did not fear him, any more than I dislike the count, who is well enough in his way, and, if Katharine loved him, he might marry her and welcome. It consists not with my duty to you as my husband, that I should thwart your course in this matter; but do not expect me to promote it by the exercise of my influence with my daughter."

"That might be all very well under other circumstances," was the rejoinder, "but we are not rich enough to indulge in the luxury of sentiment. We cannot humour the fancies of a love-sick girl with poverty at our door."

"Better meet it boldly at the threshold, than grapple with it on the hearth," replied his wife. "The wary pilot, when he sees the gathering storm, takes in his canvas;—let us profit by his example, and, though we may ride less gallantly on the world's wave, we shall ride safely."

"You are poetical to-day," said the count, "and soar somewhat above my humble comprehension; tell me, therefore, in plain prose, what would you counsel in our present strait?"

"Retrenchment," responded the lady, "ere it be too late."

"And what think you," asked the other with some asperity, "would the world say?"

"Many very bitter things," was the prompt reply; "but they will say more bitter things still, if you are driven from your ancestral home by the importunity of creditors, with whom it is yet in your power to deal."

The count, however, thought otherwise; at any rate he pursued his desperate and downward course, clinging to the hope that the marriage of his daughter with her wealthy suitor, would relieve him from his pecuniary difficulties.

We have said little of the guest whom the credentials he

bore with him had, in a manner, forced upon the hospitalities of the count. He was, as we have stated, an old man, but withal a remarkably hale one. His hair—and time had spared much of it—was perfectly white. His carriage was remarkably erect, and his bearing dignified to a degree that often fretted the haughty and somewhat arrogant spirit of his host. For the rest, the stranger was courteous, and even kind, to all around him. He mixed freely with the family, although a suite of rooms had been assigned to him. His deportment towards Katharine was especially patronizing and conciliatory, and he occasionally condescended to a game of play with the young count Charles. He was, in fact, perfectly at his ease with every member of the family, but they did not feel quite so much at home with him. His very presence among them was a mystery into which their position, with reference to his introducer, forbade them to inquire. The plea put forth for his sojourn in Liege was change of air, though the old gentleman had as little of the appearance of an invalid as could well be imagined. Although his manner was dignified and grave, a quick observer might occasionally detect, in the curve of his lip and the twinkle of his eye, a lurking love of fun, and a sense of, if not a relish for, the ridiculous.

We do not find in our brief, as our friend in what he calls the Stork's-nest, in Hare-court, would say, how long "mine ancient" with the beard sojourned with the count; all we know about the matter is, that it was not many days after the conversation between the chess players that the count summoned a family council, if an assembly in which he assumed to himself the office of sole counsellor may be so termed. The members "met present," as the official term is, or used to be, were the count, of course; his lady, Katharine, Charles, and his greyhound. Of the penultimately named person, Charles,



it behoves us to say a word or two in elucidation of his character, so far as a boy of ten years old may be supposed to have acquired any character at all. As an only son, and the heir of the house, poor as it was, he had been spoiled from his cradle, as much as parental indulgence could spoil a naturally noble and generous nature. He was wayward, of course, but he was affectionate and unselfish—devotedly attached to his sister, who had worthily won his love by many a vigil by the *hot* pillow—there is no exaggeration in the epithet—of his sick bed; and who had still more worthily won it, by many an antidote administered to the moral malady which comes of maternal indulgence. The healing potion, be it moral or medicinal, loses its bitterness when administered by the hand we love; and thus it was with Charles, who bent to her reproof, as the reed to the breath of May.

The truth is, that the count was literally brought to bay by the “pressure from without,” a high, or to speak more correctly, a *low* pressure, to which even prime ministers—*O quantum mutati ab illis!*—are wont, in modern days, to yield; and when we consider that every member of the mob who experimentalized on Anhalten was a creditor, we may find more excuses for the count than the courtier. “Will you permit me to say a few words to you,” is rather an ominous prologue to a scene; and when it is known that the count had anything but a comedy—in whatever degree it might partake of a farce—in rehearsal, and that Katharine had a presentiment of the fact, there are few, we imagine, of our fair readers who would envy the feelings with which she obeyed the summons to a conference, where the argument was sure to be, like the Galway gentleman’s reciprocity, all on one side.

The count was an old soldier, and knew better than to make his approaches to the citadel he wished to win in a straight line. He accordingly put on the confidential, gravely

informing her of a fact, which, being no secret to the world, was less likely to be one to her, namely, that he was grievously "hard up" for the "*as in præsentî*" (ready money), which, as we gather from the Eton grammar, "*perfectum format*," that is, "makes a perfect man." [If the reader object to the translation, let him settle the point with the ghost of Goldsmith, for it is his version—not ours].

"And now," continued the count, who by a series of short tacks, as a nautical friend of ours once designated his homeward progress from a late sitting of the beef-steak club, approached the subject nearest his heart, or rather his pocket—"it is for you, my dear Katharine, to say if you will relieve us from the strait to which we are reduced. You know I love you far too dearly to ask of you a sacrifice as the price of our common safety. The man whom I propose to you is one for whom half the damsels in Liege are running mad." [The count waxed a little poetical in his prose.] "He is noble, handsome, accomplished, and rich—and, above all, loves you almost to infatuation. What more is required to make you happy?"

"That *I* should love *him*," replied Katharine; "and that I do not, and never shall."

"Nay, Katharine, that is scarcely an answer which I should expect from one of your good sense, to say nothing of filial respect," rejoined the count. "To what do you object in him? His character——"

"May be perfectly unexceptionable for aught I know; but it has never sufficiently interested me to induce me to study it," was the reply.

"Then," returned the count, losing somewhat of the restraint which he had imposed on himself, "I must insist——"

"Nay, my father," remonstrated the maiden, "do not betray me into an act of disobedience, by laying upon me an injunc-



tion with which I may not comply without wrecking my peace in this world, and perilling it in the next."

"Beware how you provoke——"

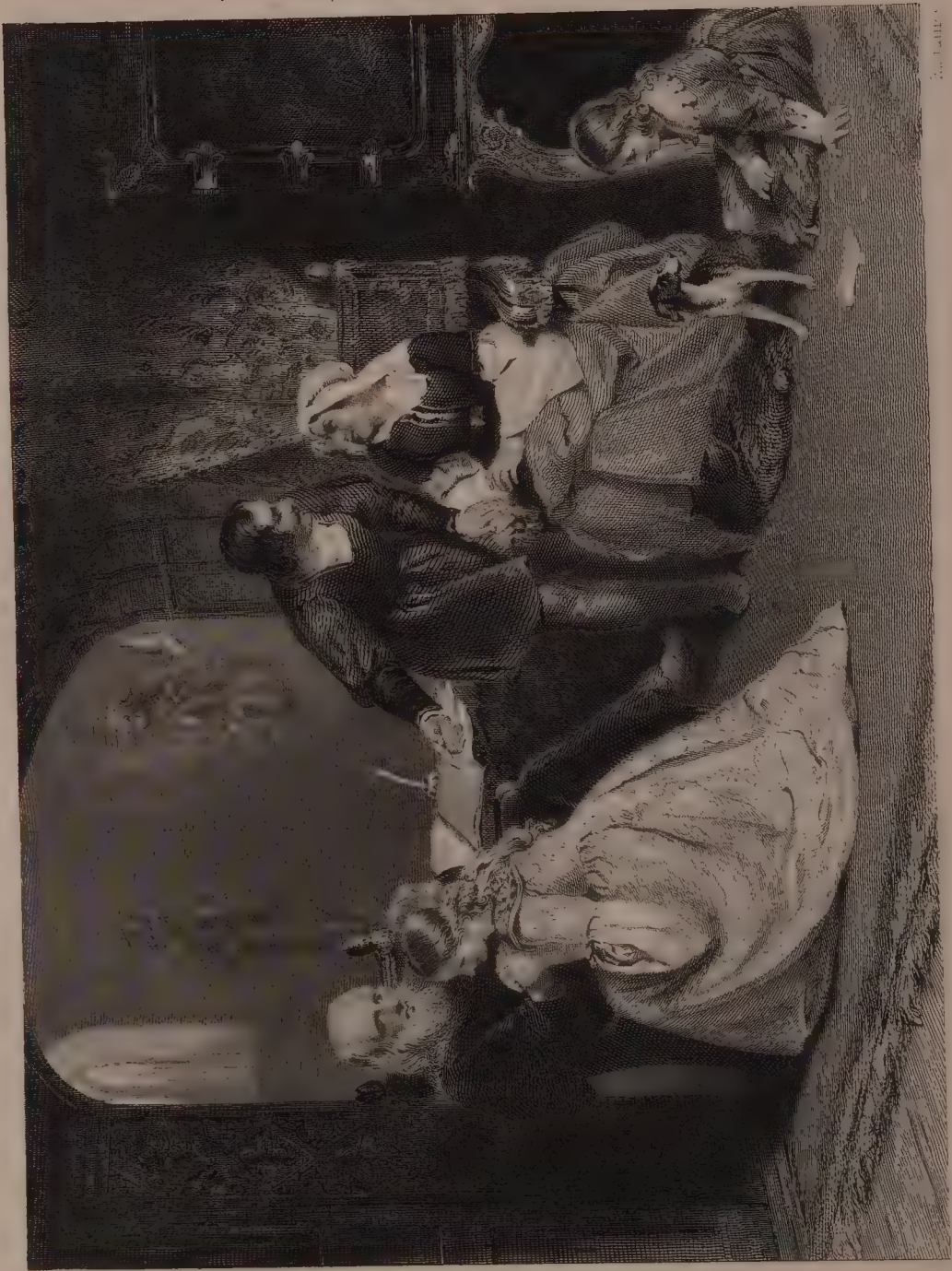
The count's fulmination was cut short by the entrance of their unbidden guest, who, apparently without noticing the excitement into which the domestic circle was thrown, quietly seated himself in a chair, and addressed some trifling observation to Charles, who was playing with his dog on the floor.

The count could not command the absence of the intruder, for in that light it was natural that he should view the stranger. His daughter was in tears, and his wife the picture of perplexity and distress. He had his reasons for standing well with the individual at whose instance he had consented to receive the visitor. To this end, therefore, the count made a desperate, but very specious, attempt at an explanation, which he concluded by appealing to the stranger on the unreasonableness and disobedience involved in his daughter's refusal to take the husband he had selected for her. It was with some difficulty that he restrained his wife from enlightening their guest by a few notes on her husband's text; which, however, the old gentleman appeared to accept as the true version of the story, and turning to Katharine he said—"Really I cannot but think you somewhat fanciful and fastidious in this matter. It does not seem that you can advance any objection to the suitor whom your father urges on your acceptance. Consider, maiden, that your parents are not young, and that a few years may deprive you of their protection; and then, when it will be too late, you may repent your rejection of a man who, from all I know and hear of him, has every qualification to make you happy. Perhaps, however," he continued,—“you will pardon a question which, unappealed to, I should not have presumed to put—there is another——”

"I beseech you," interrupted the maiden, throwing herself







J.W. Wright

Fig. 1. 1848



upon her knees before the stanger, "question me not—it is enough that I will not wed without the sanction of my father; and all I ask in return is, that he will not urge me to a union which would make me perjured before man, and hateful to myself and in the sight of heaven."

"In other words," interposed the count, exasperated at the resistance displayed by his daughter, "you set at naught the wishes of those who have an indefeasible right to your obedience, and all for the sake of the adventurer Giulio, who, traitor as he is——"

"I am sure he is not a traitor!" exclaimed Charles, suddenly starting from the floor, and stamping with the petulance of a spoiled child; "I am sure he is not a traitor, for he is my friend."

"And I *hope* he is not," said the stranger, rising from his chair, "for he is my *son*."

"And pray," inquired Anhalten, losing all command of himself on this sudden turn of affairs, "who may he be who acknowledges so precious a paternity?"

"A sovereign prince," was the calm reply—"THE DUKE OF MODENA."

"Pardon me, your highness," began the count, as soon as he had somewhat recovered from the consternation into which the announcement had thrown him—"pardon me—I knew not——"

"Nay," said the duke, with a good-humoured smile, "it is I who should crave pardon for having played the impostor;—and as for Giulio—but here he comes, if I mistake not, to answer for himself." As he spoke, the eyes of all were directed to the court-yard, through the portcullis at the remote extremity of which, a cavalcade was filing, with Giulio at its head.

The duke, taking advantage of a pause, which, as there were two ladies in presence, he probably thought was not likely to last long, continued, "The truth—and that must be



my apology—is this: My son, travelling incognito to suit a whim, was thrown, during his sojourn in this city, into the society of your daughter, of whose charms he returned to me with so enthusiastic a description, that I began to fear he had left his wits as well as his heart at Liege, and as we have a silly habit of mutual confidence, I told him as much. To this he had the impertinence to retort, that if I did not credit his description, I might go and judge for myself, and I took him at his word. Giulio,” he added, turning to his son, who entered the apartment at the moment, “I pray you to pardon my scepticism—I am wrong, and am willing to pay the penalty.”

“Nay,” was the rejoinder; “I exact no penalty, but I ask a boon.”

“Name it,” said the duke.

“Your blessing, dearest father,” was the reply of the young prince, his eyes glistening with gratitude and delight—“your blessing on our union; and these I hope will not withhold theirs,” he added, appealing to the count and his lady. It is almost needless to state that Anhalten was all acquiescence, and found his account in it; the liberality of the Grand Duke speedily releasing him from the embarrassments in which the extravagance of his ancestors and his own false pride had involved him.

The reader will doubtless have guessed that the errand on the success of which Giulio in his valedictory interviews with Katharine expressed so much anxiety, was a journey to Modena, to ask his father’s sanction to the alliance. That, however, with such a father, he could have entertained a serious doubt of succeeding, we will not believe; and, therefore, are disposed to consider the concluding sentence of his farewell as a mere flourish or figure of speech in which young gentlemen and ladies, in a given set of circumstances, are prone to indulge.

## THE INDIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE STARS.

[Among the very lowest classes of Mussulmauns in Bengal, there is found a superstition wonderfully graceful, as emanating from so degraded and unintellectual an order of minds. It is this:—that the Stars are the Eyes of the Dead, watching from Paradise over their friends on Earth. The Ayah from whom the writer learned this, added that she knew her husband was among the number, and looking down on her, but when told to point out in what part of the Heavens, she alleged she could not distinguish his eyes among such countless myriads.]

STARS, that ripple o'er the skies  
Waves of light on purple ocean,  
What are ye but Spirit Eyes  
Answering to my love's devotion?  
Eyes, my hand in death has closed,  
Filmed by pain and anguish mortal,  
From the dust where they reposed,  
Lifted through yon azure portal.  
Rays that lighten on my head,  
Ye are glances from the Dead!

What if dulled by human woe,  
Living sight doth seek uncertain  
Each distinct and separate glow  
Flashed behind your ether curtain!  
Changed, Beloved! your looks must be  
Since ye trod our world of sighs,  
Earth's dejected sympathy  
Who may wear in Paradise?  
Yearning love yet finds a trace  
Flickering from some vanished face.



Wife—of manhood's joy the crown!

In the soft blue lamp of Even,  
Dewy smiles thou rainest down  
Through the rose-engirdled Heaven.

Son—who fell in fight afar,

Child in years, in prowess, man,  
Fierce as warrior's frown, thy Star  
Flames the red Aldeboran!

Thus I chronicle your story,  
Light of Love! and Light of Glory!

Could we toil from day to day,

Flagging serfs of foreign tyrant,  
Did not your reviving ray

Lead us on, to Heaven aspirant?

Could we traverse jungles drear,  
Pilgrims bound to Mecca's shrine,

Did not ye the midnight cheer,  
Prophet-like, with hopes divine?

Mystic strength and trust ye shed,  
Eyes of the Beloved Dead!

E. A. H. O.

## DREAM OF YOUTH AND BEAUTY.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

WAS it a dream, or was it a vision, in which I beheld what I am now attempting to recall?

A figure was passing me, fresh and bright as morning: all was verdant, all was sunny, all was pleasurable, round about it. While I stood gazing and loitering, it had already passed. But, although the joyous eyes, the brow adorned with flowers, the lips half-open, the bosom open quite, the arms at one moment in act of embracing, at another of pursuing with a like intensity, were visible no longer, yet there was somewhat even in its flight which captivated the soul, and was followed by aspirations and sighs.

"Why leave me?" said I; "why leave me?"

No answer was vouchsafed: the figure had disappeared. As soon as I could lift up my eyes from their dejection, there stood before them a female form, more lovely still. It occurred to my memory that in former days I had seen them both together: but my senses were confounded. In my enthusiasm I cried out to her,

"O tell me, which art thou among the blessed? Art thou Venus in pursuit of thy son? He, or one like him, has just now gone by." She appeared to be disappointed and displeased at the question. Yet how could that be? Did I not believe her and call her a goddess?

"I am not immortal," said she; "but I have often been preferred to those who are: my power, if less durable, is greater."

I started: she knew my thoughts: and, casting one more smile on my confusion, "you fancy me indiscreet," said she,



“but you never in time past blamed me for like indiscretions; nor shall you now. My power has always been augmented by indescribable and scarcely discernable imperfections. At what do you gaze and wonder so? Have you forgotten all about me? have you forgotten the prime object of your worship, Beauty?”

I fell down before her, and trying to rise up again, I woke.

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### A PERSIAN GHUZL.

BY H. PRINSEP, ESQ.

THE life of man is sore beset  
With danger from his hour of birth,  
And never living creature yet  
Escaped the common lot of earth.

The smiles, the charms of womankind,  
Woman created man to please,—  
Who would have ever thought to find  
Danger and death to man in these?

Ask him who knows what hearts have felt,  
That once with love and hope were filled,  
Was ever surer death-blow dealt  
Than by the frown love's hope that killed?

That shaft is here—and die I must—  
God only grant to me that, dead,  
My atoms, decomposed to dust,  
May be upon thy pathway spread.

To take the impress of thy feet,  
And clinging kiss the soles that press;  
So shall my hov'ring spirit greet,  
Though spurned by thee, not loving less.

## THE JEW'S DAUGHTER.

A STORY OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

"THOU art pale, my daughter, and thine eyes have not their wonted lustre. Say, art thou ill, child of my heart? and I will seek some cunning leech to prescribe for thee."

It was thus the rich Jew, Abraham Solomon, one day addressed his only child, after having for some time observed a change in her aspect that alarmed him.

"No, my father, I am not positively ill," replied the beautiful Jessica; "but I am sad. I am lonely when thou goest forth. The hours creep along so slowly that neither books, nor work, nor music itself, can abridge them; and I feel their weight press on my heart. Look, father, on yonder plant lately so blooming. It breathed of the pure air far away from the pent-in city, when thou broughtest it to me; but soon it drooped and faded, denied the air and sunshine to which it had been accustomed. So do I droop and pine, dear father, for the pure air, the fresh fields, the carol of birds, the murmuring of streams and fountains. Those afflicted with the calenture must feel as I do. I dream of them, and awake to find myself in a prison."

"But have I not striven to make thy home rich in all that could please thine eye or appeal to thy fancy? Have I not given thee precious gems which even queens might long for? cabinets wrought by the cunning hands of artists, whose names give more value to their works than the stamp does to gold? Are not all things for thy use of the most rare and costly kind?"



"Alas! my father, thinkest thou that it will soothe the bird that pines in his cage, to tell him that his prison is of gold and precious stones? Will he pine and droop the less? So is it with thy child."

"But do I not take thee forth on the christians' sabbath into the pure air, to the fresh fields, to behold the cloudless skies, the waving trees, the green herbage, and to listen to the murmur of the water, the carol of the birds, and the humming of the bees?"

"Yes, but do we not return again when the daylight closes, to this dark and silent abode, which no sunbeam ever visits—no sound of pleasant nature ever cheers? Ah, my father! thinkest thou the poor bird would pine the less during the six dark days of the week spent in prison, because on the seventh, he had a few hours of liberty?"

"But why, my child, wilt thou compare thyself to a bird? The bird cannot think—cannot reason. Whilst thou canst remember thy father's pledge that when a few thousands more are added to his store, he will take thee from this city—will bear thee to other lands, where, freed from all the cares of business that now call him daily from thee, he will with thee, my Jessica, enjoy the fruit of the gold he has toiled so long to acquire. Thou shalt, in Italy's sunny clime, have a villa of marble pure as thyself. Groves of orange shall encircle it, water gushing from sculptured fountains shall lift their sparkling showers towards the blue heavens to cool the air, and every rare and precious flower and plant shall find a home in thy domain."

"So saidst thou last year, and that before, yet still the spring and summer find us here, and thou goest forth each day to bring back gold to add to the store already too ample for our wants and desires. It needs not piles of gold to purchase content. How happy could I be, father, in some

sequestered home with thee, watching the growth of our beautiful flowers in summer, the fall of the leaves in autumn, and during the winter assisting the poor in the dark short days, and at night, reading aloud to thee or listening to thy sonorous voice reading to me our favourite authors, by the side of a cheerful hearth gladdened by domestic affection.

"Thou hast drawn a pleasant picture, my child, but it is not yet in thy father's power to realize it. My monies are locked up where they cannot yet be withdrawn. Various mighty affairs enchain me on the mart, numberless grave speculations, the result of which I must abide ere I can leave this city. Meanwhile I promise thee, my Jessica, that in a year—one short, fleeting year more, I will gird up my loins, shake the dust of the mart, ay, even though it were gold dust, from my feet, and go with thee to seek a new home."

Thus spoke Abraham Solomon to his child, than whom a lovelier seldom blessed a parent's sight. She smiled, but the smile was a faint, a sickly one, and a sigh followed it, and when, in a few minutes after, her father left the house, she sank into a chair, and, leaning her beautiful cheek on her hand, abandoned herself to a despondency she strove in vain to resist. Abraham Solomon was a man of vast wealth, but riches had not hardened his heart, which was "open as day to melting charity." The poor blessed him when he passed, and many were the humble dwellings whence he had driven the gaunt wolf, poverty, from the door, and brought back peace to the inmates. He believed, worthy man, when he resisted the pleadings of his child to give up business, that it was the vast affairs in which much of his riches were placed, that influenced his decision to postpone his retirement from commerce, but a nobler, a purer motive, had its weight. He had so long accustomed himself to do good, to succour the distressed, and to console the unfortunate, that he had learned



to love the occupation, which he considered a positive duty, and to dread that, when he abandoned it, the poor and unfortunate, towards whom his heart yearned, would be left destitute. That writer was well acquainted with the human heart who pronounced that "we learn to love those whom we have greatly succoured;" alas! for human nature, that those greatly succoured are not always prone to love the succourers. Never did a warmer, better heart beat than Abraham Solomon's, and yet he was not exempt from error. He loved his daughter so fondly that he wished to make her rich, to place her by wealth in an elevated position where the prejudices entertained against those of her religion and his, would be concealed, if not abolished, in the respect shown to riches. Fully aware of these prejudices, which had often shocked and disgusted, but never soured him, he wished to screen her from them, and thought the strongest barrier to protection should be made of gold. It was for this he toiled, and continued to amass wealth long after he had achieved a fortune far beyond his wants and wishes, if he had not a daughter whom he longed to place beyond the reach of any of the humiliations to which in his less prosperous days, he had himself been exposed. And who that beholds the homage offered up to wealth in England, as well as elsewhere, can wonder at the desire of the fond father to ensure it for his child? It was to screen her from aught like contumely that he kept her secluded almost a prisoner in his dwelling, which, though gloomy and undistinguishable on the exterior from any of the adjacent abodes, possessed in the interior treasures in works of art and fine furniture that might have excited the envy, if not the covetousness, of many a collector.

The beautiful Jessica lost her mother while yet a child, and was soon after confided to the tender care of an aunt, whose dwelling was in one of the most romantic parts of one of the

finest counties in England. Here she passed some years, and learned to love nature and nature's works with an enthusiasm seldom experienced, except by poets. No change in the blue skies, or the silvery clouds that floated through the fields of ether, passed unregarded by her, most susceptible of "skiey influences." No tree put forth its foliage, no flower expanded its leaves, no bird trilled its carol, without affording joy, and exciting thankfulness to the Giver of all Good, in the pure heart of Jessica. Wandering free as the birds themselves through the beautiful little domain of her kind aunt, every nook and sylvan glade of which she knew as well as the bird knows its nest; happily passed the childhood of Jessica. If a cloud sometimes overshadowed her joyous existence, it was occasioned only by regret for that good and gentle mother, early lost but never forgotten, to whose distant grave her memory often turned, and most of all when her heart melted under the genial influence of a bright summer's day, the soft twilight hour, or in the silence of a moonlit scene. "Oh! how blest should I be," would this child of nature say to herself, "were my lost mother by my side, that I might weep on her bosom the tears of happiness that spring to mine eyes when enjoying scenes so fair. *She* would have shared my pleasure, while my aunt only permits it; and when I return, like a bird wearied from having too long plied its wings, and long to have some one to reveal my thoughts to, she only smiles, and answers that she verily believes I have made friends with every bright cloud that floats above, every tree, plant, and flower that grows, every blade of grass that carpets the earth, every daisy, violet, harebell, primrose, and cowslip that deck it, every butterfly and bird that hovers in the air; and that I would have all the world to share my happiness. But *she* will not partake it; she sees nothing in all that thrills my heart, to touch hers; the prolific showers of spring, she



says, will make everything grow; the summer's sun that warms and elevates, she views but as a ripener of her vegetables and fruit; the changeful and melancholy autumn, that brings such sweet but sad thoughts, she regards but as a season for laying up stores for winter; and winter, with its storms and cold, but as a time for replenishing her clothes-presses, and for plying more actively all her household thrift. But no, good aunt, I must not omit that in all seasons, but most in the drear winter, she aids the poor. Never is an humble petitioner sent away unrelieved, a poor neighbour left in want. Yes, she is all kindness and charity; but she will not share my delight in all the bright scenes around us, and only answers my appeals for sympathy by a slow shake of the head, a sad smile, and a 'Dear child, when as many years have rolled over thy head as have turned my locks to snow, thou wilt consider why it is thy aunt feels not as thou dost.' Good aunt, I must not be ungrateful; I must love thee more, instead of blaming thee for not finding the same happiness that I do in nature!"

When Abraham Solomon paid his weekly visit of one day to his child, and never was it omitted, it was a day of rejoicing. At early dawn she was out among her flowers, to cull sufficient to adorn the chambers for his welcome; she would walk a considerable distance to meet him, hang on his neck, and carry him off, nothing loath, to her favourite spots. He must sit down for a few minutes on every rustic seat which his liberality had enabled her to have placed among the scenes she most preferred, and when at length his quickened breathing and slow steps denoted fatigue, she would insist on his leaning on her delicate arm, and believe that she aided his progress; and he, good man, shared her delight, and often would he pause to look on her bright and beautiful face, and press his lips on her open brow, while breathing a prayer for her happiness. The aunt of Jessica sickened and died, and great was the

grief of the poor girl. She died in summer, when the earth is fairest, the skies brightest, and Jessica grieved the more, that one so dear to her should be snatched away when all around wooed her to enjoyment. "Ah! that this beautiful earth should have graves, dark, narrow graves, to deform its surface!" thought she, as for the first time death in its palpable form and heart-chilling details was brought before her. "And that the dear form, for which we thought no couch too smooth, no room too gay and airy, should lie in the dark and loathesome grave, shut out for ever from the light of day. But no, it is but the perishable part that is hidden in the earth, the soul, the immortal soul, has winged its flight to its Creator, and is now happy. Ah! if it be permitted to the blessed on high to look down on those left to mourn their loss, perhaps my gentle mother, and my kind aunt, are now contemplating their poor Jessica."

Such were the thoughts of this child of nature when borne from the house where her happy childhood had been passed. Many and bitter were the tears she shed at leaving it, and long did she loiter when bidding farewell to the loved haunts where her footsteps had so often passed, her heart so frequently throbbed with pleasure as her eye took in their various beauties. She had no female relative left, no friend to whom her fond father would confide her. She therefore returned with him to his secluded home, which he had embellished with all that he thought could please her; but the ardent lover of blue skies, green fields, and waving woods, found fine pictures, costly vases, gilded cages with singing birds, and forced exotics, but poor substitutes for them. She pined in her splendid prison, which she would gladly have exchanged for the simplest cottage surrounded by a garden; and her health began to suffer from the confinement, and longing for fresh air that filled her thoughts. A few days after the confession of her feelings to



her father, his well known knock at the door sent her down to open it, as was her wont, to give him entrance. To none of his servants would his child resign this privilege, and often during the long day would she cast her eyes on the *pendule* in her chamber, to watch if the hour of his return home was not arrived. One day his knock announced his coming, she flew to open the door, and fell on his neck ere she was aware that he was not alone. A bright blush mantled her cheek, when, gently releasing himself from her grasp, he said, while an air of embarrassment stole over his countenance—"Retire, my child, I would fain be alone with this stranger. Let us not be interrupted."

Jessica bent down her deep and snowy eye-lids, and moved away to obey the command of her father, but ere she did so, the dark and lustrous orbs beneath them had for a minute been fixed on the face of the stranger, and in her secret heart she owned that never before had she beheld so noble a countenance. His glance met hers, and so deep and passionate an admiration shone forth in it, that womanly instinct taught her that her face had produced as strong an emotion in the breast of the stranger as his had effected in hers. Who could he be? Why had he come to her dwelling, where none except a few of the reverend elders of her father's friends ever found admission? were questions that quickly suggested themselves to her mind. Her father's look of embarrassment, too, had not escaped her. It was evident that her presence was the cause, and yet had she not always, since her return to him, opened the door to give him entrance, yet never before had he evinced other than pleasurable feelings. It was, it must be, that he did not wish her and the stranger to meet. But why object to it? the stranger looked so good and so noble. Such a countenance could only belong to one possessed of many virtues; and Jessica, who, like all enthusiastic lovers of nature,

was a physiognomist, had analyzed the face and pronounced on the character of a man she had only once looked on, and that but for a moment! She longed to hear the sound of his voice. She wondered whether it was in harmony with his countenance, and she stole with noiseless steps to the corridor that communicated with her father's study. She desired not to be an eaves-dropper, to pry into the secrets of her father, or the stranger. No, she only longed to hear the voice of the latter, and as her ears drank in the clear, manly, and musical sounds that proceeded from the chamber, she admitted that the voice perfectly harmonized with the face, and though she could have long listened to it, so great was the pleasure it afforded her, notwithstanding the sense of the sounds did not reach her, she stole from the corridor, and sinking into a chair in her room, pressed both her hands to her quickly beating heart, as if to still its throbbing, and closed her eyes as if to shut out all the objects around from her sight, to dwell more intently on the *one* never more to be effaced from her heart.— A vase, filled with fresh flowers, stood on the table near her, and as she inhaled their fragrance, it struck her that never before had flowers breathed so delicious an odour. She wondered whether *he* loved flowers, and wished to know whether he would delight in the perfume of those near her as much as she did? Never from that moment did Jessica behold flowers similar to those in the vase, or inhale their odours without thinking of him with whose image they were henceforth and for ever associated. She heard the door of the study open, heard footsteps approach the hall, heard the heavy hall door open and close, and she ran to a window in the corridor, where, hidden by the curtain, she could see into the little court in which their house stood. The stranger walked to the far side of it, paused, looked long and earnestly at the house, moved on, turned again and again to contemplate it, and then walked



slowly away. During the few minutes thus occupied, Jessica saw that the figure of the stranger well accorded with his face. Above the middle height, slight and graceful, yet very dignified, she never previously had imagined that manly beauty could be so perfect. His hair, of a dark brown, curled naturally in thick clusters around his small and well-shaped head. His dress plain and simple, but well fitting his fine form, concealed none of its symmetry. Even his small feet and hands escaped not the attention of the anxious and concealed gazer, who, when he had vanished from her sight, cast a glance at her own, as if to be assured that they offered no vulgar contrast to his. For the first time of her life she was glad that nature had given her delicate feet and hands. She then contemplated her own image in a mirror, and thought the reflection showed her as lovely a face and form as ever woman looked on; she thought it was less faultless than *his*, and for the first time wished herself handsomer. That *he* had been struck by her appearance was plain, by the long and anxious gaze at the house before he left it, and this conviction filled her with delight. Her father had returned to his study when the stranger departed, and remained there some time. When he joined Jessica he did not refer to his late visitor, but it was evident he thought of him, for he said, "Thou must not in future, my child, act the portress for thy father. Strangers may accompany me to my home however I may wish to prevent it, and I do not desire that thou shouldst be seen by them, or that thou shouldst do that which a servant usually does."

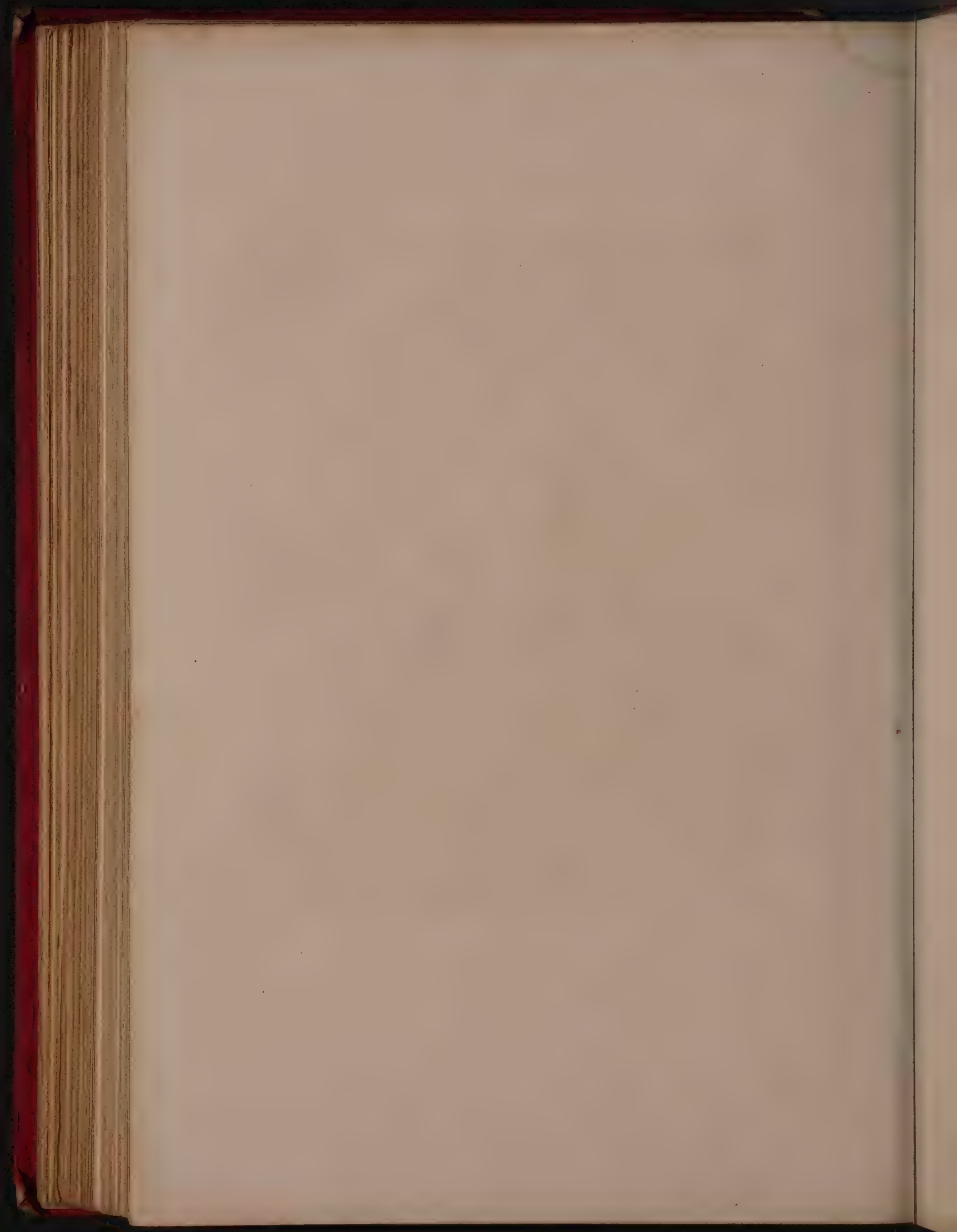
Jessica blushed, and would have ventured a remonstrance at having one of her privileges encroached on, but a secret consciousness that her voice might betray her emotion kept her silent, and she only bent her head on the breast of her father, and pressed him to her heart. How she longed for him to speak of the stranger, to name him even,—but not a word





*the first chapter*





did he utter about him. He spoke of the weather; promised her now that it was more settled, to take her on an excursion to the country very soon, and then relapsed into silence. For the first time, a constraint reigned between the father and child. Jessica, though longing to ask who the stranger was, felt an insurmountable reluctance never previously experienced, to enquire. A secret instinct told her that the enquiry would be displeasing to her father, and that she could not, without betraying emotion utter it. Often did her thoughts during that evening recur to the stranger, and even in her sleep at night his image was presented to her in her dreams. He seemed to stand before her, addressed her in the gentlest voice, whispered vows of tenderest import in her ear, and she started from slumber at the moment that her dream presented him in the act of pressing her hand to his lips. Her cheeks were covered with blushes, her heart beat tumultuously, and a sense of shame, as new as it was painful, arose in her breast. To dream of a man she had only once seen, and to dream, too, that he loved her, that he avowed his passion, and pressed her hand to his lips, alarmed the maidenly purity and shyness of her whose thoughts or dreams had never previously been visited by the image of any man, save the venerable one of her sire. "I will think of him no more," murmured Jessica, "why should I?"

There was a whole history comprised in the question, and had she been accustomed to read novels, it would have been quickly solved; but Jessica had never read a novel, or love story, in her life, and was too innocent to know the meaning of her own feelings. It was much easier she soon found to form the resolution, *not* to think of the stranger, than to keep it, for his image would intrude notwithstanding every effort of hers to banish it from her mind. The following day, Jessica found herself at the window in the corridor, whence she had



the previous one beheld the stranger. Never had she before that memorable day looked from that window, and *why* she *now* went to it, she dared not ask herself. She gazed on the spot where *he* had stood contemplating the house, and so vividly was his image remembered, that she could picture him exactly as he then stood, with that handsome, but thoughtful, countenance. She starts! Is it indeed her memory that has conjured up his form? But no, he moves,—he again gazes on the house, and, covered with blushes, Jessica rapidly retreats, and conceals herself behind the window-curtain. How quickly beats her heart as she marks the intense interest with which he looks up at the windows. She can hear its throbbings. Why has he returned? and as her heart prompts the answer that he has perhaps come there, as she was drawn to the window, by an irresistible impulse, she feels a secret delight never previously experienced. Yes, it must be so; he wishes to see her again, as she wishes again to behold him. She wonders whether he has been thinking of her as frequently as she has thought of him? He approaches the door, and extends his hand to the knocker. Her heart beats quicker than before. But he withdraws it again without having knocked. She likes him all the better for this timidity, it betrays such a sympathy with her own feelings. She would not for worlds that he should even suspect that she had seen him. No, maidenly reserve induced her to shrink with dread from the bare notion, but yet what happiness did it give her to know that he was there, that he hovered around the house that contained her, and that his motive must be a desire to see her. Long did he linger in the little unfrequented court in which the dwelling of Abraham Solomon was situated, and anxiously did he lift his eyes to the windows. But when the hour approached which generally brought her father home, he left the court, casting “many a

longing, lingering look behind," and Jessica who, truth to tell, had remained hidden behind the curtain the whole time, forgetful of the hours, went back with a fluttering heart to her sitting-room, and sunk into a chair, her spirits in a state of delight as new as overpowering. Her father's knock at the hall-door aroused her from this delicious reverie. She must endeavour to resume her calmness before he entered, and let no symptom of agitation reveal itself; she glanced at the mirror, and started with affright as she caught the reflection of her own sparkling eyes and heightened colour. How provoking that her face should thus reveal her feelings. She hurried to the stairs to meet her father, flung herself, as usual, into his arms, and hid her blushing face on his breast. Yet a pang shot through her guileless heart at the consciousness that she had now a thought not to be laid open, as hitherto every thought had been, to that dear and tender parent. She reproached herself for concealing aught from him, nevertheless she felt that she could not tell him that since the previous day her thoughts had never ceased to dwell on the stranger that had accompanied him home; that that stranger had returned and remained for hours loitering around their dwelling. How tell this without betraying that *she* had so far violated maidenly reserve and modesty as to remain hours concealed behind the curtain watching him. Poor Jessica! No, this she could not tell; though the knowledge that there was a secret kept from her father weighed heavily upon her heart, occasioning a remorse that increased her tenderness for him. His freedom from suspicion rendered her self-reproach more acute, and at each fresh pang of this new feeling of remorse, she arose and pressed her lips to her parent's care-worn brow, as if to calm it.

The next day, and the following, the stranger returned soon after her father had left home, and loitered as before in that



dark and cheerless court, where sunbeam seldom entered, or if it did, shot down a slant between the lofty gables of the adjacent houses, illuminating a few of the old and uneven flags, but never warming the court. What a loving yet patient heart must the stranger's be, thought Jessica, thus to remain for hours in that dark and silent spot. And she loved him the better for it; but it did not occur to her that *her* heart must be no less loving and patient to remain the same length of time hidden behind the curtain watching him.

And now the day arrived appointed by her father for taking her into the country. A week before she would have rejoiced at going, but now, when she expected that *he*, for so she had lately in her thoughts designated the stranger, would pass so many hours in that dreary cheerless court, when she was far away among the green fields and flowery hedges, basking in the sunshine, she no longer wished to go away from home. It would be like an act of infidelity to him who was so constant in his visits to the precincts of her abode.

It was a lovely morning on the christian sabbath, when Jessica and her father stepped into the small open carriage that was to convey them to the beautiful shades of Roehampton, among which they purposed passing the sultry hours, and dining at some rural inn in the neighbourhood. How her heart throbbed when she got beyond the close, pent-up streets of her dwelling, and became lighter as the carriage passed through hedgerows bright and fragrant with wild flowers, from which innumerable birds hopped from branch to branch, and sent forth their cheerful notes. How blue looked the sky—how clear and invigorating was the air. She remarked all this to her father, and he assented to her observations; but a sigh agitated her breast as the thought presented itself of how delightful it would be to have a companion of her own age, to whom she could freely communicate all that delighted her,

and who, instead of merely calmly assenting to her rapturous comments on the scenery, would share all the enthusiasm that it excited in her breast. How delicious to step from the carriage, and, leaning on the arm of such a one, (and here the stranger was *the one*, the only one to fill up the picture), to wander through the beautiful lawns and meadow paths with him, to hear his voice perhaps addressing words of love to her, at all events expressing sentiments congenial to her own, created by the beautiful scenery through which they were passing. Yes, she was certain—*quite* certain—that their tastes and sentiments must perfectly assimilate. That fine countenance of his, that noble brow must be the seat of gentle thoughts and pure aspirations.

"Thou art silent, my child," said her father.

"But so happy, dear father!" was the reply. "O, who could be otherwise than happy amid such scenery, and with such a blue sky over our heads!"

"Long mayest thou, my Jessica, derive happiness from such pure and innocent sources." And the old man sighed. His daughter looked anxiously in his face to search the cause of that sigh, and, while she gazed on him, a spasm contracted his features, his eyes opened widely, then closed, and, uttering a groan, he fell back in the carriage. Wild with alarm, Jessica cried aloud to the postilion to stop. He quickly came to her aid, helped her to raise the still breathing form from the cushion, while she unloosed his vest to give him air.

"Water, cold water, it may revive him!" said she, and the postilion ran to the next cottage. "My father; oh! my father!" murmured Jessica, her face pale as marble and her lips tremulous with emotion. But he heard her not. At that moment a carriage stopped close to hers. A servant descended hastily from a seat behind it, ran to the door, saw what had occurred, and instantly communicated it to the



person in the carriage, who quickly left it and came to her aid. Jessica was bending over her father supporting his head, when a voice of peculiar softness struck her ear.

"Permit me to offer my assistance," said this pleasant voice. And she turned hastily around, and, at one glance, recognized the stranger, who also, at that moment, found that he was addressing the person who had, for the last few days, occupied all his thoughts. Even in that moment of terror and grief, Jessica experienced a gleam of comfort at the consciousness that *he* was near her. "I know, and am known, to Master Solomon," said he. "Permit me to have him taken to my house, which is near at hand, and where every assistance can be afforded him. You hesitate, fair maiden, pray do not, for it is of vital importance that he should at once be placed in bed. In the hostelrys around, quiet and repose cannot be obtained. My serving-man shall be despatched for a leech."

The earnestness of the speaker pleaded so strongly with Jessica, that she yielded a tearful assent to his request, and her poor father having been removed into the carriage of the stranger, he himself with tender care aiding in the removal, she entered it and was driven through a stately entrance close by, into an avenue of trees through a noble park, in which groups of deer were browsing. The scene was one which, under other circumstances, would have filled her with delight, but under present ones it was unheeded. She noticed only that the stranger supported her father's head on his shoulder with a filial tenderness that melted her, and at intervals addressed words of hope to herself.

The carriage stopped before a lofty pile of buildings, and several servants in rich liveries came forth. "Send Dame Arrowsmith to this lady," said the stranger, "and assist me in taking this gentleman to a bed-room."

"Yes, my lord," was the reply; and the word Lord grated harshly on the ear of Jessica, by reminding her of the difference of rank between him who had lately occupied all her thoughts, and herself. Dame Arrowsmith soon made her appearance, and her open honest countenance and the perfect respectability of her appearance and manner, instantly preposessed Jessica in her favour, and took off from the painfulness of her position in the house of a bachelor—for a single man she felt convinced he was. A woman, and more especially a young woman, invariably desires the presence of one of her own sex whenever she is assailed by trials. She feels the protection afforded by it, and, prone to judge every female heart by her own, confides in the sympathy she anticipates.

"This gentleman is a friend of mine," said the stranger. "He has been seized with a fit on the road near my gate, where fortunately I met him, and had him brought hither. I count on your attention, my good Dame Arrowsmith, not only to him, but to this young lady, his daughter. I have sent off for Dr. Beverly, and trust he will soon arrive."

"Your lordship may depend on my best exertions," replied the worthy housekeeper. "I have already sent up two maidens to prepare the blue chamber for the poor gentleman, that being one of the most airy in the house."

Abraham Solomon was removed to the blue chamber, his noble host taking an active part in the operation of conveying him to it, while Jessica walked by the side of her insensible father absorbed by grief, yet conscious of, and O! how grateful for the affectionate attention of the stranger to her parent. Dr. Beverly soon arrived, and, having examined his patient, declared that he entertained little hope of saving him, and that a removal in his present state would be fatal. Although this opinion was only given to the master of the house when alone with him, Jessica too well guessed, by the grave



expression of the doctor's countenance, when he saw her father, that he considered him in imminent danger. Bleeding failed to produce more than a momentary relief, after which the patient sunk into a stupor, his weeping daughter bending over his couch and watching with agony his loud and laboured respiration and death-like face. In vain Dame Arrowsmith, touched by the deep but silent grief of the young creature before her, urged her to swallow a little broth or jelly. A shake of the head and a wave of her hand (words being denied her) proved the inability of the poor girl to comply with her request. And now the host came forward, and added his entreaties to induce Jessica to take some sustenance.

"Thou wilt be unequal to the task of nursing the dear invalid, who will require thy services," said he, gently taking her hand and looking into her tearful eyes with a glance of such deep commiseration and tenderness that Jessica took the jelly he handed to her, and ate a little of it.

"Thou wilt not deceive me?" said she. "There is, I fear, no hope. O! my dear, my kind father!" and she burst into tears.

"Would that I could hold out a hope," was the reply. "But, in truth, I fear the worst. Do not however think that should he be taken from thee, that thou wilt be left uncared for, unprotected. No," whispered he, "there will still remain to thee one who feels even more than a parent's tenderness for thee, and who sympathizes in thy feelings. Forgive me for, at such a moment, uttering thoughts that ought to be breathed in a happier hour, but I cannot bear that thou shouldst think thyself among strangers in such a heavy trial as the present. Accept me as a brother until I may, without outraging thy grief, solicit thee to accept me in a nearer, dearer relationship."

Jessica raised her head, looked at him, her eyes streaming with tears, and then placing her hand in his, glanced at her father and fainted. The mingled emotions of love and grief had overpowered her. When she again opened her eyes, her host was anxiously bending over her, while he bathed her temples with water. The deep tenderness and pity expressed in his countenance melted her, and now she wept freely, and the abundance of her tears relieved her. He attempted not to check the stream of sorrow, but he did more, he shared it, and as he mingled his tears with hers, she felt indeed, that she would not be left alone on earth, and the bitterness of her regret was mitigated.

Contrary, however, to the opinion of Dr. Beverly, Abraham Solomon, after two days of almost uninterrupted stupor, evinced symptoms of returning consciousness. He opened his eyes, looked around, and recognized his daughter, who had never left his bedside. "Where am I?" inquired he, "have I been in a dream?"

His host, who was in the chamber, drew back the curtain—"Thou hast been ill, but God be thanked thou art now better," said he.

"O! my dear father, Heaven be praised that thou canst see me! can speak to me!" exclaimed Jessica, falling on her knees, and covering her father's hand with tears and kisses.

By degrees Abraham Solomon was informed where he was and how brought thither. His daughter eloquently told him all he, and she too, owed to their host, and the worthy old man was much touched by the relation. Gradually but slowly he began to amend; but, alas! it was found that he had lost the use of one side, and must henceforth, if the Almighty granted a prolongation of his life, remain in a state of utter helplessness. The filial affection and unremitting care of his host won his regard. He was not slow in discovering that even



a deeper impression was made on the heart of his daughter by it, and when, a few weeks after, Lord Levendale confessed the state of his heart, and besought the sanction of her father to wed Jessica, the old man, softened by his recent near approach to death, as well as by his present debility, and the dread of leaving his child unprotected, yielded his consent, when he found that on it depended the happiness of his daughter. "I esteemed thee from the day I first saw thee," said he, "and marked thy generous desire to relieve an unfortunate family from unmerited distress. Thou camest to my dwelling, not like many of thy class to seek gold to relieve thee from the effects of folly and extravagance, but to inquire if the person, who referred thee to me for the truth of a statement made to thee, were indeed worthy of thy aid. Providence seems to have drawn us to thine house for its own wise purposes; and though I could have wished thee to belong to a less elevated rank, and to be of the same creed as my child and I, I cannot refuse to bestow on thee a treasure more valuable than all rank and fortune—my Jessica."

The Lord of Levendale was an orphan, had only a year before completed his majority, had no one to consult in his choice of a wife, and was master of so princely a fortune, that he could not be suspected of being influenced by mercenary motives in marrying the rich Jew's daughter, who brought him a vast fortune. They were wedded soon after, and persuaded Abraham Solomon to reside with them altogether, rendering his declining years happy. The Lord and Lady of Levendale became the happy parents of two fine boys and a beautiful little girl, who were never so joyous as when permitted to spend whole hours with their grandfather, who doted on them almost as much as on his Jessica. The married lovers, for such they continued, resided chiefly in the country, at one or other of the fine seats of the Lord of Levendale, though they

preferred that in which their mutual love had been avowed, and sealed by their nuptials. Often did they recur to their first meeting, and to the stolen glances of Jessica when, hidden behind the curtain, she watched her unknown lover loiter in the dark and cheerless court-yard of her father's dwelling. The Lord Levendale being as passionate an admirer of the country as his wife, the similarity in their tastes proved not only a fresh source of happiness, but cemented an affection as warm and devoted as ever filled human hearts.

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RISPOSTA AL "MI VIEN DA RIDERE" DI GABUZZI.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Mi vien, mi vien da piangere: rammento  
 La voce tremolante, il passo lento,  
 L'angelica (pareva allora!) fè,  
 Quando partire, quando andar lontano,  
 Tua lagrima mi disse, sulla mano  
 Rapita, strinta, baciata; perchè?  
 Perchè, se adesso ridi dè costanti,  
 Se l'anno nuovo mena nuovi amanti,  
 Se il cuore al primo quale fù non è.  
 Ridi, Bettina! ma non più quel viso,  
 Mai più, ritroverà l'onesto riso  
 Ch'Iddio per fior da coronarlo diè.  
 Mi vien da perdere ogni mio contento,  
 Anche l'immagine fuggirmi sento  
 Di quell' amor che mi venìa da te.



## A DÉBARDEUR'S FIRST LOVE.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

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“ Quand on n'a pas d'argent,  
On écrit à son père,  
Et on lui dit, pendant  
L'hiver le bois est chère.  
Toujours! toujours! toujours!  
La nuit comme le jour!”

MORAL SONG OF THE QUARTIER LATIN.—ANON.

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WE believe the above to be pretty nearly the case—not only that the wood is dear, during the winter, in Paris, but that it is customary for the students to impress this fact upon their parents or guardians, as the case may be; otherwise how could they contrive to go—and not always alone—to the countless *bals masqués* of the year? For no sooner do the chairs disappear to their *hybernacula* from the various out-of-door resorts—they keep them there, though, as long as they can, until the occupiers are well nigh frozen,—no sooner do the *etrennes* come forth in the “ruination shop” of Susse—the Howell and James of the Place de la Bourse—and the cornets of bonbons; the chocolate devices; the *porcelaines montées*; and the wonderful toys, load the windows of the passages, than the first bal masqué heralds in the approaching season.

The little coloured bill that announces it is hailed with great rejoicings in the quarter of the schools. For since October the Chaumière has been closed, and so have all the *guinguettes* surrounding the southern barriers; and the holidays have whetted the appetites of the students for the dance. For in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred: and this at a tolerably

fair proportion you will say: they find the visit to the household gods of the provinces somewhat "slow" after the sixth floors of the Rue St. Jacques; and their relatives—sober provincial *propriétaires*—have little notions of, or sympathies with, the habits of the Pays Latin. We remember a pleasant sketch by Gavarni touching on this subject. There was a handsome fellow walking with an elderly lady who looked like a human medlar, or a last year's walnut, or a date, or a *dejeuner* sandwich, or anything else dry and shrivelled; and the following conversation passed between them, the lady commencing:—

"Et que fais tu le dimanche, mon cousin?"

"Ma cousine, le dimanche nous allons dans un jardin, qu'on appelle la grande Chaumière, ou nous entendons de la musique religieuse."

"Après vepres?"

"Après vepres, ma cousine."

Imagine the oratorios of Exeter Hall transferred to that of Vaux, and you may conceive what the effect of the "musique religieuse" would be at the Chaumière.

Well; so anxious is Le Jeune Paris for the ball that it will not wait even until the

"Some weeks before Shrove Tuesday comes about"

for an opportunity; but as soon as it can decently begin the pleasant absurdities attendant on the Carnival, an enterprizing spirit takes advantages of the popular movement—for that of the schools in Paris may be termed so—and announces a ball. An eligible theatre is the chosen one for the first explosion of the amusement safety-valve which keeps our joyous neighbours from running into other follies a trifle more dangerous; and this, at the time we write of, was the Opera Comique,—the pretty theatre opposite the Bourse,—which is now the Vaudeville.



We had been for some time a happy denizen of the eleventh arrondissement, upon a luxurious income of two hundred francs a month, oscillating our time away between the Hotel Dieu and the then C  f   Dupuytren, when we read upon one of the walls where all the playbills of the evening are posted, that there was to be a "Bal de Nuit" at the Opera Comique. We at once determined to go; for we had read of such wild adventures at bal masqu  s, long before we came to Paris, in the pages of the light French novelists, and gazed at such spirited sketches from the Charivari series of the same affairs in the Burlington Arcade, that to be present at a real downright assembly of the kind had ever been our ardent wish. It was expensive to be sure: five francs the ticket, ten francs the dress, and ten for refreshments—a sovereign, English! an enormous amount in a student's income. But then we could dine at home for the rest of the month upon *  ufs sur le plat* and *haricots    l'huile*; we knew somebody—no matter who—who could cook eggs and beans to perfection; and we could give up our wine at twelve sous the bottle. It is astonishing how soon intended retrenchment can be made an excuse for spending money.

Of course the dress was to be the D  bardeur's; nobody from the Quartier Latin ever thought of going as anything else; and, of course, when it came home we were dressed in it, and quite ready for whatever dance might have been then and there commenced, about five hours before there was the slightest chance of the doors being opened. So we made polite calls upon all the neighbours in our house, to show ourself; and took a lesson in the galop, in a little room six feet square, of a most attractive *brocheuse*, with whom we had formed an acquaintanceship on the stairs as we went to lecture; and then, about half-past ten, we got into a *citadine*, and went to

sup, with a friend who accompanied us, at the Estaminet Hollandais, in the Palais Royal.

You could not have done that in London. Imagine the sensation that would have been produced by two masks turning into Verey's, in Regent-street. How the assembled people would have stared; how the boys would have huzzaed and shouted on the pavements; how earnestly M. Verey would have begged of you to go away directly, appalled by the crowd that would have collected round the windows. But in the Estaminet Hollandais—that cheerful, noisy suite of rooms, whose ten windows abreast, all lighted up, look so gay from the Palais Royal, and whose transparent ship over the doorway, meant for the Flying Dutchman for aught we know, attracts so many *flâneurs* from the Galerie de Valois, and passengers from the Rue Montpensier—this was thought nothing of. The domino players scarcely lifted their eyes from the table; the click of the billiard balls never ceased, and if any attention was excited, it was at our own awkwardness upon thus appearing in public. There can be no doubt about the better management of all sorts of things in France.

There was a great crowd at the theatre when we got up to it; and nearly all were in costume; and they amused themselves with jostling, singing, and exchanging salutations in *argot* for nearly half an hour. For there was a performance that night in the theatre, and the whole of the pit had to be boarded over before the masks were admitted: and it was not until the popular indignation had reached to a great height, in spite of all the sergents de ville in attendance, that the doors were thrown open. Certainly the view of the *salle* was very striking. The first visit to Vauxhall; the ball-room scene in Alma; or the popular conception of the entertainments which beguile the Nights in Arabia, are the only parallel excitements we can just at present think of; and the revelry



was almost delirious. There was no lack of partners, nor was the etiquette of introduction insisted on. You were at liberty to make a bow, and ask who you liked to dance; and dance, indeed, the greatest part of the company did. The polka was not then in full swing, but there were quadrilles—*plus ou moins phrenetiques*—and waltzes, in which hundreds of couples flew round like tipsy teetotums; and such a galop! A bold postilion and a “debardeuse” led it with an “*allume! allume! hi! hi! donc!*” to warn the company, in the words of the harmonious Ethiopians, to “get out of the way;” and then, in the twinkling of a foot, as soon as they saw a good opening for an industrious young couple, they had a tail after them longer than any politician ever secured, and far more energetic. You cannot form a notion of what a pell-mell affair it was, unless you had a tambourine filled with different coloured beads or bonbons, and rolled them round and round. The Débardeurs whom you saw in front, would suddenly disappear, as if they had dived under the floor, and then come up in another place quite on the other side of the theatre, as fresh as ever; and the “ruck”—to use the race-course term—who had whirled headlong down the declivity of the stage, would, on the ascent, get literally all of a heap, and tie themselves into such a knot of wigs, arms, scarves, and tricolor ribbons, that it was wonderful how they ever disentangled themselves again. But it was very glorious; and when it was over, one could scarcely have told whether the revellers were speechless from want of breath, or excess of enjoyment.

We had left off with the rest, and having got rid of our partner very handsomely, with a bottle of *limonade gazeuse*, had retired to the private life of the first tier of boxes, to look at the human kaleidoscope below, when, in the circle above us, we saw a lady mask gazing with fixed attention at the

spot we occupied ; her eyes shooting down through the mask like the cannon down the staircase of the Round Tower at Windsor. Now, in a mask there is something very attractive ; it leaves so much to the imagination. One looks at it as a child does at the green curtain before it rises for a pantomime ; convinced that there is something very beautiful behind it. And certainly, *cæteris paribus*, lips and chin may be taken as very fair guides to what the black silk conceals. We were gazing in return, when the incognita rose from her seat and left the box. We did the same, and by some curious chance we both met in the lobby.

All our recollections of the adventures of a carnival—all the chapters of the lighter stories of Rolandi, and the lithographs of the top windows of Delaporte, rushed to our mind. We did not hesitate a minute ; but removing our “bonnet de débardeur” respectfully, we asked the lady if she was engaged for the next quadrille. She hesitated a minute, with a pretty confusion, and then said she was not, and that she would dance with us. *Bonheur suprême !* as M. Scribe is sure to say in some of his operas, when the hero and heroine are happy. Nobody entered the *salle* that night so proudly as we did, with our unknown fair one hanging on our arm. She was very clever and perceptive—so we found when we began to converse ; and we got into all sorts of scrapes with our vis-à-vis, for neglecting what we had to do in every figure. But we were completely enthralled, and in a state of mind to have fought a succession of single combats with the entire company, had we been called upon to do so.

The quadrille finished : and we thought we ought to ask our fair partner—you should have seen the teeth that dazzled through the mask—to have some champagne. But she would not take any—she never drank wine. How very charming ! But she told us she would take a little promenade instead,



about the house: and then she said that she saw we were English, and that she loved the noble nation—that she was unhappy, and that our conversation had served to brighten a few fleeting moments of her sad life; and, when she said all this, she placed her hands upon our arm and spoke so earnestly, that we would have gone through as much fire and water as the adventurous gentleman who comes down the wire through the squibs and into the lake of the Surrey Zoological Gardens, to have served her. But she said that it was getting late: she must be gone: and she begged as a point of honour that we would not follow her; but that she would, perhaps, be in the gardens of the Luxembourg the next morning at noon. And, almost before we could say good bye, she darted through a quadrille and disappeared.

We believe we were in love that night—for the first and only time; and therefore, if we were not, our ignorance of the feeling must be our excuse for not precisely knowing whether or no it really was so. But we saw nothing else but a mask with two bright eyes all the way home. And, when we got to bed, the mask still pursued us in our dreams amidst the whirl of wreaths and chandeliers, and cornets-à-pistons, and powdered hair, that formed the visions. As such our slumbers were somewhat restless; but, be sure, the next day at twelve—nay, a quarter before—we were at the Luxembourg; having paid a visit to M. Etienne—who was then the “*Coiffeur aux Messieurs les Etudiants*”—for that occasion only.

The gardens of the Luxembourg are a pleasant lounge, if it be only to watch the *bonnes*—fresh rosy Normandes—carrying on their flirtations with the “*tourlourous*” of the grand army; or to see the children they are supposed to look after—monkey jacketed impish productions though they may be, after our own English specimens—for it takes a great deal to beat the





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saucy impudence of a real born British baby. We had not waited long before a lady, exceedingly lovely—a *femme comme il faut*, as well, to all appearance—came and rested herself on the stone bench by our side. She looked at us for some time, earnestly, and then spoke. There was no mistake about the voice: it was our divinity of the Opera Comique.

What we talked about, for two hours, we have not the least recollection of. For our own part we forgot everybody else, and we forgot ourselves and what we said; but we remember it was all very delightful. We only can state for certain, that we went that evening to a very little *soirée*, in the Rue de l'Université, to which the pretty mask had invited us, borrowing five Napoleons—rare coins in the Quartier Latin—of our *quatrième*, to make an effect with.

Presuming that our love was true—for, as we have said, we have no standard to tell whether it was, or was not—it certainly did not run very smooth. In fact, to hurry on our *denouement*, in the manner of cunning dramatists who find, after a certain point in their plays, it is as well to let the audience into the secret as rapidly as possible, nothing could go more roughly. For our charming unknown insisted upon a game at *écarté* with us, in which two or three foreign gentlemen—who looked brothers by the mother's side to those who turn out of Leicester square into the Quadrant during the season—took an enormous interest; and what with the game with our partner, and wagers with her friends, we not only lost our five Napoleons, but a little more than the whole of the next month's allowance, which we should be empowered to draw on the first, in the Rue Laffitte.

But this was not the worst of it. In an evil after dinner hour we mentioned it in the Rue St. Jacques to what we rashly conceived to be a party of our friends. Can it be believed that laughter instead of commiseration greeted our



recital; and that we were told the same adventure had regularly befallen every fresh student for the last six years—more especially the English ones. In fine, that the beautiful mask was known as “La Brigande du Quartier Latin.”

It was very provoking; provoking to be laughed at—especially so to have our romance thus coarsely knocked on the head. And more so than all to be left in the circumstances we encountered: with five Napoleons owing, and a month's income entirely gone, a crushed heart, an empty purse, and all opinion of one's own perception. The *haricots à l'huile* and the *œufs sur le plat*, far from being sneered at, became luxuries; in fact, we did occasionally without them; for the distress in the collegiate districts is at times very severe, in Paris. The *affiches* of the *bals masquées* were passed by unregarded; and we experienced such a cruel shock that our mind warped under its influence: so much so indeed, that, from that time, we formed a determination to mistrust all the bright eyes, white teeth, and dimpled chins we might encounter. But we find that it is very difficult to keep it.

## THE OFFICER'S FUNERAL.

BY ALICE ANNE LAWSON.

RECOLLECTIONS! how sweet and graceful is the word! though it must be confessed sad and sorrowful meaning lies within it. Memory, thought, and recollection—terms synonymous—how witchingly do ye exercise your power over us—how deeply do ye dwell in our hearts! And who would barter that treasure—the valuable, unpurchased blessing of recollection—for wealth, honour, or the world's favour?—baubles—glittering toys, which shall lose their value, as custom renders them familiar, or fade into darkness and insignificance at sorrow's approach, or affliction's breath!

Ah memory! the volume whose leaves can never be read through, whose chapters, continually furnish food for reflection, yet the subject never wearies; and the keenest, most tender recollection, is of that which has been the cause of greatest distress. Invariably we revert to that painful subject, dwelling on it again and again, until, with colouring cheeks and glistening eyes, we turn away in desperation to the most volatile amusement, or talk at random, to crush, for a time, thought and memory.

Not long ago, in a small company, some young girls being referred to about the exact time a friend had departed from among them, many voices answered carelessly, "I do not know," and "I forget." One sweet tone, quietly, in a half whisper, said "On the first of March, two years now past." A pause, and again a murmur came "I remember," followed by a sigh. The information had been given by one as young as any there; but the sadness of accent, the lid closing quietly over her eye, and, more than all, those words, "I remember," told me she had wept over some dream of bright hopes, while memory was to her a dear and sorrowful gift:—but to my tale.



It was on a scorching midsummer day, that the church-bell of K—— pealed forth its most melancholy notes; the sound, borne along on the air through the richly planted burying-ground around, mellowed still more the sad musical wail. It was that last solemn requiem for a departed soul, telling that the cold and silent grave was about to close over a fellow-mortal, once full of life and energy like ourselves; that the tomb was about to hold within her chilling bosom, one who, perhaps, not long since, had been the gayest of the gay; whose smile had ever been the readiest; whose heart the warmest and kindest; whose vacant place should long remain unfilled from very regret. The loud, clear-tongued harbinger of death and oblivion never rings out its chime without causing even the youngest and merriest amongst us to hush their noisy and gladsome mirth. It may be “the passing bell” will bring reflection to those who never thought before. And such must be the end of all! Rank, grandeur, riches, station, and talents, the world’s highly prized deities, here ye can own no sovereignty; ye must fade away with your possessor. “The general doom is death!” and who shall hear a funeral bell without enquiring something about that person, now a captive, in those fetters from which there is no escape? Some, from their windows, arrest the passer-by, and eagerly ask information; in a neighbour’s house the whole story will be told to others; while the curiosity of some may carry them to the place of interment.

But the church bell of K——, for whom was it tolling? Was it for the old man, who, having lived to see four generations of his name, had dropped to sleep happily, with a smile on his lips, as he saw his children’s children weeping for him? for every one who dies is wept by some mourner. Or was it the only and idolized son of the widow—her sole comfort and support—who was then shedding tears drawn from her heart that she had not died instead of her beautiful child—her all of happiness—her mine of riches? Or was the mourner a

husband who bent over the remains of his young wife, frantically kissing her icy lips and cheek, and then darting away in despair, as he remembered how she would, if awake, have returned the fond and earnest caress? Again, was it pealing its sad music for a dear and valued friend, such as, in our youth, we cling to with single-mindedness and devotion—was the green sod to be placed over that true heart, making a desert of this beautiful world to another? Or, perhaps, it was the warning that an angel had been received into glory; for a child who had winged his way heavenward; who should weep, then? Had it not passed away in its beauty, without sin to answer for? The parents of the fair-haired, blue-eyed infant shall sorrow: it was a link which bound their hearts closer together. But for none of these did the bell of K—— give the slow and measured note. It was for an officer's funeral!

Captain Elliott, of His Majesty's —— regiment, had died of malignant typhus fever in the barracks, the day but one before. It was, therefore, thought advisable to inter him with all possible speed, lest, it being summer and intensely hot, the troops should become infected.

If there be one funeral more melancholy and subduing than another, it is a soldier's. The insignia of his order laying on his coffin, showing most plainly one from among the number had departed. The crape-bound mourners, his brothers in arms, with downcast eyes, and drooping heads, keeping time to the solemn march; the muffled drum sending forth its measured beat; the arms reversed; and the lowest in rank foremost, teaching us that death and the grave know no difference. The poorest and humblest private, the proud and aristocratic general officer, on whose breast glitters those dearly-earned badges of his profession, the tomb will open for all of ye, knowing or recognizing no distinction.

Although Captain Elliott's funeral was to take place on an insupportably hot day, there was not a window of that part



of the town through which the procession was to pass that was not crowded, while at the corners of the streets groups were collected, each with some story to relate of him now silent for ever. Two young girls returning from a public school, discoursing gravely on the important subject of places in a class, were struck by the loitering multitude; the taller of the two enquired "For whom is the bell tolling?" and having been informed, turned to her companion with "Oh! Mary, only fancy, Captain Elliott is dead! I am not sorry in the least; but as he was a soldier, and somehow I hate to hear of a soldier's death, we may as well go in to one of the shops and wait for the funeral to pass." The young girls went in, and already was heard a distant strain of music.

It is quite true, and scarcely to be wondered at, that in every age and station a soldier carries about him a peculiar charm, interesting every one, but more particularly the young; and they, looking at everything with bright, rainbow colours, invest the soldier, too often, in robes of perfection. Many will judge harshly of this partiality, yet why should they? Is it not natural that we should think of them as connected with all which we hold dear?—the preservers of our country, the friends of the distressed, the protectors of the innocent; while who shall doubt a soldier's honour, bravery, or gallantry? Certainly none from amongst the youthful band, and but few sceptics even can be found in a more advanced age.

Onward moved Captain Elliott's funeral procession. It was a soul-saddening spectacle. As it passed along, all were silent; but though many wore the emblem of woe, there was not at that grand military display one sincere mourner: no eye was dimmed by a suddenly starting tear. The young officer foremost, with his head drooped, was endeavouring to smother a laugh by pressing his teeth on his under lip; the tall drummer cast a careless glance around, and then would strike his hollow burden; and one of the officers who assisted

at the ceremonial of bearing the pall, actually smiled and looked back at a pretty girl who was gazing from a window.

"Shocking! barbarous!" exclaimed a stranger, looking on, when he had seen the multitude pass. "Is there none to regret a fellow-mortal; no one to weep over a fellow-soldier's tomb? I have heard he was even young, and a married man."

"True," answered one at his side; "but you have not long been living here, or you would know why Captain Elliott has been followed to his last home unwept. She even for whom he forfeited his character, and forgot what he ought to have prized most, a soldier's vow,—she even fled from him in the hour of sickness,—his wife, the young quakeress who eloped with him from her father's house scarcely a twelvemonth since, it seems wearied of his love, and the day before he died, disappeared, leaving a letter for her husband to tell 'she had gone he need not enquire where or with whom.' Report says Captain Elliott, when informed of it, murmured something about 'a just punishment,' then asked 'whether Captain Hopkins had gone on leave;' and being answered that he had departed that morning, the sick man smiled bitterly, and died without again asking for his wife. Mrs. Elliott is a pretty volatile little woman, his inferior in rank and wealth; his marriage with her displeased all his family and brother officers, for which reason he exchanged into this regiment. The short time he has been among them, and the cold taciturnity of his manners, may account for the indifference with which they attend his remains. He was indeed one not to be admired; and yet there is a sad story connected with him, a tale of woman's truth and devotion, and man's wrong and falsehood; but to you, a stranger, it may prove tiresome."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed his companion; "I have been much interested by the little you have already told me; pray continue."

"About two years ago, Captain Elliott first came to this town with the regiment to which he then belonged. He was



a young man, perhaps about twenty-eight, not long a captain; in appearance, plain, disagreeable, almost forbidding, with a person slightly deformed, so as to give his head a crooked, uneasy turn, while a sneer was ever curling about his mouth. He was a mimic and satirical, for which reason his brother officers thought him vastly amusing; and having an ample fortune, with a generous disposition, it drew towards him many who had no objection to see themselves caricatured for an obliging loan of money. He attended every place of amusement, and seemed to take no heed of his unsightliness.

“At the regatta of —, on board a yacht belonging to a Mr. Hammond, where a large party of ladies and gentlemen (officers, of course, among the number) had been invited to witness the starting of the different vessels, Captain Elliott first saw Florence Howard. He was in the act of mimicking the nasal twang and peculiar brogue of a gentleman resident at K—, not then present, every one being convulsed with laughter, so perfect was the imitation, with the exception of Florence, who was looking on with a sad expression on her gay joyous face, standing beside her sister and father. After glancing an eye of pity at the performer of so degrading an exhibition, she turned away, and bent her eyes to the deep water beneath. Captain Elliott had caught the glance and seen the expression of regret on her countenance; he was interested by one so young having moral courage enough to shun levity while every other was enjoying it. Again and again was he called on to minister to their amusement, but no, though entreaties poured from all, he was inexorable, and the day's entertainment concluded by their voting Captain Elliott uncommonly stupid; but he thought otherwise, for Florence Howard had again looked toward him, and her eye spoke pleasure and satisfaction.

“At the regatta ball which took place that evening, Captain Elliott again saw the Howards, and was introduced to them

by a friend; he asked Florence to dance, and they were talking in a short time, mutually pleased one with the other. Dance succeeded dance; the ball broke up; Captain Elliott and Florence Howard parted, after their first meeting, with regret; and, as he saw her home, he whispered 'he would call on the morrow.'

"He did call from that time almost daily, and he was soon a constant visitor at home, and her general escort abroad. It never occurred to her parents, sister, or friends, that any young girl could regard one so unprepossessing with an eye of affection. Florence was rallied by every one on her conquest of the captain; she smiled, blushed, and of course denied that she cared for him. After some time Mr. Howard was astonished by a formal proposal of marriage from Captain Elliott for his daughter Florence. The father stormed, raged, and refused him; desiring that he should quit his house, and never again cross his door. Then he went to Florence, and was equally amazed by her confessing that Captain Elliott was so dear to her, she would never wed with any other. Her mother and sister desired she would consider his disposition and appearance; that, having a small fortune, she was independent, consequently need not sell herself to one deformed in mind and body. To all, her answer was, 'I love him.' Mr. Howard saw no reason why he should consent to so strange a marriage; he sternly forbade his daughter thinking of him, and Florence was not allowed to move without a guard of some member of her family. In a short time her health and spirits began to fail; from a lively, joyous creature, she became sad and absent, often dreaming in the midst of company. At length a physician was consulted, and gave his advice that they should think of the happiness of their child, her mind being in a very unsettled state. The father yielded; Captain Elliott was sent for, and finally the lovers were engaged; the young girl smiled again, and was happy. Every evening saw the Howards



sauntering along the water-side; Mrs. Howard and her eldest daughter in front, and Captain Elliott and Florence behind.

"Mrs. Norton has wisely asked, 'Wherein lies the power to charm?' Who could avoid doing the same on looking at those affianced? The ungraceful gait and figure of the officer, with the slight, neat, and elegant girl leaning on his arm, was a contrast so strong you could not fail to observe it.

"Florence Howard was a very pretty girl. Small, with every feature moulded in perfection; limbs formed in perfect symmetry; fair as snow; with a bright hue on her cheek, and dimpling smiles about her mouth; hair of the sunniest auburn in long clustering ringlets; and dark soft eyes of hazel, which she raised to his continually, with an expression of hope, love, and joy. There was no deception in that gaze; it spoke a gentle girl's earliest and holiest sentiment.

"The regiment received the rout suddenly, and Captain Elliott went on leave for two months, to visit his family and arrange affairs before his marriage. Florence Howard was now quite happy; Captain Elliott being, she said, the very best correspondent in the world, and his letters breathed the truest devotion. When his leave expired, he joined his regiment, as it was impossible to procure an extension of it; but wrote to Mr. Howard and Florence, saying he would return and sell out. They thought it better to wait, as a few months would pass quickly. At last he obtained the desired permission, and Florence was in delight, for within a week she should see the man who so strangely fascinated her. The preparations were completed for the ceremony, when one morning she raised the newspaper, more from nervousness than curiosity, to read, but the first word which fixed her attention was her lover's name, and she read with straining eyes of his elopement and marriage with a young quakeress, who had fled with him from her father's shop; the paper told of his having first seen her while purchasing a pair of gloves;



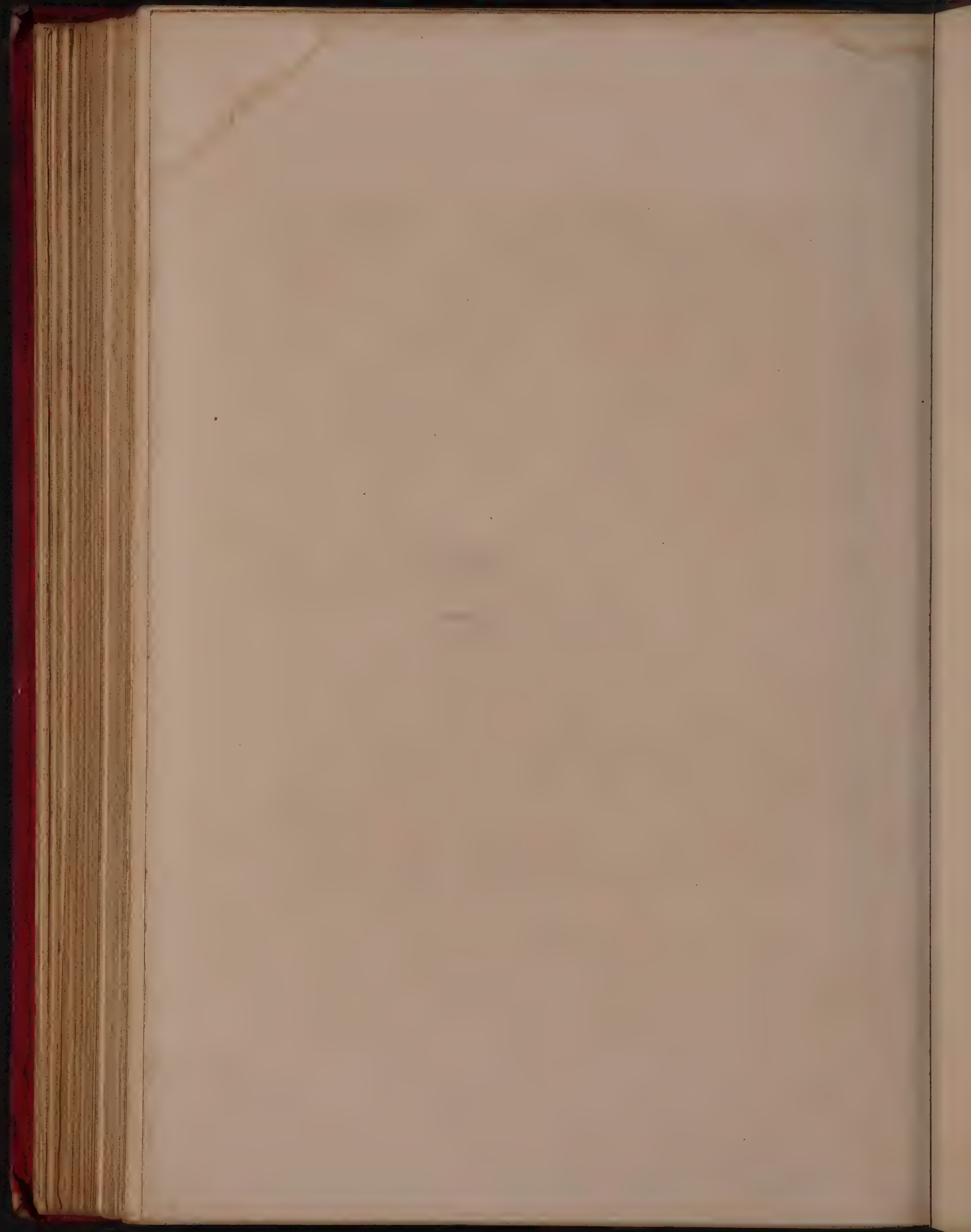


J. W. Mayall.

H. A. Benson.

*Handwritten signature or mark.*





an acquaintance and attachment followed; he had obtained leave of absence, and they were married.

"For months Florence Howard was deprived of reason, carried about from place to place by her parents. At length she began slightly to improve, and entreated them to bring her home; they complied. Florence was silent—even smiled, but so painful was the expression, you could not wish to see it repeated; and when treading the ball-room, or moving about the gayest promenade, her listless eye and passive manner would tell that a girlish heart beat not beneath the bosom of one so young and fair.

"By a strange chance, the regiment into which Captain Elliott exchanged was ordered here, and he arrived with it, once more, two months since. This place certainly has proved his fate.

"I cannot see how any one could blight or crush so bright a creature as Florence Howard, much less he, whose appearance created naturally feelings of disgust. Whether that he wearied of acting a part, or that fickleness alone drew him to the quakeress, I do not know: his heart must in truth have been as deformed as his body.

"I watched him one summer's evening, and wondered how a man and a soldier could act towards an unoffending girl with such unprovoked malignity. Mrs. Elliott and he were returning from a walk, and ascending a hill leading to the barracks, he perceived the Howards passing at some little distance; he stopped, and pointed with his finger to the quivering Florence as she passed close underneath on the road, with a brow crimson from agitation; her face spoke plainly agony of mind. That was not enough; his dark passions were roused, and, turning to his wife, he laughed loud in scorn; the strain of mockery reached Florence's ear, but it was for the last time. Within a week he was stretched on his death-bed, forsaken by every one. It seems as though



it was ordained that where he broke his truth, there also should rest his dishonoured remains. Yet I know Florence Howard is at this moment weeping tears of agony; forgetful of his deceit, and remembering only his death and her heart's first vow. There, now is the first volley fired over the false and base. I must go, sir, trusting I have not wearied you."

The stranger poured forth his thanks, and they separated.

Again and again was the loud report of musketry heard, doing honour to one who never knew honour; then the quick step came merrily along the streets, as the military returned to their quarters; a fitting death-chant and requiem for one so unworthy.

Years have passed away since these events have taken place. Captain Elliott's falsehood with Florence Howard's truth and confidingness are forgotten, other and later circumstances occupying the inhabitants of K——. Yet some there are who, like myself, remember "the officer's funeral," and occasionally give a sigh to the memory of blighted hearts, crushed affections, and youth's fervent dreams. Poor Florence! she has seen her sister married, and lives on, a quiet passionless woman; her hopes are pointed to heaven, and her heart lies buried in the grave of the dishonoured soldier. No marble monument covers his remains; no carved head-stone tells of him who lies beneath the green sod; but no record is wanting to remind her who loved: memory will prove a truer one, sharpening its energies by time. Florence Howard needs no hand to lead her to the grassy mound; the name, age, and time, are all engraven within; and while the spirit lingers in her lone and sorrowful body, she will be true as when, a betrothed bride, she laughed in gladness of heart with the rising sun, and hailed each morning as the harbinger of happiness.







